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Vol. IV.

Dialogues of Lucian
From the Greek.



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For T. A. Longman in Paternoster Row.



ALEXANDER ;

OR,

THE FALSE PROPHET.

PERHAPS, my dearest Celsus, you may think the task you have set me a very easy one ; without considering, that to require me to send you a full account in writing of the life and actions, the many impudent tricks and impostures, of Alexander the Abonotichite, is hardly

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less

less difficult than to write a complete history of Alexander the Macedonian, the former being as much of a knave as the latter was of a hero. However, as you will be a candid reader, making proper allowances, and not unwilling to supply my deficiencies, I shall, at your request, set about cleansing, as well as I can, some part of this Augæan stable; from which, when I have emptied a few full baskets, you may form a judgment of the size of that dung-hill, which three thousand oxen were so many years in making; though, indeed, I must confess myself not a little put to the blush, both on your account and my own; on your's, for having made the request; and on my own, for employing my pen in recording the actions of a man so far unworthy the notice of the learned, that he ought only to have been exhibited before the people in a crowded theatre, and exposed to the teeth of apes and foxes. All that I can do, on being censured on this occasion, is, to quote a precedent in the conduct of Arrian, the disciple of Epictetus, a man wholly devoted to literature, and not less distinguished as a Roman, who, notwithstanding, condescended



scended to write the life of Tilliborus the robber: and a robber, much more cruel and unfeeling than Tilliborus, is to be the subject of my book: my robber was not contented, like him, with infesting woods and mountains, not satisfied with spreading devastation over Minya and Ida, and the deserts of Asia, but robbed whole cities, and almost the whole Roman empire. I have no great skill in painting; but, nevertheless, I shall begin with describing, as well as I am able, his person and external appearance. He was of a large size, and so uncommonly handsome and well-made, that, to say the truth, he seemed to carry something godlike about him. His complexion was fair, his beard not over bushy, nor the hair on his head entirely of his own growth; but the false locks so much resembled the natural, that few persons were able to see any difference between them. His bright and piercing eyes appeared more than human, while his voice was the sweetest and clearest that can be imagined: and, upon the whole, as far as his person is concerned, he was highly finished, and without a fault: but his mind, alas! his mind, was of such a sort, that, O Hercules! the avenger

of evil! O Jupiter, and Jupiter's two boys! rather let us fall into the hands of our worst enemies, than be curst with any such acquaintance! His understanding, his discernment, his acuteness, were admirable; his curiosity, his docility, his memory, his capacity, were equally excellent. All these his extraordinary endowments were perverted to the worst of purposes; and it was not long before he became the most mischievous of mankind; surpassing in wickedness all that is recorded of Eurybatus*, Phrynondas, Aristodemus, Sostratus, or the Cercopes. Writing once to his son-in-law Rutilianus, he was so very modest as to compare himself to Pythagoras; and, indeed, 'the wise Pythagoras, the divine Pythagoras, if they had lived in the same age, must have appeared but a boy to him! not that I mean, I swear by the Graces, that I mean not to cast reflections, nor to bring the two characters in competition; for, if the very worst, the most scandalous stories told of Pythagoras (none of which I believe) were all collected together in one point, they would all be less than nothing, in

* Rascals of antiquity, famous in their generation.

comparison

comparison of the atrocious Alexander. Imagine to yourself a mind made up of the most dissimilar ingredients, a compound of every thing bad; lying, tricking, swearing, active, daring, indefatigable, regardless of danger, plausible, and persuasive, assuming the appearance of all that is good, and being in his heart all that is bad. No man, after the first interview, ever left him without the strongest prepossessions in his favour; so as to set him down for the very best of human beings, the most disinterested, the most undesigning, the farthest removed from all deceit and disguise. He shewed, at the same time, something so exalted in his manner, as would not permit him to attend to any thing low or little, but that he must always be engaged in pursuits of great importance. In his early youth (for * the wheat may be judged of by the stubble) he must have been a beauty, of which he is said to have made the most infamous use; and, amongst other scandalous connections that he formed,

* Hom. Od. XIII. 214.

Still, by the stubble, you may guess the grain.

POPE'S TRANSLATION.

let himself out to a juggler, one of those professors of magic and incantations, who sell charms to secure lovers and subdue enemies, discover hidden treasures, and defraud the right heirs of their estates ; and, as he appeared a lad of forward parts, as exactly fitted to his purpose as the parties were to each other, the juggler took him into his service, gave him ample instructions for all kinds of mischief, and found him constant employment. This dealer in legerdemain was also of course a dealer in physick, and knew, as well as the wife of Thoon,

* The healing drug, the baneful herb to cull :
to every one of which Alexander became heir
on succeeding his master, who had been a particular favourite of Apollo Tyaneus, and well acquainted with all his mummery. Such another school was not to be found. When the Tyanean was dead, and Alexander had got a few years too many over his head for his former

* Hom. Od. IV. v. 230.

With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain.

IBID.

trade,

trade, he set his brains to work to devise some extraordinary project, by which he might relieve his present wants, and get a livelihood; accordingly, entering into a partnership with a certain Byzantian, a scribbler of chronicles, an infamous fellow, much worse than himself, whose name, I think, was Cocconas, he went about the country with him, playing tricks, and shaving* the fat-headed vulgar, as these legerdemain men have thought proper to call them. Amongst others, they fell in with a very rich lady, who, though advanced to the autumn of life, was unwilling to have it believed, and still wished to be admired. Living on the bounty of this charitable lady, they followed her from Bithynia into her own country. She was a native of Pella†, once a place of consequence, when the kingdom of Macedonia was in a flourishing condition, but now very thinly and poorly inhabited. Here it was that they had an opportunity of seeing serpents of a most uncommon size, so perfectly tame and

* Τῆς παχύς τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀποκεφαλῆς.

† Where Philip, and his son Alexander the Great, were born.

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis.

gentle,

gentle, as to be fed by the women, to sleep with the children, suck like new-born babes, suffer themselves to be trod upon, and to be squeezed, and pushed about, without shewing the least resentment. There are great numbers of such serpents there, which in all probability gave rise to the story told of Olympias and her bed-fellow. However that might be, our adventurers made a purchase of one of the most beautiful, for which they gave no more than a few oboli: and now, as Thucydides* says, begins the war. These two mischievous mortals, prepared for every thing daring and wicked, entered into a league, which had for its basis their fixed belief of human life being under the government of two egregious tyrants, Hope and Fear; and that whoever could manage adroitly either the one or the other, must inevitably grow rich in a very short time. In either case, whether men were actuated by their hopes or their fears, the knowledge of futurity, it was plain, was of all things the most necessary and desirable: to this was owing all the wealth and all the fame of the celebrated

* Thucyd. Book II. chap. 1.

Delphi,

Delphi, and Delos, and Claros, and the Branchidæ. Under the influence of these two tyrants, Hope and Fear, how eagerly have men run to the Oracle, longing for a prospect of futurity; a gratification, for which they are ready to sacrifice hecatombs, and give wedges of gold! Revolving all this in their minds, and comparing one circumstance with another, they consulted together about setting-up an oracle of their own; wisely concluding, that, if it should succeed, they could not fail of obtaining their ends; and, indeed, it much more than answered their expectations. They next considered how and where it would be most proper to begin business. Cocconas thought of Chalcedon, as it was a place of trade, near to Thrace and Bithynia, and at no great distance from Asia, Gallo-Græcia, and the neighbouring nations. Alexander was of a different opinion, and gave the preference to his own country. He said, and he said truly, that such undertakings require fat-headed stupid people to work with, such as he observed the Paphlagonians were, beyond the wall of Abonus; men so very silly and superstitious, that, if you were but to shew them a piper, a tabourer, or
 jingler

jingler of cymbals, they would flock about him, and stare with open mouths, as if they beheld a person just dropped from the clouds, come to tell their fortunes with a sieve *. After some little dispute, the opinion of Alexander prevailed, and they determined to set out for Chalcedon, a city judged favourable to their design ; where, being arrived, they discovered in the temple of Apollo, the temple of greatest antiquity in the place, certain brazen tablets ; on which being dug up, they found an inscription signifying, that, in a very short time, Æsculapius, with his father Apollo, would come into Pontus, and occupy the wall of Abonus. These tables, so convenient for the purpose, soon spread the news throughout all Bythinia and Pontus, and particularly about the wall of Abonus ; where the building of a temple was immediately resolved on, and the foundation

* An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,
She who tells fortunes with the sieve and sheers ;
For, leasing barley in my fields of late,
She told me, I should love, and you should hate.

Fawkes's Theocritus, Idyl. 3.

This kind of divination was formerly used in England, and perhaps is still, for the discovery of thieves,

was begun; when Cocconas, who had been left behind at Chalcedon, employed in composing certain ambiguous and perplexing oracles, soon after died there, having been bitten, I think, by a viper. Alexander now begins to make a pompous appearance. With his long locks of flowing hair, cloathed in a robe of striped purple, and a white cloak over it, he proceeded like another Perseus, with his scythe in his hand. By his mother, you must know, he pretended to be descended from Perseus; and the rascally Paphlagonians, though they could not be ignorant of the very low and mean condition of both his father and mother, were, notwithstanding, so wretchedly stupid as to give full credit to his oracle, which thus declared:

From Perseus sprung, to Phœbus ever dear,
See Podalirius' godlike son appear!

What a libidinous fellow this same Podalirius must have been, to run after Alexander's mother from Tricca as far as Paphlagonia! Another oracle also had been produced with the authority, no doubt, of some Sibyl or other;

Near to Sinope, at th' Ausonian tower,
A prophet shall arise of saving power;

Whose

Whose name the following numbers thus unfold ;

One *, thirty, five, and twenty three times told.

After a long absence, with all this parade, Alexander at length resolved on returning to his own country, in which he soon became a very conspicuous character. Sometimes he would feign himself mad, and foam at the mouth, which he found no difficult matter in doing, as it is merely the effect of chewing the root of Fuller's weed ; though to the astonished spectators the froth on his lips seemed something divine. He and his master had before contrived to make a serpent with a linen head, not much unlike that of a man, being extremely well painted, and made to open and shut its mouth by means of horse-hair, which served also to move the black forked tongue, that was lolled out. The Pellæan snake too had been long ready, only it was kept at home for a proper opportunity of being produced, when it might help at least to carry on the farce, if it could not be the principal performer. And now was the time to exhibit. Going therefore in the

* The number 1 was denoted by α , 30 by λ , 5 by ϵ , and 60 by ξ ; which are the first four letters of Alexander, or Alexeter, the deliverer.

night to the foundations just dug for the new temple, where he found plenty of standing water collected by some means or other, he deposited in it a goose's egg, which had been emptied beforehand for the purpose of holding a young serpent, with which he filled up the cavity. This being properly stuck in the mud, away he goes home ; and the next day made his appearance in the market-place, skipping and jumping all the way, quite naked, except that he had a wrapper of gold round his middle. In this trim, with his scythe in his hand, and his hair hanging about his ears, as frantick to look at as a hair-brained priest of Cybele, he got upon a high altar, from whence he harangued the multitude, pronouncing it a happy city, which is so soon to be honoured with the presence of the god. The standers by, consisting of almost the whole people, old and young men, women, and children, were struck with astonishment : they stared, they prayed, they adored. Meanwhile every body was confounded with his uncouth phrases, as unintelligible to them as Hebrew or Phœnician. Indeed they could not make out a word he said, except that he now and then mixed with his jargon the names of

Apollo and Æsculapius. From the market-place he ran full speed to the foundation of the temple, and getting into the ditch, where the well for his oracle was ready prepared, he stood in the water, singing hymns aloud to Apollo and Æsculapius, and calling on the god to come with happy omens into the city. He then asked for a phial, which being handed to him, he put it under the egg, in which he had concealed his divinity, and brought it up without difficulty, though not without mud. The opening in the egg had been carefully closed up with wax and white lead, and, taking it into his hand, he cried out, that he had got Æsculapius. All eyes were now fixed in expectation of what was to follow next, after this miracle of an egg found in the water. But, as soon as he had broken it, and the people saw the young reptile moving on his hand, and twirling about his fingers, they welcomed the god with a general shout, congratulating the city on this most happy event. Every man present with open mouth set about roaring and praying with all his might for wealth, and health, and every thing else that was good. Alexander now ran home again with his young Æsculapius, who, in being

ing twice born, was better off than common, and not the child of a crow *, but the son of a goose. The whole multitude followed him, as if by inspiration, mad with præternatural hopes. For some days he kept himself within doors, supposing, as it really came to pass, that the news of this extraordinary event would bring the Paphlagonians about him in crowds. Accordingly the city very soon overflowed, not, I venture to say, with men; for, except their having the human form, they might more properly have been called sheep without heads or hearts. They were received by the prophet in a small apartment, where they found him seated on a couch, in a magnificent dress adapted to the occasion, with the great, the beautiful Æsculapius of Pella in his bosom. This Æsculapius was of so large a size, that, when thus laid in lap, a considerable part dragged on the ground; but, wrapping it round his neck, with the head under his arm, and keeping it out of sight, (for he found no opposition) he produced the linen head from under a different part of his

* A pun: *κορῶν* signifies a crow, and *κορῶν* was the name of Æsculapius's mother.

robe, making every body believe it belonged to the serpent they had been gazing at. You are to suppose a small room, not over and above stored with light, and indeed incapable of being so, especially with such a mixed multitude continually crowding into it, hardly in their sober senses, from the strange things they had already seen, and the stranger still expected; to whom it must needs have appeared very marvellous, to find, the moment they entered, that, in so short a time, this serpent was grown to so vast a size, and yet so tame, and so tractable, with a head so much like that of a man! of which particulars, however, they must have been easily satisfied, for there was no time to make very accurate observations, as new comers were continually pressing in, and driving the company out at a back-door; such as, they say, was made by the Macedonians at Babylon, when the son of Philip was sick, and his loving subjects surrounded the palace, all longing to take a last leave of him. The rascal exhibited this show not once, but many times; and was always particularly ready to do it on the arrival of any rich foreigner. To confess the truth, my friend Celsus, it was very excusable in the ignorant,

ignorant, stupid, race of Pontus and Paphlagonia to be thus imposed on. He never refused any of them to touch his serpent; and, though they had but a bad light, they had all got a peep at it, when they saw it opening and shutting its mouth. To hold out against such evidence, a man must have been another Democritus, or Epicurus, or Metrodorus; must have been of such firmness of mind, as to be determined, at all events, though he had seen it, not to believe it, as knowing it to be impossible. In a short time, Bithynia, and Gallogræcia, and Thrace, came flocking-in; and not a man of them, you may take it for granted, but made a report, on his return home, that he had seen the God at his birth; that since that he had handled him; that he had grown all at once to an immense size; and that he had a human face. And then they produced likenesses, pictures, and statues of him, some of brass, and others of silver, bearing his name Glycon; for so the God was to be called, by divine injunction, Alexander having taken care to mouth this verse:

Glycon, the third from Jove, the light of man!

B b 3

And

And now the time was come for entering on the great concern, to which all this was merely the introduction. Copying, therefore, after Amphilochus, Alexander gave public notice, that, on a certain day, which he mentioned, the God would begin his oracles. Amphilochus, on the death of his father at Thebes, being obliged to leave home, went to Cilicia, where he managed his matters so as to thrive very well, by setting up an oracle, and selling his predictions for two oboli each. From this Amphilochus our prophet took the hint, and required of every customer to reduce his questions to writing, and deliver them to him carefully tied up and sealed with wax or clay. Retiring then into his sanctuary (for the temple was now finished, and every thing in readiness), assisted by his sacred minister, and having received from his God the necessary information, he ordered his herald to make it publickly known, that he was now prepared to return the several questions proposed to him, sealed up as they were received, with the answers to them, written in the very words the God had made use of. This trick of his, with such a man as you, and, I hope I may be permitted to say, even with me, could not have
passed

passed without detection, however wonderful, prodigious, and surpassing human powers it might appear to the silly multitude; for, being well acquainted with the many various methods of unsealing a letter, he could easily read the questions proposed to him, and at the same time return suitable answers; after which, he had only to renew the seal, and return the writings to their several authors, who received them with astonishment, asking how it was possible for him to find out what was thus under a seal, that could not be counterfeited, unless he were a god in good earnest, knowing every thing? But how, you will say, was this to be done? I will tell you, my Celsus; and you shall be convinced of its being very easy. He divided the wax under the impression of the seal with a hot needle, and, having opened and read the case, he had only to apply his needle a second time to the wax, and then he could join the broken parts together again, and make them as entire as before. Another method of doing this is by collyrium, which is a composition of Bryttian pitch, asphaltus, the transparent stone reduced to powder, wax, and mastich. With this pre-

paration, warmed by the fire, and wetted with his spittle, he could take off the exact impression: and, when his collyrium was properly dried and hardened, it served just as well as the real gem, to seal up the packet again, after reading the contents. There is a third way of doing it, which you shall hear: it is, mixing lime with the glue used for books, and making it up into a kind of consistency like wax. While this substance was yet soft, it was applied to the impression; and becoming, in a little time, as hard as horn, or even iron, answered the same purpose as the seal itself. He had many other contrivances of the same sort, which I need not mention to you; you, who have written so fully and learnedly on the practices of the magicians, to the great edification of the reader. You have made many excellent discoveries, many more useful than I can pretend to. In this manner our prophet proceeded, displaying such an aptness of discernment, as gave the greatest plausibility to his cunning. To some questions, indirect and ambiguous answers were returned, to others he replied in terms utterly unintelligible; for he always considered obscurity as a property

property rightfully appertaining to an oracle. His advice was to go on with, or relinquish a pursuit, just as he conjectured the event would be. I have already observed, that he was in possession of several useful medicines; so that he could prescribe for the sick, and recommend a proper regimen to those who consulted him. His great specific, on which he chiefly depended, was an ointment made of the fat of goats, to which he had given the name of *Cytmides*: this was infallible against lassitude and low spirits. With regard to increase of fortune, advancement in the world, succeeding to estates, such hopeful questions as these were never encouraged; all that could be got from the oracle, on such occasions, was, "These events depend on my good pleasure, and the prayers of my prophet Alexander." His fixed price for an oracle was a drachma* and two oboli; which, let me tell you, produced no inconsiderable revenue, as he took not less than seventy or eighty thousand fees in a year, being often consulted by the same person on the same occasion ten or fifteen times, so insatiable is the

* About ninepence halfpenny.

desire

desire of prying into a secret. Not that he hoarded up all this money, or applied it solely to his own use; for he had in his pay a great number of understrappers, journeymen, scouts, writers of oracles, stewards, amanuenses, expounders, sealers; every one of which was to come in for a share according to his merit; besides, he employed several emissaries, whom he dispatched into foreign countries, to spread far and near the fame of his prognostications, his discovering fugitives, finding out thieves and robbers, pointing out hidden treasures, healing the sick, and, perhaps, now and then bringing a dead man to life again. This could not but occasion a prodigious concourse from all parts. Hence sacrifices and donations without end, his double character of prophet and prime minister of the God requiring double fees; which, that none might plead ignorance, this oracle had enjoin'd:

Honour my priest and servant, hear my charge;
Wealth I despise, but be his lucre large.

Men of sense, after some time, when the drunken fit was over, began to recover their reason, and make a stand against him, especially the Epicureans, who by degrees found out

out his tricks, and exposed his whole art to the publick*. Finding himself thus exploded, he endeavoured to frighten his opposers from their purpose. Pontus, he said, was full of Atheists and Christians, who stuck at nothing, and had had the impudence to spread the most scandalous reports concerning him. All such he recommended to be stoned, if people expected any favours of the God. Being asked how Epicurus was engaged in the other world; "Epicurus," answered he, "is sitting in the mud, confined with fetters of lead." And can you wonder at his oracle obtaining such great reputation, when you consider the great wisdom of those who consulted him? Indeed, it is not without reason, that he was perpetually at war with Epicurus. A knave, an impostor, a dealer in the marvellous, the enemy of all that was true, might very well quarrel with Epicurus, the inflexible Epicurus, as he called him, who was his most determined opponent, who had contemplated Nature, understood the reason of things, and was the only philosopher, who could see through appearances, and distinguish truth from falsehood. As to Plato, Chrysippus,

* A modern Epicurean, the late Sir F. B. D. was equally successful in finding out the tricks of the *Sieur Comus*, of *legerdemain* memory.

Pythagoras,

Pythagoras, and their followers, he had no difficulty in keeping the peace with them ; but Epicurus was not to be wrought upon, who treated his pretensions with all the ridicule which they so justly deserved. Of all the cities of Pontus, he had the greatest dislike to Amastris, because Lepidus lived there, with many others of the same way of thinking : to not one Amastrian would he ever answer a word, after failing in his attempt to prescribe for the brother of a senator. Whether it was, that he could not hit on any thing that would pass current himself, or could find nobody else to do it, certain it is, he excited some mirth in the place at his own expence. The patient complained of the cholick, and wanted a remedy ; and the conjurer ordered him to eat mallows and pig's petty-toes, in these words : " Take * cummin'd pig and mallows, mixed in a sipydnum."

Every now and then, as I observed before, he would indulge those who wished it with a sight of the serpent ; not the whole of it, indeed, for he kept the head concealed in his bosom,

* Μαλβακα χοιρειων ιερη κυμινευε σιπυδιω. It was very hard to be laughed at for so learned a prescription. Modern gibberish fares better.

and

and only shewed the tail and body. But if, at any time, he was desirous of striking the multitude with more than usual astonishment, he would undertake to produce the God himself, speaking to them with his own mouth, without any interference of his prophet. By fastening together the windpipes of cranes, as it was very easy to do, and fitting them to the artificial head, he contrived to answer questions by means of a confederate, who stood concealed, and lent his voice to the linen mouth of *Æsculapius* *. Oracles of this kind were distinguished

* “ By some such artifice, a cunning fellow of an Englishman, one Tom Irson, whom I myself knew, had made a talking wooden head, which, as he said, made Charles the Second, and his whole court, stare. A spectator used to whisper to the figure whatever came uppermost, in any language whatever, and the figure immediately returned a most pertinent answer, in the same language. And now the tale of the wonder had got all over the town; every body flocked in crowds to it, not doubting but that it would soon turn prophet, and tell all that was to be, as well as all that had been; when, lo! it happened, that a young man in the train of a person of fashion, who had come to gape, went into the adjoining room, and saw a man putting his head into a tube, and speaking. No sum of money could bribe this gentleman

distinguished by the name of self-spoken, and were only delivered on particular occasions, to particular persons, who came well-dressed, and could afford to pay a good price for them. It was one of these self-spoken oracles, which encouraged Severianus to invade Armenia :

The Parthians and Armenians left to mourn,
Thou shalt triumphantly to Rome return ;
Thy garland's intermingled rays shall tell,
Beneath thy glittering spear what numbers fell.

On the strength of this the silly Gaul invaded the country, but was cut to pieces with his whole army by Othryades ; and then our prophet thought fit to expunge this oracle from his book, and substitute the following :

Lead not thy forces to Armenian plain,
A foe in female garb may be thy bane.

gentleman to conceal what he had seen ; and so it came out, that a Popish priest, master of many languages, heard all the questions from a neighbouring chamber, and was the true inspirer of the answers to them. Irfon told the whole story to a nobleman, a few years ago, in my presence."

The attention paid to the speaking figure in the year 1784, occasioned the late Mr. Maty to translate and publish this story, from the Latin of Moses Solanus ; and the reader has it in nearly his words.

Thus,

Thus, by making oracles after the event, he was ingenious enough to save the credit of those that had failed, and set all matters right again. The sick would very often die, in spite of his promise of a speedy recovery, but then he was never at a loss for a recantation :

Seek not assistance in such dire disease,
Inevitable death thy fate decrees.

Knowing the flourishing state of the same art at Claros, Didyma, and Mallos, he found means to conciliate the favour of the diviners there, by recommending an application to them :

To Claros hie, and hear my father's voice.

Or he would say :

To sacred shrines of Branchian priests repair,
And trust oracular responses there.

Or :

Away to Mallos, hear Amphilochus.

Hitherto his fame had scarcely extended farther than Ionia, Cilicia, and Paphlagonia ; but when afterwards it reached Italy and the city Rome, there was nothing but hurry and bustle, every body eager to be served first. Some set out themselves in person, some, especially such as were in high rank, sent messengers. At the
head

head of these was Rutilianus, a very good man in other respects, as he had approved himself in many departments of government, but in religious matters extremely weak and credulous; so much so, that he could not pass by a greasy stone, or one with a garland upon it, but must immediately fall down to adore it. This man had no sooner heard of the oracle, than he was on the point of deserting his office in the state, and flying with all speed to the wall of Abonus: nor could he rest satisfied without more full information, sending message after message by his servants, who, not being very wise, were easily imposed on, and at their return told many strange stories of what they had heard and seen with not a few additions of their own, the better to recommend themselves to their master. In short, they drove the poor old man out of his senses; who, being well acquainted with almost all the persons of consequence in the city, went about from one to another, declaring what great news his servants had brought, and losing nothing in the telling. The whole city was thus put in motion, the greatest part even of the courtiers having their curiosity so much excited as to repair with all haste to the prophet to have

have their fortune told. Our great man, to make sure of their good word, not only received them with great hospitality, but made them costly presents at parting; so that, so far from being backward, at their return, in reporting what had passed, they were all full of the praises of the God, and very willing to spread abroad Alexander's lies concerning both his oracle and himself. The detestable fellow now hit on a scheme worthy of no common rascal. On opening and reading the cases sent to him, whenever he met with any thing of unsafe and dangerous tendency, he kept it in his own possession, without returning any answer, that he might have the proposer of any daring question entirely in his power. All such, therefore, were little better than slaves of his, being conscious of what they had written about, and were kept in continual fear. Indeed, it is not difficult to guess what kind of doubts he would be consulted upon by the rich and great; and it followed of course, that, being thus caught in his net, they must find means of soothing him. But you shall have a specimen of the oracles delivered to Rutilianus. Rutilianus had a son by a former wife; and, as he was now of an age

capable of instruction, the prophet, being consulted on the choice of a tutor, recommended

Pythagoras, and the bard with bloody muse.

The boy happening to die a few days after, an event at such direct variance with the oracle, our hero was at his wits end for an excuse, and had not a word to say for himself; till Rutilianus, good creature! took up the matter. The god, he was fully satisfied, did not mean any living instructor, but the Pythagoras and Homer, who have long been in the shades below, waiting there to receive his son. What can be said for such simpletons? Another time he wanted to know whose soul was in possession of his body, when Alexander made this reply :

Achilles first, Menander next thou wast,	}
Rutilianus now, a sun-beam last,	
When nine times twenty years are gone and past.	

However, he did not wait so long to be made a sunbeam, for he grew melancholy, and died at the age of seventy. Once on a time this Rutilianus, having a mind to marry, consulted the oracle on the occasion; and here follows the answer, delivered in plain terms:

Wed

Wed Alexander's daughter by the Moon.

Alexander, it seems, had previously spread a report of the Moon's taking a fancy to him, when she happened to see him asleep, and that he had a daughter by her. By the bye, I think, the Moon is very apt to be enamoured of sleeping beauties *. The wife Rutilianus, on receiving this encouragement, did not lose a moment, but sent for the girl immediately, and married her in the sixteenth year of her age, having obtained the consent of his mother-in-law, by offering a competent number of hecatombs. This match could not do less than make him imagine himself already one of the cœlestials. Succeeding so well in Italy, Alexander extended his views. He now dispatches his emissaries into all parts of the Roman empire, warning the people every where of plagues, and fires, and earthquakes; assuring them, that, in these calamitous times, they might always rely on his protection. One oracle, in particular, which was every where circulated, was contained in this verse :

Beardless Apollo clears pestiferous air.

This line was every where to be seen inscribed

* Alluding to the story of Endymion.

on gates and doors as a sovereign antidote; but, alas! it unfortunately failed, the families thus protected being by far the greatest sufferers. I do not mean to say, that they died of the prescription; but so it happened, that, wholly depending on the oracle, they took no care of themselves, observed no regimen; for, with these few syllables to defend them, there could not be the least doubt of the beardless god driving away the pestilence without any endeavours of their own. By the number of spies in his pay at Rome, who sounded every man's inclinations, and what it was that he wanted to know, he was furnished with an answer to any question, even before it was proposed to him. Such was his management of Italy. Then he set about the instituting of mysteries, with sacred rites, and bearing of torches, to continue three days with all due ceremony and solemnity. On the first day proclamation was made, as at Athens*, to this purpose: "If any impious spy, Christian, or Epicurean, dare to approach, away with him! But let those, that believe in the god, be initiated and prosper!" "And then,

* Where the Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated.

in order to clear the stage, he himself was the first to cry out, "Avaunt, Christians!" while the whole multitude subjoined, "Away with the Epicureans!" After this there was presented the lying-in of Latona, the manner in which Apollo was produced, the nuptials of Coronis, and the birth of Æsculapius. The next day exhibited the extraordinary birth and appearance of Glycon. On the third day, called the day of torches, was the marriage of Podalirius with Alexander's mother. Last of all came the loves of Alexander and the Moon, with the birth of the old* man's wife, Alexander leading the procession, with a torch in his hand, and going to sleep before all the company; when, behold! there came down to our Endymion from the cieling, to personate the Moon descending from Heaven, a most beautiful woman, whose name was Rutilia, the wife of one of Cæsar's domesticks†. She loved, and was beloved by Alexander, and they kissed one another most cordially, while the poor wretch of a husband stood looking on; and, if the torches had not given

* Rutilianus.

† Οἰκονομος, house-steward, clerk of the kitchen.

so much light, it is impossible to say what familiarities might not have passed. After a while, Alexander made his second entrance in the habit of a chief priest, and, after a profound silence, cried out aloud, "Io, Glycon!" On which his Eumolpidæ and Ceryces, heralds from Paphlagonia, with their untanned shoes, and stinking of their garlick, roared out, "Io, Alexander!" During this parade of the torches, and these mystick dances, he would now and then contrive to let his golden thigh be seen; that is, as we may fairly suppose, his thigh covered with some kind of gilded leather, to reflect the light. This, one day, occasioned a curious dispute between two of his sage admirers, whether this golden thigh denoted his having the soul of Pythagoras, or only one resembling it; which question being referred to Alexander himself, the royal Glycon returned this oracular solution:

His life Pythagoras oft begins and ends:

The Prophet, sprung from Jove, from Heav'n descends;
Still on the good his bounteous aid bestows,
Till, struck by light'ning, up again he goes.

I shall now relate to you a conversation that passed between Glycon and a priest of Tios, leaving

leaving you to guess at the wisdom of the latter, from the questions he asked. I read it in his own house, written in letters of gold :

Priest. Tell me, master Glycon, who are you ?

Glycon. Who am I ? I am Æsculapius the younger, not Æsculapius the elder.

Priest. What do you say ?

Glycon. I have said enough for you to know.

Priest. But how long are we to have you and your oracles with us ?

Glycon. Fifteen hundred years.

Priest. And whither will you betake yourself then ?

Glycon. To Bactria, and its neighbourhood. Why should not the Barbarians there be favoured with my presence ?

Priest. Is it father Apollo himself who gives answers at Didyma, Claros, and Delphi ? or, are the oracles given out at these places no more than so many lies ?

Glycon. You are not to know that : do not ask.

Priest. Tell me, then, what I am to be, when this life is ended ?

Glycon. First of all, you will be a camel, then a horse; then a wise man, and a prophet not inferior even to Alexander himself.

Knowing the Priest to be an acquaintance of Lepidus, Glycon concluded with this oracle, delivered in verse :

Trust not to Lepidus, for woe betides;

for he had horrible apprehensions, as I have already observed, of Epicurus, whom he considered as an over-match for him, and who would not fail to expose the futility of his art; though one of the disciples of that philosopher, who was bold enough to do it, had like to have paid very dear for his pains: thus it was, that he ventured to speak out before a large company: "You, Alexander, are the man, who prevailed with a Paphlagonian to lay a capital crime to the charge of his servants before the governor of Galatia, alleging, that they had murdered a son of his, who had been sent to Alexandria for education. But the truth of the matter is, that the boy is now alive and well, and came safe home, though not in time to save the servants, who, at your instigation, were condemned and executed, being torn to-pieces by
by

by wild beasts. The youth, it seems, had been on a sailing-party to Clysma in Egypt, and, instead of returning as expected, had been persuaded to make a voyage to India; where, being too long delayed, his servants, after a fruitless search for him, concluded, that either he had been drowned in the Nile, or had fallen into the hands of the numerous robbers infesting the country, and therefore went home, and reported him lost. The oracle and the sentence of condemnation followed immediately; and the poor servants were put to death before the young man arrived to tell his story. When he did, and related every circumstance of his voyage, Alexander flew into a violent rage at finding what he had asserted so flatly contradicted, and commanded all manner of persons present to stone him, denouncing every one, who refused, to be stoned himself, as an accomplice of Epicurus; but, on the stones beginning to fly, one Demaratus, a stranger who happened to be in Pontus, interposed, and saved the young man's life at the hazard of his own; indeed, he was a fool for his pains; what business had he to be wise, when all the rest were fools, and thus expose his own safety

to Paphlagonian madness ! The names of these persons, who had proposed questions, used to be called over in their turn the day before the answers were to be given, the crier constantly asking after every name, whether such a man would be attended to ; and, if the voice within replied, " Away with him to the crows ! " From that instant nobody would afford the poor man house-room, bread, or water. He had nothing for it but to wander about the world, from place to place, as an impious vagabond, an Atheist, or, what was deemed worst of all, an Epicurean. One of his actions was more ridiculous still. Happening to lay his hands on that excellent book, which contains the principal tenets and opinions of Epicurus, he took it into the middle of the market-place, and burnt it in a fire made of figwood, as much pleased with the exploit, as if he had been burning the author. He then threw the ashes into the sea, with this oracle in his mouth :

Burn, burn, 'tis I who now lay down the laws ;
Burn, burn the silly dotard's silly saws.

Wretch that he was, he knew not what he was doing. He understood not the uses of that admirable performance, full of such wise instructions ;

structions; nor, with what peace, what tranquillity, what liberty, it inspired the reader, freeing his mind no less from idle apprehensions, from the fear of spectres and prodigies, than from vain hopes and extravagant desires; while, at the same time, it served to implant in him a sound understanding, purified, not with the unavailing expedients of torches, or seasons, but with right reason, truth, and plain-dealing. Now, you shall have one instance, out of many, of the rascal's consummate impudence. As he had found no difficulty in obtaining an audience at court, by means of Rutilianus, who was in high favour there, he dispatched an oracle to him during the rage of the German war, at the time the divine Marcus had to contend with the Quadi and Marcomanni. This oracle of his required a couple of lions to be thrown alive into the Ister, with a great number of spices, and costly sacrifices. But you shall have the very words:

Where Ister rolls, divine, with eddies vast,
Two mountain-lions I command to cast
Within the gulf, lions of such demean,
As in the yokes of Cybele are seen.
With flowers and herbs, that scent the Indian air,
The way to victory, glory, peace, prepare.

These

These orders being executed, the lions swam to the shore on the side of the enemy, and were immediately belaboured by the cudgels of the Barbarians, like dogs, or outlandish wolves; our army, almost, at the same time, meeting with a terrible overthrow, scarcely less than twenty thousand men being slain in one battle. Then followed the business of Aquileia, when the city was so near being taken. Alexander's apology for these disasters was nothing more than the old story, coolly reminding us of the oracle of Croesus; and observing, that the God had undoubtedly predicted a victory, though he had not said whose victory it was to be. People now began to flock to him from all quarters; and the city being, on that account, straitened for provisions, he invented his night-oracles, as he called them. Taking the questions overnight, he lay down to sleep upon them, and answered them in the morning, as he had been directed by the God in a dream. This was what he gave out as the origin of his answers, which seldom were very intelligible, but for the most part confused and ambiguous, especially when he received a packet very carefully sealed up; in which case, not venturing to
break

break it open, he would put down for answer whatever happened to come into his head, concluding, that any thing would do for an oracle. To explain the meaning of which, he had provided interpreters, who made a great deal of money by it, though it was not all clear gain; for he obliged every one of them to pay him an Attick * talent, before he would suffer him to practise. Sometimes, when nobody demanded it, he would, of his own accord, pour forth oracles, merely to confound and astonish the ignorant multitude. For instance;

Thy wife's a wanton; dost thou ask his name,
Whose secret sin brings thee to open shame?
Protogenes, thy slave, usurps thy place,
Revenging thus on thee his own disgrace.
A deadly drug they study to dispense,
To rob thee of thy eyes, and ears, and sense.
Look round, below the bed, and near the wall,
By the bed's head—Calypso † knows it all.

What an accurate description of persons and places! enough to confound a Democritus, though not to prevent his spitting in the face

* 193l. 15s.; or, if the antient Attick talent of 80 minæ is meant, 260l. 6s. 8d.

† A female-slave.

of the author ! On being consulted by Barbarians, such as Syrians, or Celts, he was very often at a loss to make out their meaning ; therefore, used to keep the questions by him, till he could find out some of their countrymen, to be his interpreters. One of his answers to a Scythian ran thus :

Morphi ebargulis chnenchicranc shall leave the light.

The following was in prose ; not given, indeed, to any person, nor even any one living : “ Go back to the place from whence you came : the man who sent you has been this day slain by his neighbour Diocles, on the coming-up of the robbers Mangus, Celer, and Bubulus, who have been since taken, and are at present in safe custody. You shall now have a specimen of such oracles as he delivered to me. I enquired whether Alexander’s head was bald, and sealed up my question very carefully ; when it was thus answered :

Sabardalachus no Mabak Attis.

Another time, consulting him about the country of Homer, I made one and the same question pass for two, writing it twice over, and putting a different name to each billet ; when,
my

my messenger, being interrogated concerning his errand, silyly answered, that I wanted a remedy for a pain in my side; and this was the prescription :

Anoint with Cytmid and Latona's dew,

On the second scroll, being again imposed upon, as supposing that I wanted to know which was the best way of going to Italy, whether by land, or by water, he put me down :

Beware of shipboard ; use your legs, and walk.

Not a syllable about Homer, either in one answer or the other. A single question being proposed, under a feigned name, I sent him the price of eight oracles, which are something more than as many drachmas : he, trusting to appearances, and taking his cue from the sum that was sent him, returned me no less than eight answers of unintelligible nonsense, relating to no one thing, either in heaven or earth ; not one of which resolved my single question, When will Alexander's roguery be detected ? After this, when he discovered how he had been played upon, and that I had opposed the marriage, advising Rutilianus by no means to rely on the oracle, I became, as
may

may naturally be supposed, the object of his aversion, and was considered by him as his most bitter enemy; accordingly, on Rutilianus questioning him concerning my character, this was the answer:

The lawless bed, the shades of night,
The revel-rout, are his delight *.

Indeed, he had reason enough to hate me. Hearing, however, of my arrival in the city, and being told who I was, he sent me the most courteous invitation to his house. As good luck would have it, I had with me a couple of soldiers, whom my friend, the Governor of Cappadocia, had sent with me as a guard, till such time as I should reach the sea: these armed men I fortunately took with me to make my visit; when I found him with a great deal of company about him. According to his usual condescension, he offered me his hand to kiss; but, instead of a civil salute, I gave it such a hearty bite, as was almost enough to make him lose the use of it. This was a heinous offence, and set the whole company upon

* Lucian might as well have kept this to himself, as there might possibly be some chance of its being believed.

me ;

me; which indeed they were already prepared for, being not a little out of humour at my manner of addressing their prophet, whom I had given no other appellation than merely Alexander. He, however, like a generous fellow, bore it with great patience, and pacified them with an assurance of their very soon finding a change in my demeanour to him. He would let them see, he said, what Glycon could do, who has the faculty of subduing tempers the most untoward. And now, every body else being ordered to retire, we two were left to ourselves; when he proceeded to expostulate with me, saying, he knew me full well, and was no stranger to the advice which I had given to Rutilianus. "What could induce you," said he, "to act such a part by me, who, you cannot but be sensible, have it so much in my power to promote you by means of him?" Seeing myself in so ticklish a situation, after acknowledging my obligations for such gracious condescension, I withdrew, and we parted good friends, to the no small astonishment of the beholders. Soon after this, when I wanted to set sail, having previously

sent away my father and servants to Amastris, and reserved nobody besides Xenophon to accompany me, he not only sent me several presents by way of taking leave, but even made me an offer of a ship and rowers. Not the least suspicion was in my mind of his not dealing honestly with me on this occasion, till we had proceeded about half way in our voyage; when, on observing the pilot in tears, and on no good terms with the rest of the crew, I began to suspect that all was not right. Alexander, it seems, had given them orders to seize my companions and myself, and toss us both overboard, as the most effectual way of silencing my tongue. But the pilot relented, and with prayers and tears so prevailed as to get the better of their resolution. "After living so many years in good repute, I cannot bear the thought," said he, turning to me, "of imbruing my hands in blood at the age of sixty; though such were my orders when I took charge of this vessel." After this, having landed us at Ægialus*, a place so handsomely mentioned by Homer, he returned home again. I there met with certain

* Hom. Il. II. 855.

Bosporanian

Bosporanian ambassadors, who had been dispatched by king Eupator to carry his annual tribute to Bithynia. To them I recounted the story of my narrow escape, when my life was in such imminent danger, and was taken in the most friendly manner into their ship; by which means I arrived safe at Amastris. I was so much incensed against a man, whom, before this treachery, I had abominated, for leading so infamous a life, that I resolved on leaving no stone unturned, to gratify my revenge. I even thought of drawing up a formal accusation against him, knowing I should be strongly supported; and especially by those philosophers who were of the school of Timocrates Heracléotes. But I was prevented going on with my design by the Governor of Bithynia and Pontus, who begged and prayed me to desist. He could not, by any means, he said, considering his great regard for Rutilianus, think of punishing the man, though his guilt should be ever so undeniable; I was, therefore, much against my will, obliged to desist, as I saw very plainly what was to be expected from a judge so predetermined, before whom it would have been mere madness to bring my accusation. Amongst

other instances of consummate impudence, perhaps, you will adjudge the following not to be the least extraordinary : this Alexander requested the Emperor to change the name of the wall of Abonus, and call it Ionopolis ; to have a new coin, with the figure of Glycon * on one side, and his own on the other, wearing the crown of his grandfather *Æsculapius*, and grasping the faulchion of *Perseus*, from whom, as he said, his mother was descended. He had declared by an oracle the duration of his life, which was to be one hundred and fifty years ; and that then he was to perish by the stroke of a thunderbolt. But, behold ! before he had attained the age of seventy, he died, like the very son of *Podalirius*, a most wretched spectacle, almost eaten up with worms, and with his lower parts in a state of mortification. His physicians had ap-

* That Alexander's insolent request was partly complied with appears from certain coins still extant in the cabinets of the curious ; though he seems to have failed in that which lay nearest his heart, not one of these remaining coins exhibiting his own image ; instead of which they have the head of the emperor on one side, and Glycon on the other. SPANHEMIUS.

plied

plied an ointment to alleviate the pain of his aching head, which made it necessary to take off his hair; and thus they discovered, that his hair was not of his own growth. Such was the end of Alexander, such the catastrophe of the play, however it might be brought about, whether by chance or design. And it was fitting that his funeral-rites should be in conformity with his life. A contest was accordingly entered into by his principal accomplices in knavery, who should be heir to the oracle? Amongst the rest was Pœtus; who so far forgot what was due to his grey locks and his medical profession, as to become a candidate for the crown of the priest and the prophet. Their several claims were referred to the arbitration of Rutilianus, who, however, rejected them all, and determined, that Alexander, though dead, should still be the king of the prophets.

Thus have I put together a few particulars, out of many more that might have been added, as a proof of my willingness to oblige you, my dear friend, whom I hold in the greatest esteem, not only for your wisdom and love of truth, but for the gentleness of your manners, the evenness and tranquillity of your life, and the

agreeable turn which you give to conversation. I wished at the same time, which I know you will not take amiss, to vindicate the character of Epicurus, a man of the strictest virtue and most exalted genius, who alone may be truly said to have known and taught what was good, constantly asserting the rights of all who attended to him. What I have written, I hope, may not be without advantage to the reader, both in refuting that which is wrong, and establishing that which is right.

ON DANCING.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LYCINUS AND CRATO.

Lycinus. AS you are now, Crato, no doubt, fully prepared to bring forward this heavy accusation of yours against dancing and dancers, in which I must come in for my share, being so very
fond

fond of it, and bestowing so much of my time and attention on what you esteem so frivolous and effeminate an amusement; I wish to convince you how egregiously you err in judging so rashly. At the same time, I am ready to acknowledge, that some allowance may be made for a man early and long accustomed to a gloomy and austere life, taught to consider nothing as good but that which is rigid and harsh, and only through ignorance degrading so useful and agreeable an art.

Crato. You astonish me! What! Lycinus, a man of letters, no mean philosopher, abandoning the best studies, giving up all converse with the antients, for the sake of being tickled with the tune of a piper! to sit gazing on a ridiculous fellow, in a fine dress, suitable to the lascivious allurements of the Phædras, and Parthenopes, and Rhodopes of old, acting over again their postures and grimaces, and chanting their amorous strains! The striking of strings, the continual din, the stamping, and jumping about, are certainly very unbecoming a man of your character*; so much so, that I no

* Whose dancing-days, Crato concluded, ought to have been over.

fooner heard of your so wofully mispending your time, than I really blushed for you; and not only blushed, but was out of all patience. Are Plato, then, and Chrysippus, and Aristotle, to be laid aside, that your ears may be touched with a feather! You need never be at a loss for better employment, both for your ears and your eyes. What think you of the pipe, of the harp played on in perfection, of the solemn tragedy, and sprightly comedy? Such have been deservedly deemed fit objects for emulation, and trials of skill. You will find it, I fear, no easy matter sufficiently to apologize for your conduct, unless you mean to be disregarded by men of letters, and secluded from all good company. Your best way, perhaps, will be utterly to deny the charge, and stoutly assert your innocence. If you do not take good heed, you may, before we are aware of it, change your sex, and become a perfect Lydian or Bacchanalian; which, indeed, would in some measure be our fault, as well as yours, if we should neglect to drag you from the Lotos *, and not endeavour to make you your-

self

* ——— We touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos, and the flowery coast.

We

self again. Otherwise, before you suspect it, you might be totally ingrossed by those Syrens of the Stage. The Syrens, that assailed Ulysses, aimed at his ears, which a sailor could provide against by stopping them with wax: but you are in the way to be utterly undone, an abject slave to your eyes.

Lycinus. I did not expect you, Crato, to let loose so angry a cur upon me. Let me tell you, that your Lotophagi and your Syrens do not concern me: you are quite out in your

We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess'd the place.
They went, and found an hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce,
Lotos the name, divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi), which whoso tastes
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off the enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound.

Od. IX. Pope's Translation.

application.

application. Those who indulged their appetites with the Lotos, those who listened to the songs of Syrens, died for it; but, with regard to me, at the same time that my pleasure is greater than theirs, I am in no danger of any bad consequences. I neither forget myself, nor my affairs: so far from it, that, I assure you, I never return from the theatre without finding my faculties improved, and with more discernment and sagacity to go through the business of life. Homer had the same experience; and it is but fit, that he should speak:

Delighted he returns, and wiser far *.

Crato. You must indeed, Lycinus, be far gone, when, so far from being ashamed of your conduct, you appear even to value yourself upon it: this is worse than all the rest; for, while you have the assurance to commend such fooleries, what hopes can there be of effecting your amendment?

Lycinus. Pray, Crato, is it after having seen and known what is exhibited on the Stage, that you use this language? or do you thus presume to censure that which you have never

* Hom. Odyss. XII. part of the Syren's song.

seen?

seen? If you have been a frequent attendant, then, indeed, I allow you to be on a footing with myself; but, if not, and you are so rash as to find fault with what you know nothing about, surely such a charge must appear more bold than wise.

Crato. As to that matter, I must own, it yet remains for me to expose my long beard and hoary head to the wanton eyes of women and men half mad; to sit encircled by such an assembly; to admire, to applaud, and praise some worthless fellow for writhing and twisting his own body, and using it so very ill!

Lycinus. You are a stranger to the Stage, Crato, and I forgive you; but, if you will be ruled by me, do but go once by way of experiment, making use of your own eyes; and I will pass my word for it, that you will soon be amongst the foremost, to secure yourself a good place for seeing and hearing every thing to a nicety.

Crato. Sooner let me perish! No, never while I have a hair remaining on my legs or my chin, will I submit to any such indignity! I really begin to pity you much; this is the true Bacchanalian frenzy.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. Forbear this railing, my friend, I beseech you, and suffer me to convince you, by only hearing what I have to say, that dancing is not merely a pleasant thing, but has a great deal of the good and useful in it, contributing much to the informing and harmonising the minds of the spectators, who thus become habituated to hear and see whatever is best and most beautiful, setting off, at the same time, to advantage, all the graces, external and internal: and all this being effected by the joint aid of musick and regulated * motion, is so far from being reprehensible on that account, that it is the more a matter of praise.

Crato. When a madman pronounces a panegyrick on a distracted brain, I do not find myself so much at my leisure as to listen to him; and yet, as you are my friend, for once I submit to a senseless harangue, without any wax in my ears. I am all attention; say what you please; speak out, as if there were nobody by.

Lycinus. I thank you, Crato: only hear me; that is all I desire. You will soon be able

* *ῥυθμος.*

to judge whether what I am going to say is to be set down as a senseless harangue. In the first place, you seem to me to consider dancing as a modern amusement, a whim of yesterday; whereas those, who are best acquainted with its rise and progress, ascribe it not to our great-grandfathers, or our great-great-grandfathers, but make it cœval with the universe, and Love, the most antient of all the Gods. The assembly of the stars, the conjunction of the planets and fixed constellations, the harmony of their motion, their orderly concert, are but so many samples of the first great dance, which, being improved by degrees, seems at last to have arrived at its highest pitch of perfection, concord diversified, varied simplicity, the boon of many Muses. Rhea, we are told, delighted with dancing, first issued out orders to the Corybantes in Phrygia, and the Curetes in Crete, to use themselves to the art, an art from which she herself derived no small advantage *. To their

* In preserving the life of her son Jupiter, whom his father Saturn had threatened to devour: to prevent which, she went to Crete to lie-in, and delivered her babe to the care of the Curetes and Corybantes, who were to make

their dancing Jupiter owed his escape from his father's teeth, which no doubt his gratitude makes him acknowledge. They danced in armour, striking their shields with their swords, and jumping about like so many martial furies, supernaturally inspired. Some of the most valorous of the Cretans afterwards practised with great success; and not only private persons, but those of the highest quality, and even such as aspired to the government. When Homer calls Meriones a dancer, he is far from intending any affront. He means to compliment him on his skill in an art, which distinguished him so much, that friends and foes conspired to praise him for it: the latter, no doubt, were well acquainted with his agility in battle, and how well he timed his movements:

Swift as thou art, the raging Hero cries,
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize;
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground*.

make a continual noise with the rattling of their armour in dancing, lest Saturn should find out his boy by hearing him cry. This stratagem saved the father of Gods and men.

* Pope's Translation of Homer, Il. XVI. 743.

The

The truth is, the spear missed him; he danced aside, and escaped every blow that was aimed at him: so great a proficient was he in the art. Of many other heroes that might be mentioned, Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, may be produced, as a sufficient instance of what I advance. From his name, Pyrrhus, comes the Pyrrhic dance, so much famed; with his invention of which, I dare say, the father was better pleased than to hear the praises of his beauty, and all his other accomplishments put together. It was the dancing of Pyrrhus, the Pyrrhic dance, that levelled to the ground the lofty walls of Troy, to that day unconquered by other means. The Lacedemonians, who are accounted the bravest of the people of Greece, ever since the time of their being instructed by Castor and Pollux in their own country-dance of Carya, do nothing without the Muses, directing even in battle the motion of their feet by the sound of the pipe. Every step they take is a step in a dance: the pipe gives the signal for attacking the enemy; and they have conquered accordingly: no forces have been able to withstand those forces of theirs, led on by musick and dancing. To
fight

fight and to dance were the ends of education : they took breath after dealing their blows in close quarters, and the engagement was finished with a dance. You might see the musician sitting in the midst, playing, and beating time with his foot ; whilst they moved about him in order and figure, exhibiting a variety of gestures, exact observers of time and place. Their tunes were different ; sometimes invoking the God of War, sometimes better suited to Bacchus and Venus ; indeed, Venus and Cupid are always called on to join in the festivity, to which the introductory song contains rules for the dancers to acquit themselves properly in the art. Boys, say they, move your feet ! Boys, mind your dancing ! Better still ! This, too, is the case in the Hormus, which is a dance of young men and maidens running after each other in a ring, like the Hormus *. The young man begins with those steps, which he is afterwards to practise in battle ; and the graceful virgin trips after him, whose more gentle motion completes the Hormus, or compound of modesty and manliness. The Gymnopædia is also a dance in use with the Lacedemonians.

* Necklace.

To you, who have read Homer, it is unnecessary to repeat what he says in his description of the shield of Achilles, on which Dædalus takes a dance with Ariadne, or of the two Cubisteres, or leaders, who tumbled neck over heels. Of all the fine things, which Vulcan's art had exhibited, nothing, he declares, equalled the young dancers. As to the Phœnicians, a rich and polished people, it is no wonder that that they loved dancing; in which they were so expert, that, the poet assures us, it was what Ulysses chiefly delighted to gaze on.

Their twinkling feet fix'd his admiring eyes*.

In Theffaly, the practice of dancing was in such request, that their leaders in war were stiled leaders of the dance, as is sufficiently proved by their monumental inscriptions: "This man," says his epitaph, "this general, was appointed principal dancer of the state†." "This statue," says another inscription, "was, for a fight well danced, decreed by the people to Eilation." I forbear to trouble you with

* Hom. Od. ©. 265.

† Perhaps the particle *the* may be better omitted, as we say Secretary of State, not Secretary of *the* State.

any mention of the antient rites of initiation, since none are to be found, from which dancing was excluded. Orpheus and Musæus, being themselves the most accomplished performers of their age, took especial care of that, having provided by a positive law, as in a matter of the utmost consequence, that no man should be admitted to their mysteries, without first taking a dance. We are not to say a word of the orgies of Bacchus, a profound secret, to be kept from the profane : whoever blabs, all the world knows, is always said to have made a false step ; which is a sufficient proof of what I advance. In the island of Delos there was no such thing to be seen as a sacrifice without musick and dancing. A choir of boys, directed by the most skilful masters, always attended the ceremony with pipe and harp, with dance and song. The odes composed on those occasions, of which they had a great variety, were called Hyporchemata : but why should I confine myself to the Greeks ? The Indians no sooner are up in the morning, than they pay their adoration to the Sun ; not as we do, contented with kissing a hand to him ; but, turning to the East, they salute him with a dance, and
much

much in his own way ; that is, without making a noise, without speaking a word to be heard. With this dance, twice a day, morning and evening, when he rises, and when he sets, the Indians appease their divinity. No prayer, no praise, no other oblation than this ! The Æthiopians never think of war, without dancing. With his head, the hair of which serves for his quiver, stuck round with arrows, resembling the rays of the Sun, the warrior never lets one fly before he has twisted his limbs into such a dance of defiance, as may strike terror into his enemy. And now that we are so near, we may as well take a step down into Ægypt ; where verily, in my opinion, the old story of their Proteus can have nothing more in it, than that Proteus was a first-rate dancer, possessed of such extraordinary talents for mimicry, that he could assume any form and figure imaginable, representing by turns the rapid flame, the flowing stream, the roaring lion, the savage pard, the nodding bough, in short, any thing whatever. Not content with all this, the licence of fable improved upon it so far as to make him actually be changed in good earnest into the several objects of his imitation ;

E c 2

whereas,

whereas, in good truth, he hardly performed any thing above the abilities of our modern dancers. Do not you see them, in the twinkling of an eye, so changed from what they were before, that Proteus himself, were he present, might well be jealous of them? Fabulists have taken the same liberty with Empusa, though there is every reason to believe, that she was no other than a proficient in the same art, with the faculty of twisting and turning herself into many different shapes.

But, while on the subject, we are not to forget the Roman Salii, nor the dance performed by those venerable priests in honour of Mars the God of fight, a dance most sacred and most solemn. The Bithynians, as they tell the story, have a custom much of the same kind. Priapus, they say, a God given to fighting, being, I believe, one of the Titans, or Idæan Dactyli, trained to the art military, while Mars was yet a boy, though very sturdy, and more of a man than could have been expected from his years, received him from the hands of Juno, and taught him to fight, but not till he had first of all made a good dancer of him: in return for which instruction, the Goddess presented

sented him with a tenth part of whatever spoil should fall to the share of his disciple in battle. I think I have no occasion to mention the feasts of Bacchus, which, you know, were nothing but dancing. The Cordax *, the Sicinnis *, and the Emmeleia *, were so named by the Satyrs, priests of Bacchus, who invented them. By means of these principal dances, Bacchus conquered the Tyrrhenians, Indians, and Lydians, and made them all glad, warlike as they were, to dance to his tune. When all this is considered, do not you think, my friend, that your extraordinary notions may endanger your piety? Why will you venture to condemn an art mystick and divine, studied by so many of the Gods, dedicated to their honour, and which at once is both entertaining and instructive? I really am astonished, considering your great veneration for Homer and Hesiod, and particularly the latter, (for I must again

* As the songs of Bacchus are drinking-songs, the reader may guess what his dances were. The Cordax, in particular, we are informed, was seldom danced by the sober. The modern Saraband is reported to be a dance of the same tendency.

recur to the poets); I am astonished, I say, to find your opinion directly the reverse of theirs. They, you know, praise dancing above every thing. Homer, in recounting whatever is most agreeable, as sleep, and love, and song, and dance, denominates the last, and only the last, irreprehensible; acknowledging, at the same time, the charms of the song, the constant companion of the dance, the irreprehensible dance; and would you have the assurance to say otherwise? In another part of his poem he says:

On this the Hero's fame the Gods bestow,
On that the charms of song and dance to know*.

The song, accompanied with the dance, is indeed most charming, the fairest boon in the gift of the Gods. Homer makes only two distinct species of mortal things, war and peace; to the former of which, having nothing else to put in opposition, he has contrasted the exquisite delights of singing and dancing. As to Hesiod, he is not indebted to hearsay; for he relates only what he had seen with his own

* Hom. Iliad, XIII. v. 731.

eyes.

eyes. Beginning his poem with the praise of the Muses, early in the morning, he tells us :

Around the azure fount, with nimble feet,
They lead the dance, their father Jove to greet.

Now do not you begin to think, that to speak as you do of dancing is little less than setting yourself up to contend with the Gods ? Socrates, who was a very wise man, if we may trust to the Pythian oracle, was not content with bare admiration, but practised dancing in his old age, as a matter of the most serious importance. Too much pains, he thought, could not be bestowed in studying the grace and harmony of modulated motion, to which he attributed the greatest effects. He was so fond of this art, that he thought nothing belonging to it inconsiderable, or unworthy of his attention, being a constant man at the musick-schools, and ever ready to take a lesson, even from Aspasia the courtesan. Dancing, however, in his time, was only in its infancy ; if he could have seen it brought, as it is now, to the highest pitch of perfection, I am very sure, that he must have given up his whole time to it, and ordered his scholars, by all means, to mind their dancing, in preference to every

thing else. When you speak so handsomely of tragedy and comedy, you seem to forget their receiving any support from dancing. Tragedy has its Emmeleia, and Comedy its Cordax ; not to mention the Sicinnis, which occasionally comes in for a share ; but, since you set out with preferring Tragedy, Comedy, and Musick, for which, as objects for competition, you profess an esteem ; let us proceed to a fair comparison, leaving out of the question, if you please, for the present, the harp and the pipe, as being no more than mere appendages of, and subservient to, a dance. Let us take a look at tragedy, as it first appeared, with an aspect disgusting and frightful. A man comes in, stretched out to a most inordinate length, strutting in a monstrous pair of shoes, with a great mask, more than a match for his head, and a mouth wide-open, as if he were going to swallow every body up ; not to mention his breast and belly-cushion, a contrivance to make some kind of proportion between his length and his breadth ! From beneath this mask a voice is heard, sometimes loud, and sometimes low. What is truly ridiculous, the actor is all the while totally unconcerned in the distress of the piece, his only care

care being to make up his mouth for the modulation of Iambics, composed long ago by some old poet now in his grave. In Hecuba or Andromache such whining may be endured; but what man in his senses would bear a soliloquy of Hercules, piteously bemoaning his fate, as if, with his club and his lion's skin, any thing could be the matter with him!

In Dancing, you say, a man acts the part of a woman; but the same may be said of Tragedy and Comedy, since, both in the one and the other, you see more women * represented than men. In the latter, the introduction of a Davus, a Tibius, a cook, and other such characters, is for the sole purpose of diverting the spectators, and making them laugh. Whereas, Dancing, as you cannot but know, admits nothing of the kind: the appearance of the dancer indicates grace and propriety, as is evident to any man, who has eyes. His mask is

* This does not appear from what remains of the ancient drama. The Greeks and Romans had no female players to boast of; nor had the English any in the reign of William the Third, when, as Colley Cibber informs us, the King, being impatient for the play to begin, the apology was, "That the Queen had not done shaving."

always

always beautiful, and well-adapted to his part ; not open-mouthed, as in tragedy : indeed, there can be no need of that, when so many other mouths are open in his praise. In former times, it was usual for the song and dance to be performed by the same person ; but, as he was found by experience not to have breath enough for both, the singing part has for that reason been assigned to another *. The business, however, of each, is still the same ; as the part of the dancer differs no otherwise from that of the tragedian, unless in its infinity of changes, which produce more variety, and shew superior skill. If dancing be no subject for a contest at the public games, it must be owing to the judgment of the managers, who think too highly of so noble and venerable an art, to put it in competition with others ; though it may be observed, that a celebrated city † of Italy has the honour of adding this

* Who explains what is meant by every motion of the dance.

alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè. HOR.

See the Abbé du Bos on Painting and Poetry.

† Probably Naples, where Nero made *his first appearance on any stage*.

ornament

ornament to their other exhibitions. I ought here to apologise for passing over in silence the many things which might have been mentioned on the occasion, beseeching you not to impute such omission either to ignorance or inattention. I know very well, that most of the authors, who have treated on the subject before me, have laboured more particularly to be exact in recounting the several names and descriptions of dances, informing us at the same time who were their respective inventors, thinking, no doubt, to impress us the more with an opinion of their extensive reading and erudition: but I am not the man ambitious of being distinguished in impertinent discussions so little becoming me, and therefore leave them to others. You are to understand, that my purpose was by no means to trace out the origin, or give you the name, of every kind of dance; but only to describe those few which I considered as the principal ones in the introduction to this discourse. That which I chiefly intended was, to say something to recommend the art, as it is now practised, and to shew how much it has been improved of late, particularly during the reign

reign of the emperor Augustus *. Before his time, the art was in its infancy; far from having attained that perfection which I proceed to describe, without calling back your attention to the Thermaystris †, or the Crane ‡, or the drunken dance of the Phrygians, and many others, which I choose to omit, not because I am unacquainted with them, but because they are no longer, any of them, in vogue, except the Phrygian, which our rusticks still continue to practise in their cups, to the sound of the flute, played on by a female. Plato's opinion coincided with mine. In his Book of Laws, he divides dancing into the useful and pleasant, finding fault with some of its motions, as highly indecent, and as highly extolling others. So much for dancing in general. To describe it with all its forms and

* Pylades, a celebrated performer, being asked by Augustus what improvements he had made in the art of dancing, answered in these words of Homer, Il. X. v. 13.

Αυλῶν συρρίγγων τ' ἰνοπην, ὁμαδὸν τ' αἰθρωπῶν.

The sound of flutes and pipes, and din of men.

† Leaps and caprioles.

‡ Going round and round.

fashions

fashions would be an endless undertaking; and therefore, not to be tedious, I am going to tell you what qualities a dancer ought to be possessed of, how he must be trained, how much he must have learned before he can be an adept; by which you will discover, that dancing is not an easy ordinary art, but that which reaches to the summit of human wisdom, comprehending not only musick, but numerical order, geometry, and your admired philosophy, both natural and moral, though without the subtle impertinence of argumentation. Oratory, whatever the professors of it may pretend, in as much as manners and the affections of the mind are concerned, falls within the province of the dancer; nor can he be a stranger to painting and statuary, who is found so very exactly to copy their symmetry and proportion of parts, that even Apelles, or Phidias, will hardly be said to excel him. The mother of the Muses, the Goddess of memory, must, at any rate, be propitious to the man, who, like the Calchas of Homer, is bound to know

All that is past, and present, and to come *;

* Hom. Il. A. v. 70.

and

and not only to know, but have his knowledge always ready for use. Dancing, being imitative, didactic, and expressive of the inward recesses of the mind, so as to bring darkness to light, he, who excels in it, may aspire to the fame of Pericles, of whom Thucydides tells us that he knew what was right, and made it appear by his practice: this is effected by the dancer's being perfect in every character and in every attitude, preparatory to which, as I have already observed, he must treasure up in his memory the whole stock of antient history, which he is to embellish and set off to the best advantage. He must be acquainted with every incident, from the original Chaos to the reign of Cleopatra; between these limits nothing should escape his notice. He must be no stranger to the castration of Cœlus, the birth of Venus, the birth of Jupiter, the battle of the Titans, the trick of Rhea, the substitute-stone, the imprisonment of Saturn, the portion of each of the three Brothers, the rebellion of the Giants, the stealing of the fire, the manufactory of men, the punishment of Prometheus, the two-fold force of Love, the wandering of Delos, the pangs of Latona, the killing of Python,

Python, the snares of Tityus, the middle of the Earth, found out by the flight of eagles; the great wreck in the time of Deucalion, the solitary chest, preserving all that remained of mankind; the race revived, by throwing stones; the mangling of Iacchus, the cunning of Juno, the burning of Semele, the double birth of Bacchus, every particular about Minerva, and Vulcan, and Eriethonius; the contention about Attica; the death of Halirrhodius, which occasioned the first trial in the court of Areopagus, together with all the mythology of the country. He must be more than commonly attentive to the travels of Ceres, the finding of Proserpine, the hospitality of Celeus, the agriculture of Triptolemus, the cultivation of the vine by Icarius, the distress of Erigone, with every thing that is known about Boreas, and Oreithyia, and Theseus, and Ægeus; the taking away of Medea, the flight into Persia, with whatever was done and suffered in Thrace by the daughters of Pandion and Erechtheus. Next come Acamas and Phillis, and the first rape of Helen; the invasion of the city by Castor and Pollux, the adventures of Hippolitus, and the return of the Heraclidæ; all
which

which stories amount to but a very small part of what is delivered concerning the Athenians: I give these only as a specimen. Then he must go on to Megara, and Nisus, and Scylla, the purple hair, the journey of the ungrateful Minos, the story of Cithæron, the affairs of the Thebans and Labdacidæ, the travels of Cadmus, the ox lying down, the serpent's teeth, the men springing up from them, Cadmus metamorphosed into a serpent, walls built by the sound of the lyre, the madness of the builder, the pride and silent grief of Niobe, the history of Pentheus, and Aëtion, and Œdipus; the labours of Hercules, the slaughter of his children, and all that concerns him. Then comes Corinth, abundant in fables; such as Bellerophon, and Sthenobœa, and Glaucus, and Creon; Neptune fighting with the Sun, the madness of Athamas, the reception of Ino and Melicerta by the Deities of the sea, Nephele's children, mounted on a ram, and flying through the air. Next in order are the affairs of the Pelopidæ, and Mycenæ, with Inachus, Io, Argus, to guard her; Atræus, Thyestes, Ærope, the Golden Fleece, the wedding of Pelops, the murder of Agamemnon, the punishment

nishment of Clytemnestra. Still more antient is the expedition of the seven leaders against Thebes, the reception of the exiled sons-in-law of Adrastus, the oracle concerning them, the funeral-rites forbidden, the death of Antigone and Menœceus, in consequence of it. The dancer must not fail to remember Nemea, and Hypsipyle, and Archemorus; nor, that which happened long before, the imprisonment of Danae, the birth of Perseus, and his combat with the Gorgon; to which he is to add, the history of Æthiopia, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, and Cepheus, by credulous posterity ranked with the constellations. At the same time, the old story of Danaus and Ægyptus, and the ensnaring nuptials of the sons, are not to be neglected. The fables of Lacedemon afford not a few things deserving attention; such as, the loves of Hyacinthus; Zephyrus rivalling Apollo; the boy slain by a Discus, the flower springing from his blood, with the melancholy mark of the event; Tynharus raised from the dead, which made Jupiter so angry with Æsculapius; the hospitable reception of Paris, the adjudging of the apple, the rape of Helen. The multifarious history of Troy, comprehend-

ing so great a variety of characters, may be considered as connected with that of Sparta. Whatever consequences attended the rape of Helen, down to the return of the Greeks, is carefully to be treasured in memory; since hardly one man fell before Troy, whose adventures might not furnish matter for a drama. The wanderings of Æneas, the forsaken Dido, Orestes, and his achievements in Scythia, are particulars not to be overlooked. Previous to which, other circumstances connected with the fall of Troy must be taken into the account; such as Achilles at Scyrus, in the habit of a virgin; Philoctetes, left at Lemnos; Ulysses, mad and wandering; Circe and Telegonus, Æolus ruling the winds, and the punishment of the suitors. Higher still, in point of time, are the snares laid for Palamedes, the anger of Nauplius, one Ajax run mad, and another dying amongst the rocks. Elis, too, may furnish materials for the dance; Oenomaus, Myrtilus, Saturn, Jupiter, and those who first contended for the prizes of Olympia. Nor is Arcadia less productive of fable; witness the flight of Daphne, Callistus turned into a beast, the drunken pranks of the Centaurs, the birth of
Pan,

Pan, and the amorous Alpheus making his way under the sea. If the dancer should extend his views to Crete, he may pick up the story of Europa, Pasiphaë, the Bulls, the Labyrinth, Ariadne, Phædra, Androgeos, Dædalus, Icarus, Glaucus, the prophet Polyides, and Talus, going about the country with his tinkering-trade. Passing over into Ætolia, he will meet with Althæa, Meleager, Atalanta, the fire-brand, Hercules wrestling with the river, the birth of the Syrens, the Echinades emerging from the water, and their settled abode after the fury of Alcæon. Then comes Nessus, the jealous Dejanira, and the funeral-pile of Oëta; nor can Thrace be wanting in subjects, while it recounts the death of Orpheus, his head swimming on his lyre, and still speaking, after his body was torn in pieces; Hæmus, Rhodope, and the punishment of Lycurgus. Thessaly affords a still greater supply; Pelias, Jason, Alcestis, the expedition of the fifty young men in their ship Argo, the talkative Argo. Then let him proceed to Lemnos, Æetes, Medea's dream, the mangled Absyrtus, the incidents of the voyage, Protefilaus, and Laodamia. Going back to Asia, he will meet with Samos, the

unfortunate Polycrates, and his rambling daughter ; not to mention the more antient Tantalus, whose babbling tongue betrayed him ; the killing and cooking of Pelops, and his ivory shoulder. In Italy there is the Po, and there is Phaëton, whose sisters were transformed into so many poplar trees, dropping tears of amber. Neither is the dancer to be unacquainted with the Hesperides, the dragon, watching the golden harvest ; the hard labour of Atlas, Geryon, and the cattle driven out of Erytheia ; transformations into trees, and beasts, and birds ; women changed into men ; Cœneus, Tiresias, and the rest of them. In Phœnicia he may hear of Myrrha, and the mourning for Adonis ; without neglecting the more recent transactions in the Macedonian empire, and what Antipater and Seleucus underwent for the love of Stratonice. He must study the Egyptian mysteries, and know how to make known his learning by symbols, directing his attention to Epaphus, Osiris, the Gods assuming the appearance of different animals, with their amours, particularly those of Jupiter himself, who made love in such a variety of forms. The tragical history of the infernal world, the crimes

crimes and punishments, must not escape his notice, any more than Perithous and Theseus, maintaining their friendship, even in the shades : in short, not a single circumstance recorded by Homer, Heosid, and the most celebrated poets and writers of tragedy, must be left out of his account. These few things, out of many, or rather many out of an infinite number, I have mentioned as not to be dispensed with, leaving the rest to the songs of the poets, and the invention of the dancer ; who must always be ready with his whole stock of provision, and never at a loss for entertainment. As his skill consists in imitation, and he undertakes by his gestures to exhibit whatever is the subject of the Muse, he must, no less than the orator, be on every occasion clear and explicit without the assistance of an interpreter. The dancer, as the Pythian oracle expressed it, must be heard and understood without uttering a word : that this can be done was fairly confessed by Demetrius, the Cynic. He had made use of such arguments as yours, calling the dancer a mere appendage to the musick, conducing nothing to the success of it, but only skipping about at random, without knowing why or wherefore.

The people, he said, forgot their senses, while they gazed on his splendid dress, while they admired his fine mask, and were charmed with the singing and playing of the flutes, which served to set off the nothingness of his art. He was running on at this rate, when a famous dancer of those days (the days of Nero) made him the most reasonable request that could be. His memory was remarkably well stored with narration, and his motions were graceful and expressive. This man begged of Demetrius, that he would first see him dance before he condemned his art, promising to borrow no aid whatever from musick, either vocal or instrumental; which being complied with, and silence commanded, he danced before his accuser, and went through the whole story of Mars and Venus, the Sun turning informer, Vulcan catching and chaining them together, with the other Gods standing by and looking on, Venus ready to die with shame, Mars in a fright, begging and praying; with every other particular, represented in so lively a manner, that Demetrius was quite overjoyed, and extolled the performance to the skies, roaring out, "He speaks with his hands! I not only see him, but

but hear him! his words are in his fingers!" And now we are on the subject, I will just mention another compliment paid to the same performer. A certain Barbarian of royal descent had come from Pontus to transact some business with the Emperor; when he chanced to get a sight of this dancer, among several others; and was so struck with him, that, though he could comprehend nothing of the song, being but half a Grecian, he perfectly understood the dance. When he was taking leave, on his preparing to return home, and Nero had offered him a present of whatever he liked best; "If you will but give me that dancer," said the stranger, "you will make me happy." "Why, what use," said Nero, "can he be of to you?" "I live," answered the stranger, "in the midst of Barbarians, who speak so many different languages, that I find it no easy matter to get interpreters for them; but, if I had this man, I should not want any, since, by his gestures, I could always explain my meaning." So deep an impression had the dance made on his mind, so distinct and explicit this imitative art! In imitation, as I before observed, the merit of it chiefly consists,

the dancer and rhetorical declaimer having the very same end in view. The latter never fails of being highly applauded, when his declamation is suited to his subject, and agrees with the character of the person supposed to speak, whether he be a hero, a tyrant-killer, a farmer, or a beggar. The great merit consists in exhibiting the man such as he is, with all his properties and peculiarities.

I have a mind to tell you what was said on the subject by another Barbarian. Seeing five masks prepared for the representation of five different characters, and but one dancer, he desired to know who were to act the other parts; and being told, that the same person was to act them all, "I did not know, my friend," said he, "before now, that one body contained so many souls."

The Romans have rightly denominated the dancer a pantomime*, an universal imitator; for

* A person who could imitate all kinds of actions and characters by signs and gestures, without speaking. The pantomimes were very antient in Greece, being derived from the heroic times, according to some; but, however this may be, they were certainly known in the time of PLATO. In Rome, it was so late as the time of Augustus before

for such he really is. To him therefore the address of the poet * may properly be applied, "Acquaint thyself, my son, with various cities and nations, adhere to their manners, and assume their appearance, like the polypus." This is absolutely incumbent on the dancer: he must be every where at home, assume every shape, stick to every appearance, and copy every thing he sees. As his art promises a complete representation of life and manners, he is to exhibit the several passions of love, of anger, of grief, of madness, assigning to each what properly belongs to it, and no more. It is very astonishing to see the same person, on the very same day, acting the part of a raging Athamas, a frightened Ino, an Atreus, a Thyestes, or perhaps an Aerope; but so it frequently happens. Other

before they made their appearance. As to their dress, it was various, being always suited as near as possible to that of the person they were to imitate. The crocota was much used among the Roman pantomimes, in which, and other female dresses, they personated women.

CHAMBERS'S DICTIONARY.

* Πολυπὺν ὀργάνισχε πολυπλοκῶς, ὅς ποτε πάλιν

Τῇ προσωμιλήσει, τοῖος ἑὸν εἶναι φάιν.

Theognes apud Plutarchum περὶ πολυφιλίας.

enter-

entertainments, whether for the eye or the ear, are confined to one object, as the pipe, the harp, the song, the tragedy, the comedy; but dancing comprehends the whole; the pipe, the flute, the motion of the feet, the sound of the cymbal, the actor speaking, the chorus in singing, all varied and blended together. In other things, the exertions of the mind and body follow one another; but in dancing they appear united: the limbs are not more active than the understanding; for nothing must be unreasonable or unwise, but directly the contrary. It was on this account, that honest Lesbonax of Mytilene used to speak of dancers as having wisdom at their * fingers ends; and therefore every time he went to the theatre, he expected to come from it a better man. Lesbonax was a disciple of Timocrates, who happening once, without intending it, to be present at a dance, exclaimed, "What had I like to have lost, from my foolish regard for philosophy!"

If Plato be right in his three divisions of the human soul, the dancer shews each of them to advantage; anger, when he acts the angry man;

* *Χειροσφοδον*.

love,

love, when he acts the lover ; and reason, when he acts the man of moderation, bridling his passions. Reason, indeed, always directs, being in every part of this entertainment, just as the touch is in all the five senses. Now, whilst the dancer is so intent on beauty and gracefulness, does he not demonstrate the principle of Aristotle, who teaches that beauty is one third of all that is good ? Or, is the silent dancer, as the wits say, of the school of Pythagoras ?

Of other studies, some promise us amusement, and some of them use ; but dancing affords both ; and surely the profit is the greater, the more it is joined with pleasure. And how much more agreeable, and how much more safe, is a battle fought in a dance, than the hideous conflicts of young men rolling one another in the dust, in good earnest, all over blood and wounds ! Yet not less alert are the motions of the dancer, whose bendings and turnings, and variety of postures, are as salutary to himself, as they are diverting to the spectator. I may fairly affirm that exercise to be, of all others, the best and most becoming a man, which supple his limbs, strengthens his body, makes him light and active, and never at a loss in a change of
circum-

circumstances. What objection then can be urged against an art so excellent in every point of view; which sharpens the mind, exercises the body, charms the looker-on, makes him acquainted with antiquity, and all this amidst pipes and cymbals, and songs, equally delighting his ears, and his eyes? If you look for modulation of voice, where else will you find it in such perfection? If the musick of instruments be still more attracting, in dancing you may enjoy it to the utmost. I forbear to observe, that your being a frequenter of the theatre cannot fail to make you a better man. Whatever is bad is there exposed to detestation; there the oppressed find tears of sympathy, there whoever is present learns a lesson of morality. What is very extraordinary in this art is, that it equally promotes the strength and flexibility of the limbs; as if it would set before you at the same moment the sturdy Hercules and the delicate Venus. And now I wish to mention those several endowments of body and mind, which it is incumbent on the dancer to possess. With respect to his mind, I have said a good deal already. He must be a man of genius, of a good memory, acute, and know how to time
his

his steps. He must be a judge of poetical composition, and make a proper distinction between the bad and the good. His body should be made by the rules of Polycletus, neither too tall, nor too short; he should not be a giant, he should not be a dwarf, but of the true standard height; not so fat as to be awkward, nor so lean as to look like a skeleton. The people of Antioch, a very ingenious and sensible nation, who are extremely fond of dancing, and are such nice observers that nothing escapes them, have made many shrewd remarks, such as I am going to mention to you. A little diminutive fellow one day coming on the stage in the character of Hector, the audience immediately with one voice exclaimed, "This is Aftyanax, Hector's little boy; we expected to see his father!" Another time to a very tall fellow, who was to represent Capaneus scaling the wall of Thebes, they called out, "Why do not you get up at once? you have no need to wait for a ladder!" A fat heavy dancer, making high leaps, was advised to have mercy on the stage. Seeing a very thin meagre performer begin to cut capers, they cried out, "We wish you better," as if the poor man had been sick. I mention these remarks,

not for the joke's sake, but to convince you how much this art has engaged the attention and study of whole nations, so that they have laid down rules the most exact, in order to point out the several merits and demerits of the dancer. He is required to be flexible in his limbs, and strong at the same time, not less able to throw his body into every attitude imaginable, than to make a vigorous stand, just as occasion may offer. But dancing partakes of the nature of boxing, and demands those several gesticulations, that motion and management of the hands, which are thought so fine in the rites of Mercury, Pollux, and Hercules, you need only make use either of your eyes, or your ears, to be convinced. Herodotus, indeed, has observed, that the testimony of the eye is more to be relied on than that of the ear; but the dancer makes his appeal to both the one and the other. Such is the effect of dancing, that a lover to be cured of his passion has only to attend at the theatre, and be witness of its tragical consequences. From the dance, the melancholy man departs with a heart as light, as if he had emptied the cup of oblivion :

Of sovereign use t'assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage,

To

To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
 And dry the fearful sluices of despair *.

As a proof of there being in this art something analogous to human nature, it may be observed, that, whenever the representation is sad and sorrowful, it is acknowledged to be so by the tears of the spectator. The Bacchanalian dance, so prevalent in Ionia and Pontus, as to be the object of the greatest attention, though it be of the satirical kind, has been found to take such entire possession of the mind, that, while it continues, men forget every other concern, and will sit all day long to gaze on Titans, Corybantes, Satyrs, and Shepherds. In every city the nobility and principal gentry join in the dance, of which they are so far from being ashamed, that they are much more proud of it than any thing else: rank, office, and dignity are nothing, when put in competition with the pleasure of a Bacchanal dance. And now, after his perfections, you shall hear the faults of the dancer. His bodily defects have been mentioned already;

* Hom. Od. B. 4. translated by Pope. Concerning the cup of oblivion, the nepenthe of Homer, the drug that drives away care, there have been various opinions. Some commentators have supposed it to be the herb bugloss, steeped in wine. Others prefer the wine without the bugloss.

and

and those of the mind are sufficiently obvious. As you must not expect every dancer to be a wise man, many of them make the greatest blunders from mere ignorance, twisting and turning without rhyme or reason, the footing and the tune being at variance with each other: others, though exact enough in the tune, totally mistake the circumstance of time, and are always either too soon or too late. I remember being present at the birth of Jove, where Saturn was to be seen, eating up his own children; when the dancer confounded the story with that of Thyestes: another, who was to represent Semele destroyed by lightning, acted the death of Glauce: Glauce, indeed, died by the same means, but not till long after Semele. Yet the art is not to be condemned for the fault of the performer: let him be praised and censured only as he deserves. Upon the whole, the dancer should be exact and perfect, should possess every grace of beauty and harmony, ever consistent, above all calumny, wanting in nothing, a composition* of every thing excellent. He must be acute in

* Such as Sir Christopher Hatton appeared in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth, when he danced into the office of Lord Chancellor.

thought,

thought, of deep erudition, and particularly careful to study human nature: then he shall want no praise, when every spectator will see himself in the dancer, as in a mirror, recognising every thought and action of his life. On such an occasion, who can contain himself for joy? Who can forbear being lavish of praise on an art, which thus reflects the image of his own mind? This is no less than the attainment of the self-knowledge recommended by the oracle; and we leave the theatre fully informed of what before we were ignorant of, instructed when to choose, and when to refuse. But there is in dancing, as in oratory, a false taste, mistaking the character to be represented, which transports the performer beyond the bounds of propriety. What is great, then, becomes immensely so; tenderness sinks into effeminacy; and manliness is made brutality. I remember once happening to see a dancer of this kind, who, though of the first eminence, and well deserving of praise on every other account, yet, by some strange fatality, so overacted his part, that, instead of representing Ajax mad with disappointment, he seemed actually mad himself. He tore the clothes from the back of

a fellow stamping in pattens *, snatched the flute from the mouth of another, and fell foul on Ulysses in the midst of his triumph, who stood too near to escape a broken head ; indeed, if it had not been for his cap, which took off the blow, poor Ulysses might have fallen a sacrifice to the raving of an actor. The whole theatre was in an uproar : the common people, who knew no better, thought it the finest imitation ever seen : they roared, they jumped for joy. Meanwhile, the better sort, though ashamed of such acting, did not wish to condemn Ajax for the extravagance of his mimic, but joined in the general applause. Upon this, our performer made himself more ridiculous than before. Down he leaped into the middle of the assembly, and seated himself between two persons of consular rank, who became not a little alarmed, lest he should take one of them for a ram, and act the part of Ajax in the flock of sheep †. While this was going on, some stared, some laughed, and some were inclined to think, that, from overstraining his attention to the

* Σιδηρὴν υποδηματίαν, an iron shoe.

† Which he made havoc of, taking them for Ulysses and his companions. See the Αἰεὶ μαγιστοφρογ of Sophocles.
character,

character, the poor man had really lost his wits : when he came to himself, and was conscious of what had passed, he was so much troubled in mind, they say, as to fall sick ; and being afterwards requested to play the same part again, he begged to be excused, and recommended another, saying, it was enough for him to have acted the madman once in his life. But that which gave him the greatest mortification was the success of his rival, who appeared after him in the same character of Ajax, and went through it so well, as to be universally applauded, having the sense to restrain his madness within due bounds.

And thus, my friend, I have laid before you a few observations on dancing, that my being an admirer of the art may give you the less offence. If you can but once be prevailed on to become a spectator, I have no doubt of your being as fond of it as I am. You will be captivated, you will be charmed ; you will love it to distraction. I shall have no need to exclaim, with Circe :

Amazing strength ! these poisons to sustain * !

* Hom. Odyss. X. 326. POPE'S TRANSLATION.

For, instead of your head being transformed into the head of an ass, or your heart into the heart of a swine, your understanding will be so improved, that you will be glad to empty the whole cup of enchantment. Dancing, like Mercury's golden rod,

————— Causes sleep to fly;
Or, in soft slumber, seals the wakeful eye *.

It opens it, it fixes it, and awakens the mind.

Crato. My eyes and ears are open at your service, Lycinus. You have made a convert of me; and I beg of you not to forget, when you go to the theatre, to let me sit by you, that I too may come in for my share of instruction, and go away the wiser.

* *Od. V. line 60. POPE.*

THE

THE LIFE OF
DEMONAX.

THE present age has produced men worthy to be recorded, some distinguished by their bodily strength, and others excelling in the faculties of the mind. In saying this, I would refer to Sostratus the Bœotian, whom the Greeks called Hercules; but more particularly to Demonax the philosopher: both these I have had an opportunity of seeing and admiring, and with Demonax I was for a long time very intimately acquainted. In a former work * I have given some account of Sostratus, describing his vast size, and incredible strength; his living in the open air on Parnassus, his sleeping on the grass, and feeding on such things as the mountain afforded, clearing the

* Commentators lament the loss of this work: such, alas! say they, is the iniquity of time and man!

country of robbers, making roads, and building bridges; in labours hardly inferior to Hercules himself; and as for Demonax, I cannot but think it necessary to make honourable mention of him for these two reasons; first, because I wish, as far as I am able, to transmit his memory to posterity; and, secondly, that I may recommend to our young men of fashion, who are inclined to study, not only the examples of antiquity, but set before them a pattern for imitation in a contemporary, whose life, as far as my observation has extended, has been the most perfect model of philosophy.

Demonax was a Cyprian by birth, of a family far from being obscure; being distinguished by abundant possessions, as well as consequence in the state. Superior to such considerations, and aspiring to all that was great and good, he applied himself to the study of philosophy, not from any recommendation of Agathobolus, or his predecessor Demetrius, or Epictetus, though very well acquainted with all the three, as he was with Timocrates, the wise and eloquent Heraclian; it was not, I say, owing to any other philosopher, that he became one; but from the native impulse
of

of his own mind, which from his early youth had directed him to the most honourable pursuits, looking down, as from an eminence, on the follies of mankind, and devoting his life to liberty and truth. Sober and irreproachable in his manners, he set before those who saw him and heard him an example to be followed by all. Not that he came, as the proverb expresses it, with feet unwashed; for there was hardly a poet, whose verses he could not repeat. He had practised the art of speaking, and had studied the distinguishing tenets of the several philosophical sects, not merely to touch them, as the saying is, with the tip of his finger, but that he might perfectly understand them. His body, at the same time, had not been neglected, but trained by exercise, and inured to labour. The point with him was, never to be beholden to any one; which when he became sensible was not in his power to attain, he quitted life of his own accord, leaving all the great men of Greece a great deal to talk about.

It was not that he had cut his philosophical coat from any particular cloth; for it was a composition of shreds and patches, picked up

here and there*, and nobody knew which piece he liked best. However, it was observed, that he seemed most at home with Socrates, following, at the same time, the Philosopher † of Sinope in his habit and simplicity of life, yet without restricting himself to a mean diet for the purpose of being stared at. He affected not singularity in his appearance or manners, eating, drinking, and conversing, in public and private, just like other people, without pride or ostentation. His conversation was the graceful Attic, pure and unmixed with Socratic irony. No one thought meanly of it, nor did any one ever leave him as dreading the severity of his censure. His companions were pleased and improved, went away better men, with better hopes of an hereafter. He was not addicted to the noise of contention, nor put himself out of humour, because he saw the necessity of reproof; he could forgive the offender, and yet be severe on the offence; well knowing, that a wise physician never thinks of curing the disease by railing at the patient. To err, he said, was

* A curious receipt to make a new sect.

† Diogenes.

human ;

human; godlike, to reclaim. Pursuing this course of life, and in want of nothing for himself, he was always ready to supply the wants of others; whom he never failed to admonish, whenever he saw them exulting in prosperity, how frail and transitory it was. Such as complained of poverty, exile, old age, or ill health, were sure to be rebuked with a smile, for not considering how very soon their sufferings would have an end, when both good and evil would be lost in oblivion, and they all would find a lasting deliverance. If brothers were at variance, it was his business to make them friends; if husbands and wives disagreed, he was the mediator* between them; and there have been instances, in turbulent times, when a seasonable speech, in his pleasant way, has subdued the spirit of party, brought over sedition to the service of the state, and made even taxes popular: such was our philosopher, mild, smiling, unassuming. He was deeply affected by the death or sickness of a friend, looking on friendship as the greatest of earthly blessings. He was himself an universal friend:

* A service of danger.

to be a man was a claim on his benignity, in exact proportion to the merit, or demerit, of the individual: those alone were left to themselves, whose very bad conduct afforded no hopes of amendment. Venus and the Graces always attended him; and, as it is said in the Comedy *, persuasion sat upon his lips. Hence it was, that, after a while, not only the principal inhabitants of Athens, but the whole body of the people, were struck with admiration, looking up to him as to something more than man; though, at first, his undaunted manner of speaking his mind had given great offence. Nor were there wanting those who treated him as Anytus and Melitus had formerly treated Socrates. Nobody, they said, had ever seen him offering sacrifice, nor had he ever been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries †. Against these charges he nobly defended himself, with a mixture of the pleasantry and severity of his wit. In a white robe, and with a garland on his head, he entered the assembly,

* In a remaining fragment of Eupolis,

† For an account of this Free-masonry, the reader is referred to “ Warburton’s Dissertation on the Sixth *Æneid*,” and Dr. Beattie’s admirable Answer to it.

and

and begged of the Athenians not to wonder at his conduct. "He had never made an oblation to Minerva," he said, "it was true, because he did not know before that the Goddess was in any want of it. With regard to the mysteries, his reason, he said, for not being initiated was, that, if he should find any thing bad in them, he could not forbear entering his caveat against them; and, on the other hand, if there should be any thing good in them, he was not so little a philanthropist, as not to let every body know it." On hearing this, the Athenians, who before were ready to stone him, presently changed their tone and their intention, and ever after looked on him with honour, reverence, and admiration, forgetting how much he had provoked them in the beginning of his speech. "Here," said he, "Athenians, in me you behold a victim ready crowned! Why do not you sacrifice me? You, who never yet had any sense in your sacrifices?"

The reader shall now have some strokes * of his wit,

Favorinus, having heard that Demonax made

* More than are worth repeating.

a jest of his speeches, calling them a jumble of bad prose and worse poetry, came to him, and asked, who it was that presumed to ridicule his performances: "It is a man," replied Demonax, "who has a pair of ears not easily imposed on." "And pray," said the Sophist, "how came you, from a beardless boy to become a philosopher? What stock had you to set up with?" "With the stock," answered Demonax, "that does not belong to you*." Another day, being asked by the same Sophist what sect of philosophers he belonged to, "How do you know," said Demonax, "that I am a philosopher of any sect?" Saying which, he turned away and laughed. "What do you find to laugh at?" said Favorinus. "I laugh," replied Demonax, "at your making a beard the criterion of philosophy: Pray, where is yours?" Another Sophist, a native of Sidonia, who made some figure at Athens, and who boasted of having fathomed all the depths of the several sects, thus founded his own praises: "If Aristotle call me to the Lyceum, thither

* Favorinus, it seems, was qualified for an opera-singer, if operas had then been in fashion.

will I go; if Plato to the Academy, there shall he see me; if Zeno to the Pœcile, at the Pœcile I will attend him; if Pythagoras should command silence, I would not say a word more." "Hark you, Sir," said Demonax, getting up from his seat, "Pythagoras calls out Silence!" A well-dressed Macedonian youth, beautiful and vain, had a mind to shew his wit as well as his fine person, and proposed a captious question, with a sophistical syllogism, which Demonax was desired to end *. "End!" answered Demonax, "I see you at your wit's end." On this the young man grew angry: "I will soon shew you," said he, "what it is to affront a man." "A man!" answered Demonax; "I did not know you had such a thing about you." An Olympic wrestler was so much offended, because Demonax had seen him appear in an embroidered coat, that he flung a stone at him, and broke his head; by which every man present was as much hurt as if he had received the blow himself; and they cried out, one and all, "Go immediately to the ma-

* The original is a pun, which it is not easy to translate.

gistrate."

gistrate." "No, no," said Demonax, "my business is with the surgeon." Happening, in one of his walks, to find a gold ring, he stuck up an advertisement in the market-place, signifying, that whoever had lost it, by applying to him, might have it again, on giving a proper description. Presently, came a very fine young man to claim it; who, when he was questioned as to the weight, gem, and impression, was at a loss for an answer. "My pretty boy," said Demonax, "take care of your own ring, and let the loser have this." A Roman senator, on introducing his pale puny son to him, used these words: "My son salutes you." "O yes," said Demonax, "your son, no doubt, he is so like his mother!" To Onoratus, a Cynic philosopher, going about in a bear's skin, he gave the name of Arctesilaus*. Being asked what was the perfection of human happiness, he answered, "Liberty;" and being told, that mul-

* A joke that would be rejected by the editor of "Joe Miller; especially if he should happen not to know the meaning of the Greek word *απρος*. These witticisms are not very closely rendered: to a poor jest common charity suggests a little relief.

titudes were happy, if liberty could make them so. "No such thing," said he, "only those who neither hope nor fear." "That cannot be," answered the querist; "for we are all of us the slaves of both." "But without any reason," said Demonax; "for, do but consider the affairs of this world, and you will perceive the good and the bad to be of such short duration, as not to be fit objects for either hope or fear. Peregrinus, who was nicknamed Proteus, found fault with his laughing and joking, and making himself so very familiar. "Demonax," said he, "you do not act the dog well." "No, Peregrinus," replied he, "nor you the man." There was a certain naturalist, who had a great deal to say about the Antipodes. Demonax shewed him his own shadow, in a well, with his head where his feet should be, and asked him, "What he thought now of his Antipodes *." A man was boasting, one day, of being so great a magician, that he could at any time get whatever he wanted any body to give him, by only using an incantation. "There

* Demonax was more merry than wise: the laugh has been long turned against him.

is nothing extraordinary in that," said Demonax, "I profess the magical art as well as you; and, if you will but go along with me, you shall see me charm the baker out of a loaf of bread: money, Sir, is my charm; do you know of any other more effectual?" When the famous Herod was so grievously afflicted at the untimely death of his beloved Pollux, for whom he had ordered his chariot and horses to be ready, and a supper to be provided, Demonax, stepping up, told him, that he had brought him a letter from the deceased. Herod was glad to hear this; and, giving into the trick put upon him, asked if Pollux wanted any thing. "O yes," replied Demonax, "he wants your company, and is very angry because you do not come to him." Another time, when this fond father had shut himself up in darkness, the better to indulge his grief, Demonax declared himself a magician, who was both able and willing to call up the shade of his child, provided he would mention the names of any three men, who had never suffered grief. Herod puzzled his brain, but could not even think of one. "How ridiculous, then, do you make yourself," said Demonax, "to imagine,

gine, that you are the only unhappy man, when you cannot find an individual exempted from sorrow!" He used to make himself very merry at the expence of those who use hard words and antiquated phrases; of which a certain talker being more than commonly full, "I asked you a question," said Demonax, "in the language of this present age, and you answer me in the language spoken by Agamemnon." To a friend, who proposed going to the temple of Æsculapius, to pray together for the health of his son: "So then, you think," said he, "the God cannot hear us where we are *! we are at too great a distance, I suppose." Observing a pair of ignorant philosophers engaged in a dispute, the one asking foolish questions, and the other giving foolish answers: "One of these

* Nay, prithee, good wife, cease to stun the Gods
With thanking them that you have found your daughter;
Unless you fancy they are like yourself,
And think, they cannot understand a thing
Unless said o'er and o'er a hundred times.

Chremes to Sostrata, in Terence.

Colman's Translation.

This, in the original, is one of several instances of humour in Terence, overlooked by Hurd.

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H h

fellows,"

fellows," said Demonax, " is drawing milk from a he-goat, and the other holding a sieve to catch it in." Agathocles, the peripatetic, boasting himself to be the first and only logician: " If you are the first," said Demonax, " you cannot be the only one; and, if the only one, you cannot be the first." Cethegus, a person of consular rank, was sent on an embassy into Asia, where he said and did so many ridiculous things, that one of his companions, who could not help taking notice of his conduct, called him a great fool. " Fool enough, to be sure," said Demonax, " but not great!" Happening to see Apollonius, the philosopher, with a number of his disciples, going to Rome to give lessons to the Emperor: " There goes Apollonius and his Argonauts *," said Demonax. A man asking him, whether he thought the soul immortal: " Yes," said he, " just as immortal as every thing else." Concerning Herod, he observed, " that Plato was in the right, to insist on our having more souls than

* A double joke is here intended. There was another Apollonius, whose poem on the expedition of the Argonauts to Colchis is still extant. The same motive, according to Demonax, occasioned this expedition to Rome.

one;

one; otherwise, Herod could not be so ridiculous as to expect Regilla and Pollux at his supper, after they were dead, and two of their souls departed." He asked, in a public assembly, with what face the Athenians could pretend to exclude Barbarians from their mysteries, when Eumolpus, who instituted them, was himself no other than a Barbarian of Thrace. He was once going to sea, in very bad weather; when a friend admonished him of his danger, asking whether he was not afraid of being shipwrecked, and devoured by fishes. "No," replied he, "not at all afraid. I should be ungrateful to take it ill, if the fishes were to eat me: I often eat them." He advised a certain wretched declaimer to improve himself by frequent practice. "So I do," said he, "I am in constant practice; I declaim to myself." "Nay, then," said Demonax, "I do not wonder at your running on as you do, since you practise before so bad a judge." Seeing a man making a trade of prophecy: "I cannot find out what pretence you can have," said Demonax, "to expect money for your predictions. If you could reverse the decrees of fate, I own you could not be too well rewarded; but, as

you cannot, of what use is your divination?" An old Roman warrior, who kept his hand in by fighting with a post, asked Demonax what he thought of it. "I think," replied Demonax, "that you would beat an enemy made of wood." He was never at a loss to answer an impertinent question. A jeering fellow, one day, asked him, how many pounds of smoke might be got by burning a thousand pounds of wood. "Weigh the ashes," said Demonax, "all the rest will be smoke." One Polybius, a man so illiterate, that he had not learnt to speak his own mother-tongue, was boasting, in bad Greek, of being a freeman of Rome. "Why did not the Emperor," said Demonax, "before he conferred that honour upon you, first make you a freeman of Athens?" Observing a man richly dressed, who seemed not a little proud of his purple border, he went up to him, and taking hold of his robe, told him, "it was only second-hand, the cast-off coat of a sheep *." Making some difficulty of going

* The fur, that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

POPE.

into

into a hot bath, when somebody called him coward: "Coward!" said he; "my being boiled will not save my country." "What do you think," a person asked, "is going on in the other world?" "When I arrive there," said he, I will write you word." Admetus, a foolish poet, had written his own epitaph, in these words:

Earth, take Admetus' leavings here!

He's gone above the starry sphere!

Which, he said, he had ordered by his last will and testament to be inscribed on his monument. "It is so fine an epitaph," said Demonax, smiling, "that I am sorry the inscribing it on your monument should have been so long delayed." Somebody observing, that the calves of his legs exhibited symptoms of decay: "Yes," said Demonax, "it is very true; they have felt the teeth of Cerberus." Seeing a Lacedemonian scourging one of his domesticks, he asked him what he meant by putting himself thus on a level with a slave. He told a young woman, named Danae, who was going to law with her brother, that she might go when she would, for she was not

H h 3

Danae,

Danae *, the daughter of Acrisius. Of all others, he was wont to be most severe on those who made a profession of philosophy, not for the sake of discovering the truth, but merely from vanity and ostentation ; and observing a Cynick with his wallet and cloak, and a pestle for a staff, who talked of outdoing Antisthenes, Crates, and Diogenes : “ None of your lies !” exclaimed Demonax, “ stick to your pestle” ! Seeing a number of unskilful wrestlers, who, contrary to all rule and order, were biting one another : “ I understand now,” said he, “ why our wrestlers are complimented with the name of lions.” A proconsul, whose custom it was, to apply hot pitch to his legs and other parts of his body, that so he might be able to pluck off the hairs, was reprimanded by a Cynick, who got upon a great stone, and brought a heavy charge against him for his effeminacy. This so angered the proconsul, that he ordered him to be cudgelled,

* Commentators are somewhat puzzled to find out the joke intended here. Perhaps this Danae was not such a beauty as the other ; not one to be kept, like her, under lock and key, but who might safely be trusted beyond her father’s threshold, without any great danger of being run away with, or caught in a shower, by Jupiter.

and

and was going to banish him; when Demonax interfered, and begged him off, saying, that a Cynick had the privilege of being saucy. "Well," says the proconsul, "at your request, this once I forgive him; but, if he should ever dare to do it a second time"—"If he should," interrupted Demonax, "even serve him as you serve yourself." A general, who had been appointed to the government of a large province, and the command of the Emperor's forces, was enquiring how he might best maintain his post. "Keep your temper," said Demonax; "seldom speak, always hear". Being asked whether he eat sweet cakes, "Do you think," said he, "that the bees make honey for nobody but fools?" Observing a statue with only one hand in the Pæcile, "At last," says he, "the Athe-dians have honoured * Cynegyryus with a brazen statue."

* It was kind in the statuary to give him a hand, which was in no danger of being chopped off by a Persian cut-throat. Cynegyryus, after making a prodigious slaughter at Marathon, pursued the flying enemy to their ships, one of which (the Admiral's, I presume) he grappled first with his right hand, then with his left, and last of all with his mouth. Historians do not inform us, what injury his teeth sustain-

statue." Rufinus, the lame peripatetick, would constantly be limping about in public; which occasioned Demonax to remark, that nothing in nature has more impudence in it than a lame philosopher always on his feet. Epictetus found great fault with him for leading a single life, advising him by all means to marry, and beget children, that he might leave a memorial of himself; but Demonax cut him short by asking him for one of his daughters *. What he said to Herminus, the Aristotelian, is worthy of being remembered. While that vile fellow was in the habit of doing every thing bad, he was con-

ed on the occasion, but are unanimous in lamenting the total loss of his fingers and thumbs. See Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Valerius Maximus, Justin, &c. Justin wonders at his not being tired under such untoward circumstances; but it is always the part of a hero to persevere.

For Widdrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He still fought on the stumps.

CHEVY CHACE.

* Epictetus was himself, it seems, a batchelor, and the older of the two.

tinually

tinually talking of Aristotle and his categories *: "Upon my word", said Demonax, "you richly deserve all the ten." The Athenians, not to be behind-hand with the people of Corinth, were about to exhibit a spectacle of gladiators; when Demonax, stepping into the assembly, advised them to begin with demolishing the altar of mercy. Going once to Olympia, the Elians would have voted him a statue of brass. "By no means," said he, "unless you mean to affront your ancestors, who never erected one either for Socrates, or Diogenes. I heard him one day tell a lawyer, that laws were of no manner of use, since they are not wanted for good men, and the bad are made no better by them. This verse of Homer was continually quoted by him:

Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies †.

He was pleased with the Cynical speeches of Thermites; and, being asked which of the philosophers he liked best, made this answer:

* Category, *κατηγορία*, as it is used by Aristotle, means an arrangement; as used by Demonax, an accusation. The reader understands the pun, though it cannot be translated.

† Hom. Il. IX. 320. Pope's translation.

“ They are all excellent ; but Socrates I reverence, Diogenes I admire, and Aristippus I love.” He lived almost to the age of one hundred years, without sickness, without pain, without giving trouble, without any obligation, always at the service of his friends, and enemies he had none. The Athenians, and indeed all Greece, set so high a value upon him, that, whenever an opportunity offered, the principal persons rose from their seats to do him honour, and all was silence and attention. When very old, he found every house his home, where he was welcomed to sup and sleep, being regarded as the good genius of the family. The women, who sold bread in the streets, would call to him as he passed along, and thought themselves happy when he would accept of a loaf : and to him, whom they called their father, the children were delighted to offer their fruit. When a sedition had arisen at Athens, his appearance in the assembly was sufficient to put an end to it. The people no sooner saw him than they returned to their duty ; and he retired without speaking a word. At last, when he found his strength exhausted, so that he was no longer able to help himself, he spoke to those who were about him, in the language of the crier at the publick games.

The

The sport is o'er, the games are done:
Time calls aloud, Be gone! Be gone!

After this, refusing all nourishment, he preserved to his last moment the same pleasant countenance, by which he had all his life been distinguished. A little before his death, he was asked whether he chose to leave any orders about his funeral: "Give yourselves no concern about that," said he; "you will be directed by your noses what to do with me." "Surely," exclaimed his friend, "the remains of such a man are not to be exposed to birds and dogs!" "Why not?" he answered; "that is the way to be good for something after I am dead." The Athenians honoured him with a publick funeral, which was truly magnificent: they long lamented him. They crowned with laurels the * *convenient* seat, on which he used to rest himself, adoring it as something sacred. The philosophers carried him to his grave on their shoulders, and every body attended the funeral.

I have collected these few particulars, with a view of enabling my readers to estimate the value of so extraordinary a man.

* Demonax had told them before to follow their noses.

TOXARIS.

TOXARIS.

A DIALOGUE ON FRIENDSHIP.

MNESIPPUS AND TOXARIS.

Mnesippus. WHAT do you say, Toxaris? that you Scythians sacrifice to Pylades and Orestes, believing them to be gods?

Toxaris. We do sacrifice to Pylades and Orestes most certainly, Mnesippus, but without believing them to be gods: we only consider them as good men.

Mnesippus. Have you any law enjoining such sacrifices?

Toxaris. Yes; and, besides, we have festivals and publick solemnities in honour of the virtuous dead.

Mnesippus. But why? what do you expect from having the dead on your side?

Toxaris. If they do us no good, they will do us no harm. But, Sir, it is the living, for whom
we

we are chiefly concerned, being of opinion, that they, seeing the honours paid to our great men departed, may be thus induced to follow their good example.

Mnesippus. You are right enough in that. But I want to know how you came to fix on Pylades and Orestes, as persons worthy of divine honours? two men, not only strangers to you, but enemies into the bargain. They had been shipwrecked on the coast, when your ancestors, the old Scythians, took them prisoners, and would have sacrificed them both to Diana, if they had not outwitted their keepers, broke through the guard, and murdered your king. Not content with that, they laid violent hands on the priestess, carried off even the goddess herself, set your laws at defiance, and sailed away with their booty. If such men are to be honoured, you take good care they may never be wanting. Look back, I beseech you, on times passed, and judge for yourselves how you would like to have Pylades and Orestes multiplied amongst you. It appears to me, that you would very soon be left without any gods at all, if the rest were thus exposed to be made captives, and transported to some strange country ;
unless

unless indeed you resolve to recruit your deities, by making gods of those who come to steal them, and offer sacrifice as the reward of sacrilege! But perhaps you have your reasons; they may have done you service in some other respect. Still this must be granted, that you were not always so eager to acknowledge their divinity; and your offering victims to those who were very near being victims themselves, is a paradox that I wish you to explain. To me such conduct appears ridiculous, and utterly inconsistent.

Toxaris. You yourself have borne testimony to the gallant actions of Pylades and Orestes. For two persons to attempt so arduous a task, to sail in distant seas unexplored by any other Greek, except the Argonauts, undaunted by the reports of inhospitable climates and savage inhabitants, to exert themselves so bravely when taken, after that, not only to effect their escape, but to take vengeance for their wrongs on the king, and carry off the goddess in their ship; surely all this was enough, it must be allowed, to merit the most distinguished honours. And yet, after all, it is not merely for this, that we rank Pylades and Orestes with our heroes.

Mnesippus.

Mnesippus. If not, then, tell me what other notable exploit they ever performed; for, as to their long voyages, I can shew you merchants, not a few, far better entitled than either of them to be called travellers supernatural. What think you of the Phœnicians, who sail not only to Pontus, Mæotis, and even Bosphorus, but traverse the whole Grecian and Barbarian seas? In the course of the year no part of the coast escapes them, being commonly out till the latter end of autumn, when they return home with a cargo of salt-fish, and other such articles as hucksters deal in. Would you make gods of them too?

Toxaris. Only mind, my good friend, how much better judges of good men we are than you. Who has ever seen at Argos, or Mycenæ, any monument of Pylades and Orestes? But we, Barbarians as you call us, have erected, in Scythia, a temple to the two friends, where sacrifices are offered, and no appropriate honour is neglected: their being strangers was no objection to us, who never enquire where a man was born, nor whether he was a friend or an enemy to us, provided he has been virtuous. In that case, by rendering him his due praise,
we

we consider him as one of ourselves. In these two men we found nothing so much to raise our admiration as their having been patterns of friendship, heaven-born legislators, instructing mankind in every circumstance of life, and therefore well entitled to the esteem and veneration of every honest Scythian. Whatever aid they gave to each other, whatever dangers and difficulties they underwent together, our ancestors engraved on a pillar of brass, which stands in the Orestœum, and the very first thing required of our children by law is to read and remember that inscription. No child of ours, but would sooner forget the name of his father, than the noble deeds of Pylades and Orestes. Every incident recorded on the pillar is also painted on the walls of the Temple, where you see Orestes on a voyage with his friend, his ship dashed to pieces on the rocks, himself taken prisoner, and Iphigenia, with her flour and salt, preparing him for sacrifice. In another part, he is represented free from his chains, slaying Thoas, and several others; then again appear the two friends ready to sail, carrying off Iphigenia and the Goddess, while the Scythians are doing their utmost to prevent it.

Some

Some are clinging to the stern, trying to get on board, some wounded in the attempt, and others, frightened, save themselves by swimming back to the land: and here is displayed the invincible attachment of the friends to each other. Each of the two is represented in the picture as he appeared in the conflict, exposing himself to save his friend, wishing rather to receive in his own body the mortal wound designed for him. The warmth of their affection, their equal and mutual participation of whatever evils befel them, their persevering fidelity, their kindness, their veracity, their consistency of character, appeared to us something more than human, as the impulse of a spirit above that of mere mortals; of whom, indeed, the generality are willing enough to partake with their friends of the prosperous gale, and out of humour if they do not: but, alas! the wind no sooner changes, than the unfortunate are left to themselves, to encounter their perils at their own cost! With us, you are to know, nothing is put in competition with friendship; a Scythian is never so well pleased, as when he is allowed to share in the troubles and afflictions of his friend; and would account it the highest

disgrace to desert or betray him. No wonder, then, at our honouring Pylades and Orestes, men so much distinguished by the practice of that virtue, which we esteem the greatest. For this we call them the *Coraci*; a term, in our language, which signifies the guardian-angels of friendship.

Mnesippus. I now perceive, Toxaris, that war is not the only distinguishing talent of the Scythians, but that your words are as keen as your arrows. The divine honours paid to Pylades and Orestes, I am now convinced, are no other than the tribute of justice. I did not know how excellent a painter you are, till you set before my eyes the pictures of the Orestœum, so finely exhibiting every circumstance of the battle, with the wounds received by each of your favourites in defence of his friend. How could I ever imagine, that a people so inhospitable, so wild and savage, as I had conceived you to be, so constantly engaged in quarrels, always subject to such fierce resentment, a people reported to make a meal on a dead parent, could have any friendship for their nearest relations?

Toxaris. I shall not, at present, enter into
any

any dispute with you concerning our fathers and mothers, whether or no we have less filial piety than you; but that the Scythians are much more faithful to their friends, that they entertain a much higher idea of friendship than the Greeks, is a matter of demonstration. By your own country gods! I beg and beseech you, not to take any thing amiss, that I may have occasion to mention, as having fallen under my own observation, during my stay amongst you. Nobody, I own, can talk about friendship better than a Greek does; but I have found talking and doing to be different things: all he does is to praise it, and tell others how good it is: for, no sooner does he see an occasion to practise it, than this traitor to his own words flies off from his duty, and leaves poor friendship in the lurch. When you behold scenes of friendship represented on the stage; when you see it struggling with distress, and in the utmost danger, you not only applaud, but weep; though you have no heart to be moved at the reality, no hand to lend assistance in adversity unfeigned. In such a case, the tragedy excites not your sympathy; your feelings vanish as a dream, and you act the part of a mute in

the play, who opens a wide mouth, but says not a word: to you belongs the theory, to us the practice. Let us then leave the friends of former ages to rest in peace, in the recounting of which you might possibly be more than a match for me, supported as you are by the unerring evidence of poets, who sing so sweetly of Achilles and Patroclus, Theseus and Pirithoüs, and the rest of the tribe. Let us produce our examples from our own times; let yours be from Greece, mine from Scythia. Such a contest will be most honourable to the victor, by bringing forward his own country as the most illustrious in friendship. For my part, I would rather be vanquished in single combat, and have my right hand cut off, according to our law, than that I, a Scythian, should yield to you, a Greek, in this particular.

Mnesippus. Your quiver is so full, and you know so well how to hit the mark you aim at, that it requires no little resolution to enter the lists with you; and yet, when Greece is at stake, I cannot be the dastard to give it up tamely. If an army of Scythians could be conquered by no more men than two, as you so pathetically prove from your fables and pictures ;

tures; what a shame would it be for the whole multitude of Greeks, in so many nations and cities, to make no defence against a single assailant! For such a cowardly conduct, I might fairly expect to forfeit my tongue, though I saved my hand. But how is the dispute to be maintained? Is each of us to produce the same number of friendly actions? or is he to be declared conqueror, who produces more than the other?

Toxaris. By no means: we are not to judge by quantity, but quality. If your arrows prove sharper, and pierce deeper than mine, though no more in number, they will make greater wounds, and I shall yield so much the sooner.

Mnesippus. Very well: how many examples shall we have? What say you to five for each of us?

Toxaris. I have no objection to five. Do you begin, then, first of all, swearing to tell only the truth; since it is easy enough to invent a lie, and often very difficult to prove it one; whereas, if you take your oath, it would be impiety not to believe you.

Mnesippus. Let us be sworn by all means, if

you think it necessary; but which of our Gods shall I invoke? Jupiter Philius*?

Toxaris. Jupiter Philius for you; and I will match him with one of my own.

Mnesippus. Bear witness, Jupiter Philius, that every thing I am going to say, either of my knowledge, or from the information of others, is strictly true, without any fabulous embellishment. I begin with relating the friendship of Agathocles and Dinias, so much talked of in Ionia. Agathocles, who has not been long dead, was a native of Samos, not distinguished above others by birth or fortune, but by his attachment to his friend Dinias of Ephesus, the son of Lyfion. These two had been intimate from their childhood. Dinias had become very rich all of a sudden; and, as is usual on such an occasion, his house swarmed with visitors, who could eat, and drink, and make merry; their sole pretension to the title of friends. Agathocles was not greatly delighted with such company and such doings; nevertheless, he was accustomed to make one amongst them, without being particularly noticed by Dinias,

* Jupiter the friendly.

who,

who, from having hitherto considered him in no other light than a parasite, became at last very seriously offended with him; for Agathocles, it seems, let no opportunity slip of putting him in mind of his origin, and advising him carefully to husband those possessions, which his father had bequeathed to him, the fruit of such uncommon industry. In return for which admonitions, Dinias no longer invited him to his entertainments, but enjoyed them without him; and, surrounded by his flatterers, wished himself not to be seen by Agathocles. At length the unfortunate Dinias was made to believe, that Chariclea, the wife of Demonax, a great man of Ephesus, was violently in love with him. They managed matters so, that he had letters frequently from her, with half-withered garlands, savings of apples from her sweet lips, and other allurements, which artful women are never at a loss for. By these, unwary young men, who fancy themselves objects of desire, are easily caught in the snare. At the same time, this Chariclea was the accomplished woman of pleasure, who never checked any man's inclination: let him but look at her, and he was sure to have her consent by an amo-

rous nod of the head. She certainly was unequalled by any of her trade, in subduing the indifferent, in fixing the fond lover, in feeding his passion, sometimes with flattery, sometimes by a freak of anger, and now and then with affected disdain, and predilection for a rival. In short, there was not a trick or device fit for her purpose, with which she was not perfectly well acquainted. The flatterers of Dinias neglected not their part in the play, but set all their wits to work, that he might become enamoured of Chariclea; she had already ruined many such as he was, had feigned a thousand tender flames for inconsiderate young men, and brought many opulent families to misery and want. Being trained by long practice in all the varieties of mischief, she no sooner found this weak youth in her power, than she determined not to let him escape from her talons. She held him fast; got the entire possession of him; and, while she pretended herself a captive undone, was involving him in a thousand calamities. She began with writing to him, and sending her maid to watch his motions; to weep, and express the greatest concern for her poor mistress, almost ready to hang herself in despair; till the
happy

happy swain had not a doubt remaining, that his fine person was enough to seduce not only her, but every wife in Ephesus. Thus, overcome by her wiles, he was made to comply with her desires, and was the obedient slave of a beautiful wanton, so expert in her trade, as always to model herself to his humour. She knew what to say, when to say nothing, when to sigh, and when to drop a well-timed tear; to hang over him at his going from home, to run with ardour to meet him at his return; to suit her dress to his taste, to sing, to play; to leave no stratagem untried against him. At length, on perceiving him thoroughly steeped in love, she hit on a thought, which could hardly fail; she pretended to be with child by him; and that it was no longer possible for them to meet, as her husband had heard of the affair, and kept her in close confinement. This was past all enduring: not to see Chariclea, was misery extreme: he wept; he called for his sycophants to condole with him: her name was ever in his mouth: he kissed the white marble statue bearing her image: he threw himself on the ground, and rolled about like a madman. Instead of returning her half-eaten
apples

apples and garlands, he made over to her his houses and land, sent her servants, rich dresses, and gold in abundance; till, in a very short space of time, the house of Lyfion, the richest and most renowned of Ionia, became emptied and beggared. Dinias being thus sucked dry, she deserted him, and made overtures to another, a Cretan youth, who was rich, and ready enough to believe her in love with him. Poor Dinias, neglected not only by his mistress, but his sycophants too, who all deserted him at the same time, and for the same reason, had now recourse to Agathocles, who was already no stranger to his miserable story. Dinias, however, as soon as he could speak for shame, told him every particular, his passion, his poverty, the insolence of the woman, the preference she gave to his rival, and summed up the whole by confessing himself unable to live without her. Agathocles did not think this the fit time to reproach him for his past behaviour, in slighting his friendship, and giving himself up to flatterers; but went immediately, sold his paternal estate at Samos, which was his all, for three talents*, and brought him the money.

* 58*l.* 5*s.*

Dinias was now again worthy of notice; Chariclea disliked him no longer; he again was favoured with her billets; and many a message was sent by the maid, with grievous complaints of her sufferings in his absence. Nor did his flatterers fail in their part: they had had their harvest, and came now to pick up the gleanings. Dinias agreed to an interview, and went at the hour appointed, soon after the usual time of going to bed; but, whether from the husband having made the discovery himself, or whether, as some have supposed, by a preconcerted scheme between him and his wife, Dinias had no sooner entered the house, than Demonax, springing up all at once from a sly corner, ordered the doors to be made fast, and poor Dinias to be secured; drawing his sword at the same time, and threatening to give him a sound drubbing, or throw him into the fire. Dinias, perceiving his situation, and that there was no time to be lost, snatched up a bar, which happened to lie within his reach, and beat out the brains of Demonax; then, turning to Chariclea, he served her in the same manner, following his blows with her husband's sword. The servants, who had hitherto stood dumb with

with astonishment, as soon as they had recovered from their consternation, endeavoured to lay hold of him; but he laid about him so furiously, sword in hand, that they were all glad to get out of his way as well as they could. His business was now to steal a retreat, and go unobserved to the house of Agathocles, where he spent the remainder of the night, consulting with his friend on the best course to take on such an emergency. By next day, the matter was no secret; and Dinias, who did not deny what he had done, was apprehended by the guards, and carried before the Governor of Asia: the Governor sent him to the Emperor, by whom he was sentenced to perpetual exile in the island Gyarus*, one of the Cyclades. Agathocles, who alone, of all his friends, attended him to the tribunal, as he had not forsaken him on former occasions, so he would not on this; but became, of his own accord, a banished man also, and accompanied him in his voyage to Italy, that he might be always at hand to assist him; and accordingly, when

* The Botany-Bay of Antiquity.

“Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum.”

JUVENAL.

they

they were there, and pinched for the necessaries of life, Agathocles supported him by the wages he received, as a diver for the purple-fish : there, in a long illness, he administered to his wants ; and even after his death remained on the island, as if ashamed to go home, and abandon his friend, though his friend was no more : this is a recent instance ; as, I suppose, it is hardly five years since Agathocles died in Gyarus.

Toxaris. Why would not you tell this story without swearing to it ? I might then have had my doubts about the truth of it. Agathocles, I own, was a friend worthy of Scythia. Such another, I am afraid, will not be easily found in Greece.

Mnesippus. No ! you shall hear. I am going to tell you what Simylus, a Megarensian pilot, told me ; who swore he had seen it with his own eyes, and could not be deceived as to the fact. He was on his voyage, he said, from Italy to Athens, about the setting of the seven stars, and had a great number of passengers on board, collected from different places ; and, amongst others, Euthydicus, and his friend Damon, both from Chalcis, and both of about

the same age. Euthydicus was a stout hale man; but Damon looked pale and wan, not having yet recovered his strength after a long illness. They had had very fine weather, Simylus said, as far as Sicily; but had scarcely passed the straits, and got into the Ionian sea, when they were overtaken by a most dreadful storm of hail, winds roaring, waves rolling, and threatening every thing bad. Being driven before it, almost as far as Zacynthus, with not a rag of sail, about midnight, when they were hauling out coils of rope to appease the rage of the sea, Damon, who was sick with the tossing of the ship, put his head over the side, that he might empty his stomach; which he had no sooner done, than the contrary side was heaved up by a wave, and he was thrown headlong into the ocean. Having his clothes on, and consequently being less able to swim, he could but just keep his head above water, to cry that he was drowning. Euthydicus, who was undressed, and in bed, fortunately hearing his cries, jumped up in an instant, threw himself after him, caught hold of him just as he was sinking, and lent him an arm to bear him up. The people on board saw very plainly, by the

the light of the moon, the pitiable condition of both, and would have been glad to give them any assistance; but the wind was so high, all they could do was only to throw out some pieces of cork, a few long poles, and a ship-ladder, for the chance of their being able to catch hold of something to ease them in swimming. Now tell me, I pray, where you will find a more notable instance of active benevolence! Think of a man, in a dark night, fallen into a tempestuous sea, with death every moment before his eyes; and think of another, so regardless of his own life, as to throw himself after him! Consider the foaming, the roaring, the dashing of the waves on all sides of them; their desperate situation in so dismal a night; one of them, ready to be swallowed up, with his head just above water, stretching out his hand and calling for help; while the other leaps in to partake of the danger, cleaving the billows, with no other fear than that of Damon being drowned before him! Think of all this, I say, and confess, that Euthydicus was no lukewarm friend.

Toxaris. Were they drowned together? or did they escape by a miracle? I fear the worst.

Mnesippus.

Mnesippus. Give yourself no concern : they were both saved ; and are at this moment philosophers at Athens. So far I have followed Simylus, who saw no more of them that night. Euthydicus, himself, is my authority for the rest of the story ; and he says, that, during the remainder of the night, they buoyed themselves up with the cork, and in the morning luckily met with the ladder, on which they mounted, and so floated happily to Zacynthus.

After these two instances, I proceed to a third, not less extraordinary.

Eudamidas, a Corinthian, a man extremely poor, had two rich friends, Aretæus, of his own city, and Charixenus, of Sicyon. This poor man, when he died, left a will, which to many, perhaps, may appear ridiculous, though, I hope, not so to you : you, who are contending for the noblest example of friendship, must needs know the value of it. He left behind him an aged mother, and a daughter, bequeathing the care and maintenance of the former to Aretæus ; and to Charixenus, the disposal of the latter in marriage, with the right of endowing her to the extent of his fortune. At the same time, the will provided, that, if either
of

of his two friends should happen to die, the survivor should be entitled to both the legacies. This will, being opened in the presence of some persons better acquainted with the poverty of the testator than with the character of the legatees, occasioned no little mirth. "What rare legacies!" said every body laughing. "Happy Aretæus! happy Charixenes! the dead is the heir of the living, and your estates are to be charged with the expences of a man in his grave." Notwithstanding this ridicule, the two executors made no scruple of accepting the trust, which, on the death of Charixenus, in less than a week, devolved wholly on Aretæus. Aretæus, this heir of all heirs, was now the only one left to act for Charixenus, as well as himself; and accordingly took the old woman immediately under his protection, letting her want for nothing. He divided his whole property, amounting to five talents, equally, between his friend's daughter and his own; and, not long ago, saw them both married on the same day. What do you think, Toxaris? Was not the acceptance of such an inheritance, was it not generous in Aretæus to pay such a regard to the will of his friend? Does he not

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deserve to be proposed as one of the five ?

Toxaris. Undoubtedly, I cannot deny it; though, at the same time, I admire Eudamidas a great deal more, for the confidence which he had placed in his two friends. To me it is a sufficient proof, that he would have had no hesitation in doing as much for either of them, though they had both died intestate.

Mnesippus. I believe so; but let me proceed to my fourth example, Zenothemis, the Massilian, son of Charmoleus. He was pointed out to me, when I was on an embassy in Italy, a tall, handsome man, and said to be very rich. I saw him in his carriage, on a journey, accompanied by a woman ugly beyond expression. She had but one eye; and she seemed to have but one side, the other was so shrunk and withered; and, in short, Nature had treated her so unkindly, that you would have been almost afraid to come near her. I was not a little astonished, at seeing so fine a young man with such a fright fitting by him; when the Massilian, who had before made me observe them, and who, from being a neighbour, was well acquainted with the particulars, told me they were married, and how the match was brought

brought about. Zenothemis, he said, was the friend of Menecrates, the father of that ugly woman, a man of great wealth, and his equal in rank. Menecrates, however, was not long able to preserve that wealth and rank, being deprived of both at once by the six hundred senators, for having passed a sentence contrary to law; an offence always followed by such a punishment in Massilia. He was greatly affected, as you may suppose, by being thus suddenly reduced from riches to poverty, from honour to infamy; and what added more to his distress was, to reflect on the situation of this daughter of his, who was now eighteen, and of a proper age for a husband; but, if no man, high or low, rich or poor, had expressed any desire to have her, when her father was in possession of so great an estate, who would think of her now, with no other fortune besides her disgusting person, and her fits of epilepsy, to which she was subject every month? As he was one day lamenting his misfortunes to Zenothemis, "Be comforted," said his friend, "you shall never suffer want, and your daughter shall be married to a man of family not inferior to her own." Saying this, he took Menecrates

by the hand, conducted him to his house, and made him share in his fortune. He then gave orders for an entertainment, to which he invited his friends, not forgetting Menecrates, for whose daughter every one supposed that he had by some means or other procured a husband. When supper was over, and they had made a libation to the Gods, he filled a cup, and handing it to Menecrates, "Take this," said he, "from your son, and drink to our better acquaintance; for, before to-morrow morning, I am resolved to marry your daughter Cydimache: her portion, which is five and twenty talents, is already in my possession." "By no means," replied the father; "I am not so far lost to all sense of propriety, as to think of seeing the amiable Zenothemis so unequally matched." The young man would hear no more; but, without losing a moment, led Cydimache to the bridal chamber, and has constantly lived with her as a most affectionate husband from that day to this, taking her, as you see, always with him, wherever he goes. So far is he from being ashamed of what he has done, that, on the contrary, he seems to glory in shewing himself superior to the consideration
of

of personal form, and how much he despises the splendour of wealth, when put in competition with the claims of friendship, of which he thinks Menecrates not the less worthy from having had the votes of the senate against him. Nor has fortune been unmindful of his steady resolution. By this ugly wife he has had a most beautiful boy, whom he took the other day in his arms to the Senate-house, with an olive branch round his head, and dressed in a mourning habit, the better to excite compassion for the fate of his poor grandfather; when, on the child smiling in their faces, and clapping his little hands, the senators were so affected at the sight, that they pardoned Menecrates, and restored him to his former honours. Such, according to the Massilian's account, was the friendship of Zenothemis; an example not very easy for you to produce: you Scythians are too nice, it seems, to take up with ordinary women. For my fifth and last example, I cannot pass by Demetrius, of Sunium. He travelled into Ægypt with Antiphilus the Alopecian, who had been his school-fellow and companion from a child; Antiphilus studying physick, while he applied himself to the

Cynick philosophy under the famous Sophist of Rhodes. Demetrius had a fancy to see the pyramids, and the statue of Memnon: the pyramids, he had heard, though of a vast height, made no shadow; and the statue of Memnon had an extraordinary talent of utterance at the rising of the sun. In order therefore to gratify his curiosity, he undertook a six-months voyage up the Nile, leaving behind him his friend Antiphilus, who thought the distance too great in so hot a climate. And now it was, that he experienced one of those untoward incidents which more particularly require the interposition of a good and generous friend. His servant Syrus, Syrus by name and nation, had associated himself with a gang of villains, who broke open the temple of Anubis, carried off a couple of golden phials, a sceptre of the same precious metal, some silver dogs heads, and various other articles; all of which were deposited with Syrus. Being stopped in offering them to sale, they were put to the torture, and confessed the fact, giving information where the stolen goods were secreted under a bed in the house of Antiphilus. Antiphilus, on this discovery, was immediately secured, and made a prisoner, together with his
servant

servant Syrus; not a single individual of his acquaintance venturing to offer the least relief to a man whom they considered as guilty of sacrilege. To eat, or drink, or have any intercourse with him, would have been to pollute themselves, and therefore they kept at a becoming distance; while his other two servants, after stripping the house of whatever was left in it, took to their heels, and ran away. The wretched Antiphilus was now a close prisoner, and treated as the very worst of malefactors by the superstitious gaoler, who thought cruelty to him was avenging the cause of his Ægyptian god. To assert his innocence, to utter a complaint, was no better than an impudent aggravation of his offence, and not to be endured. His health began soon to decline; as well it might, since he had no other bed by night than the bare ground, on which being tied neck and heels, he was not able to stretch out his feet. In the day-time, it is true, his condition was not quite so bad, as he was then allowed to have one hand at liberty; an indulgence which he never experienced by night. The fetid air, the suffocating heat arising from so many prisoners being stuffed so close together as hardly to be able to breathe,

together with the clanking of chains, and the want of sleep, were all of them circumstances intolerable to him, who had never been used to such hardship. His spirits sunk under it, and he refused to take any nourishment; when Demetrius returned, and no sooner heard what had befallen him, than he ran with all speed to the prison, but could not get admittance, because it was too late in the evening, and the gaoler, who always kept the keys himself, had locked up the gate, and was gone to bed. However, the next morning, after much ado, he was permitted to enter, casting his eager eyes around him, like a man endeavouring to single out the dead body of a near relation left to rot on the field of battle. Antiphilus was so altered, that it was impossible to distinguish him from his fellow-sufferers; nor would Demetrius ever have found him, if he had not called out to him by his name. At the sound of the well-known voice, he cleared his face as well as he could of the uncombed clotted hair that hung over it, and discovered himself. They had not expected such an interview as this, and they both fainted. Demetrius came first to himself, and was not long before he heard the whole story of his

his friend ; when he bade him to be comforted, stripped him of his rags, and gave him one half of his own cloak to wrap round him. From that time he missed no opportunity of being with him, and ministering to his wants. From morning to night he plied at the harbour as a porter for the merchants ; for which he was so well paid, as to be able out of his earnings not only to support the prisoner, but to make his confinement the less rigorous by bribing the gaoler into a better humour. In the day-time he was with him to comfort him, and when night came, he was still near him ; for he made himself a bed of leaves, close to the gate of the prison, and there he slept. And thus they lived for some time, Demetrius having free admittance, and Antiphilus bearing his misfortunes the better for it ; till one of the robbers happening to die in gaol by poison, as was supposed, a stricter guard was appointed, with orders to let in no stranger whatever on any account. Demetrius was now mortified to the last degree, and, not knowing what other course he could take, went to the Deputy Governour, and accused himself as having been an accomplice in the robbery of Anubis. On this confession, he

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was immediately sent to prison; when, with many prayers and intreaties, he prevailed on the keeper to let him be near Antiphilus, and to bind both their necks in the same chain, thinking, though much indisposed himself, that he should have the better opportunity to embrace and comfort his afflicted companion. Such was the mitigation of their common calamity. At length an event took place, which put an end to their misery. One of the prisoners happening, nobody knows by what means, to procure a file, and engaging a number of others in the same design, made a shift to cut asunder the master-chain by which they were fastened together, and set them all at liberty. They were then too many for their keepers, whom they murdered, and made their escape in a body; after which they dispersed, and, in their rambling about, many of them were re-taken. During all this, Demetrius and Antiphilus remained perfectly quiet, except that they seized on Syrus just as he was on the point of making off. When this was told next morning to the Governour of Ægypt, he ordered a pursuit, and at the same time sent for the two friends, whom he set at liberty, commending them highly for not following

lowing so bad an example as to run away with the rest. This, however, was no satisfaction to them; and Demetrius was loud in his complaints of the injury of their being considered as malefactors, who were to be pitied or pardoned merely for not running away. He insisted on having the matter legally determined; which at last was agreed to; when the judge, finding nothing amiss in their conduct, acquitted them with honour. Nor was this all: Demetrius was to him an object of admiration, as both were of compassion for their unmerited sufferings; and he made them both handsome presents, giving to Antiphilus, out of his own pocket, ten thousand drachmas *, and to Demetrius twice as much †. Antiphilus is still living in Ægypt. Demetrius made over to him all his drachmas, and went to India to reside with the Bramins, apologising for it by saying, that he might now be excused for leaving him, as he was no longer in need of a friend; and, as to himself, he was content with a little, and did not want to be rich. These, Toxaris, were Græcian friends. You charge us with being too

* 30*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*† 604*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*

fond of hearing ourselves talk; or I could repeat to you many excellent things urged by Demetrius on the trial, though he said not a word for himself, only begging and praying with tears, that Antiphilus might bear no blame; till, at length, Syrus was whipped into a confession of his guilt; and they were both declared innocent.

Out of a multitude of others, I have brought forward these few examples of solid and lasting friendship, being the first that occurred to my memory. I have now done, and leave the cause open to you, whose business it is to prove your countrymen better than mine, if you wish to save your right hand. It behoves you to exert yourself; you, who have so garnished the praises of Pylades and Orestes: otherwise you will make a poor figure indeed, if you cannot make as fine a speech for the honour of Scythia.

Toxaris. It is very kind in you, Mnesippus, to give me this caution, as if truly your tongue were in less danger than my hand. And now I begin, without any pretensions to your eloquence, which my countrymen pay no regard to, well knowing, that matters of fact speak more forcibly than bare words. I am not going,

as you have done, to praise a man for marrying an ugly woman without a fortune, nor for giving a portion of two talents to a friend's daughter, nor even to commend a man for submitting to a gaol, when he knew how soon he should be released; in none of which resolutions I can see any thing like magnanimity: all these are small matters of little value. From me you shall hear of war, and slaughter, and friendship defying death, not such childish adventures as yours, only fit to be admired by a Greek, who has no better object for his praise. You, who pass your days in peace, have not those pressing occasions by which friendship is put to the trial, and know no more of it than the man who was never at sea in a storm does of the skill of the pilot. We are never without the storms of war, always invading our neighbours, when not invaded by them, fighting continually for pastures, or for spoil; we are therefore constantly united in the closest bands of friendship, the only armour that can never fail us. And here, let me inform you, that friendships with us are not contracted over our cups; nor is our choice determined, like yours, merely by any one being our near neighbour, or of the same age with ourselves.

ourselves. On the contrary, the man, who most engages our attention, is he, who seems the most fit to undertake and execute great actions. Such a man is never without a multitude of suitors, no less earnest and diligent to gain his affection, than you are to win your mistresses, and just as much afraid of being rejected. No sooner is the choice made, than it is confirmed by the most solemn oath, the friends swearing to live and die for each other. The ceremony is this: each cuts his finger, and lets it bleed into a bowl; they then dip the points of their swords in the blood, of which they both drink together, and thus become inseparable. No more than three are permitted to enter into this engagement; for he who has many friends is considered by us in the light of a harlot, who divides her love too much to be faithful.

But now comes my story of Dandamis. Dandamis not long ago in the war with the Sauromatians, his friend Amizoces being taken prisoner—but I am not to forget our agreement to be upon oath—By the wind, by the scimitar, Mnesippus, I swear not to tell you one word of a lie.

Mnesippus.

Mnesippus. You are in the right not to swear by any of the Gods; though, for my part, I did not want you to swear at all.

Toxaris. Not swear by any of the Gods! What do you mean? Is any thing of more importance to mankind than life and death? Do we not swear by the Gods, when we swear by the causes of life and death?

Mnesippus. By your way of arguing, you must have gods in great plenty; arrows, spears*, halters, hemlock; in short, as great variety as there are various ways of a man's coming to his end.

Toxaris. Why this cavilling and interruption? Why will you not let me go on with my discourse? I did not interrupt you.

Mnesippus. I beg your pardon: it was not right; and I will do so no more. Come, then, go on; you shall have all the talk to yourself.

Toxaris. Four days after Dandamis and Amizoces had thus pledged each other in the bloody bowl of friendship, we found our country in-

* Mnesippus seems to forget, that his own countrymen swore by their lances, as we learn from Justin; and nobody laughs at Homer for making Achilles swear a long oath by his sceptre.

vaded by the Sauromatians, who came upon us unexpectedly with an army of ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot. As we were surpris'd, they soon routed our whole army, killing and taking great numbers of us. Indeed none escap'd, but such as were able to swim across the river to the opposite bank, where one half of our forces, and a part of our carriages, were station'd; our leaders*, who are never out of their way, having, for reasons best known to themselves, order'd us to encamp on both sides of the Tanais. In an instant they despoil'd us of all that we had, plunder'd our tents, seiz'd our waggons with our wives and children, abus'd our women before our eyes, and reduced us to the utmost distress imaginable. When Amizoces, as they were dragging him along with the rest of their prisoners, loaded with chains, pronounc'd aloud the name of his friend, and call'd to his remembrance the bloody bowl. Dandamis no sooner heard his cries, than he jump'd into the water, to swim to his assistance; which the Sauromatians observing, were very near dispatching him with their arrows, when he call'd out Ziris! This being the word

* *Ἀρχιτλανοί* is a word probably of Lucian's own coining, the wit of which is not easily translated.

when any one goes to redeem a prisoner, they forbore taking his life, and conducted him to the general, of whom he demanded his friend. The general refusing to deliver him up without a large ransom, Dandamis protested that he had nothing left, as they had already taken his all. "But, naked and destitute," said he, "as you see me, if I can be of any service, command it, and I am ready to obey it : take me instead of him, and use me as you please." The Sauromatian answered, "We shall not detain you, as you come to redeem a captive ; but you still have something left, of which a part must be ours, if you wish to succeed." "Part !" replied Dandamis, "what more can I part with ?" "Your two eyes," said the Sauromatian. To this request he instantly agreed ; his eyes were cut out of his head, and the ransom accepted. His friend was restored to him, who led him to the river, and he swam with him safe back again.

This conduct had such an effect on our people, that they no longer considered themselves as vanquished, seeing the greatest of all that is good, an honest heart, and the fidelity of friendship, still remained, to animate their hopes ; nor were the Sauromatians a little dismayed,

when they saw what sort of men they should have had to deal with, if they had not taken us by surprise. Accordingly, the very next night, they set fire to their waggons, and marched off, leaving the greatest part of their cattle behind them. Amizoces could not endure to have eyes, when Dandamis had none, and therefore put out his, that he might be as blind as his friend. They now sit together, are maintained at the public expence, and held in the highest esteem.

I believe, Mnesippus, you could hardly produce a story like this, though you should be allowed to tell ten more, without being sworn to refrain from embellishments. My narrative is nothing more than the plain truth, without any of those flourishes that you could have given it. You would have told us how well Dandamis acted the suppliant, what fine things he said when he was blinded; how he got back; how the Scythians applauded him on his return; with many other circumstances, which your invention could easily have added, to tickle the ears.

You shall now hear something, no less honourable, of a cousin of this Amizoces, by
name

name Belittas. He and his friend Basthes were hunting together, when a lion unhorsed the latter, seized him by the throat, and was tearing him to pieces with his claws; when Belittas alighted, threw himself on the lion, thrust his fingers between his teeth, and, regardless of his own safety, tried all possible means to provoke him to quit his prey; till at last, the beast, leaving Basthes before he was quite dead, turned on Belittas, and made him feel his devouring jaws. Belittas, however, as he was dying, found means to run the lion through with his scimitar; so that all three expired at almost the same moment. We buried the two friends by the side of each other, and raised two monuments; one to them; and another, at no great distance, to the lion.

I proceed, in the third place, to recount the friendship of Macentes, Lonchates, and Arfacomas. Arfacomas was on an embassy at the court of Leucanor, a prince in the Bosphorus, to demand a tribute due to us, the payment of which had been delayed three months beyond the usual time. Being there introduced, at supper, to Mazæa, the great man's daughter, a tall and beautiful young lady, he fell despe-

rately in love with her. He had received his answer concerning the tribute, the business was finished, and the prince had ordered a feast previous to his departure. At such times, it is usual, in that country, for the suitors of young women to declare themselves; and it so happened, that many such were now present, kings and sons of kings; amongst whom were Tigrapates, sovereign of the Lazi; Adyrmachus, chief of Machlyina; and several others; all admirers of Mazæa. The rule is, to sit patiently together till after supper, and then each is at liberty to support his claim, by calling for wine, pouring it on the table, and professing his inviolable attachment to the maid; never forgetting to mention his own great consequence in rank, wealth, and power. Accordingly, a great number had displayed their pretensions, and boasted of kingdoms and kingly possessions; when, last of all, it came to the turn of Arfacomas to take the cup. He did not, like the rest, spill any of his wine, because we Scythians think such a waste an affront to the Gods; but instantly drank it all up, adding these words: "Give, O King! thy daughter in marriage to me; I am richer than any of these,

these, and you will make a better match." Leucanor, well knowing Arfacomas to be no other than a poor plebeian, was astonished at his demand; and asked him, how many waggons and herds of cattle he had to shew, these being the articles that make a Scythian rich. "I have neither waggons nor herds of cattle," answered Arfacomas; "but I have two good friends, such as are not to be equalled in all Scythia." As this speech was placed to the account of the wine, all that he got by it was, to be laughed at. The next morning, Adyrmachus was pronounced the happy man, and set about taking his bride home. Arfacomas immediately went to his friends, to acquaint them how ill he had been used at the feast; how the king had fancied him poor, and treated him with derision. "When I told him," said he, "what riches I possessed, in having you two for my friends, riches so far surpassing his, truly then he must needs laugh at you as much as at me, and gave his daughter to Adyrmachus. All that Adyrmachus had to say for himself was, that he was master of ten golden beakers, fourscore huge waggons, and many great droves of oxen and sheep. You see, my friends, ho

it is: he prefers his fine beakers, heavy wag-gons, and silly sheep, to men like you and me, For my part, I feel myself deeply offended; I love Mazæa; and to be so publickly affronted, makes the deepest impression on my mind. Nor do I think that you two have less cause of complaint: ever since our union, whatever good or ill befalls any one of us must equally affect all three. "Not only that," added Lonchates, "we each of us feel the whole weight of your sufferings." "But what shall we do?" said Macentes. "Divide the business between us," said Lonchates; I will undertake to bring Leucanor's head to Arfacomas, if you will secure the bride for him." "With all my heart," said the other. "And do you, Arfacomas," said he, "in the mean time, stay where you are. We must expect an immediate war; for which you are to prepare arms, horses, and men. Our dependents are many; and you are such a good man, that you can find no difficulty in raising a numerous army, especially if you sit on the hide." And thus they resolved; Lonchates and Macentes set out directly on horseback; the former for the Bosphorus, and the latter for the country of the Machlyans;
Arfacomas

Arfacomas being left at home, to confer with his friends about mustering their forces, and to fit, if occasion required it, on the hide, the last thing to be done.

But I must explain to you this custom of ours. When a man has received an injury, and is unable to revenge himself, he sacrifices an ox, cuts up the flesh, and dresses it; then, spreading the skin on the ground, he sits down upon it, in the same posture as if his hands were tied behind his back: this, with us, is the most pressing supplication. The household of the supplicant, and other well-disposed persons, now make their appearance. Each takes a slice of the ox; and, his right foot being put on the hide, makes a solemn promise of all the assistance in his power. One undertakes to raise and maintain, at his own expence, five men and their horses; another ten, or perhaps more; some promise heavy-armed, some light-armed; and the poor man, who has nothing else, offers his personal service. A vast multitude is thus collected sometimes on the hide: and an army, thus raised, thus united by oath, is always compact, and must be invincible; so sacred an obligation is the sitting on the hide. Arsa-

comas was thus employed, and had got together about five thousand horse, and about twenty thousand foot. In the mean time, Lonchates, unsuspected, makes his way to the Bosphorus, where he finds the king engaged in state-affairs, tells him that he was come on an embassy from Scythia, and begged a private audience on business of great importance. Being ordered to explain himself on the nature of his embassy, he said, "The Scythians, in common, are subject to daily grievances, from the incursions of your shepherds; and do by me peremptorily require, that they may no longer trespass on their fields, but keep within the Trachon*. The Scythians utterly deny having authorised the robberies, of which you complain, in your territories; and you are at liberty to punish, as you think fit, any such offenders as you can lay hold of: they rob, each on his own separate account:"—This was the purport of my embassy.

"I now tell you, as a friend, that Arfacomas, the son of Mariantas, is preparing a formidable army, which is intended to act against you. He

* A certain district so called.

was here not long ago, on publick business, when he took the opportunity of asking your daughter in marriage, and, being refused, was greatly incensed. It is now the seventh day that he has been sitting on the hide, and great numbers are continually flocking to him."

"I had heard," answered Leucanor, "that an army was collecting on the hide, but was ignorant, till now, with what design, not knowing that Arfacomas was to lead it against me."

"Against you, most assuredly," said Lonchates, "you are his only object. You must know, that he and I are not on good terms; he cannot bear to see me so highly honoured by the elders of Scythia, who give me the preference on all occasions. Now, if you will but promise me your other daughter Barcetis, of whom I do not think myself altogether unworthy, I will undertake, in a very short time, to bring you the head of Arfacomas." To this proposal the king readily assented, being always in dread of a Scythian army; and now more than ever, when Arfacomas was to have the command; whose resentment, on account of the marriage, he well knew, had risen to the highest pitch. "Swear, then," said Lonchates,

chates, "that you will abide by this agreement, and never break your word." The king, stretching his hands towards heaven, was impatient to ratify his promise with an oath; when Lonchates interrupted him, saying, "Not here, O king, lest we should be observed, and our business suspected: rather let us go into the Temple of Mars, and shut the doors, where we can swear as we please, without any body being the wiser; for, if this by any means should come to the ears of Arsacomas, with so many hands to execute his orders, I am afraid, he would not let me live to see the battle between you." "Let us go in, then," said the King, "Guards, keep at a distance, and suffer no one to approach me without orders." The guards did as they were commanded, and they two went into the temple together; when Lonchates, with one hand drawing his sword, and with the other stopping the king's mouth, that he might not cry out, stabbed him in the breast. He then cut off his head, and walked out of the temple with it under his cloak, looking all the while as if the conversation was not yet over, but that he was just stepping out for a moment, on some errand or other, and would
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be back again immediately ; then, making the best of his way to the place where he had left his horse tied, he mounted him, and set off full-gallop for Scythia. Nobody was sent to pursue him, for it was a considerable time before the Bosphorians knew any thing of the matter ; and, when they did, they were fully employed in quarrelling about the succession to the vacant throne ; and thus it was, that Lonchates performed what he had promised Arfacomas, in bringing him Leucanor's head. Macentes, who had heard in his journey of these transactions in the Bosphorus, came to the Machlyans with the news, addressing himself thus to Adyrmachus : " The King, being dead, you, who are his son-in-law, are called in to succeed him, and should lose no time in taking possession, in order to settle the distracted state. Your wife may follow you in the waggon, the better to conciliate the affections of the people, who will be pleased to see you married to the daughter of the late king. I myself am an Alanian, and related to her by the mother's side ; for Mastira, who was the wife of Leucanor, was of our family. I come from her brothers in Alania, pressing you to make all possible

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possible haste to Bosphorus, lest Eubaitus, an illegitimate brother of Leucanor, should get possession before you. Eubaitus is a friend to the Scythians, but a bitter enemy to us." The arms and language of the Alanians and Scythians are the same; the chief and almost only difference between them is the manner of wearing their hair; and Macentes had cut his so short, that he might easily pass for a Scythian. This gained him credit for what he had said, in calling himself a relation of Mastira and Mazæa. "And now, Adyrmachus," continued he, "I am at your service, either to attend you immediately to Bosphorus, or stay to conduct the bride." "I think," answered Adyrmachus, "as you are so near a relation, I should feel more satisfaction in your accompanying Mazæa. Your going with me would be only adding one to the number; but, if you stay to come with my wife, in protecting her you will be worth an host." Thus resolved, he set forward, delivering to Macentes the charge of his virgin wife; who, as soon as her husband was gone, put her into a waggon, in which she travelled till the approach of night, when Macentes set her on horseback, for which he was provided by

by a servant following the waggon; then, getting up himself, instead of going towards Mæotis, he turned aside to the Mediterranean, keeping the Mitræan hills on his right hand; and, in three days, got to Scythia, though he had been obliged to stop now and then to give Mazæa a little rest. Presently after their arrival, the poor horse died. Macentes delivered his charge into the hands of Arfacomas; and, on the latter expressing his great thankfulness for so unexpected a pleasure, "Do not," said the other, "treat me thus, as if I were a person different from yourself. For you to thank me is like one of my hands thanking the other for soothing its pain, or curing it of a wound. United as we are, members of the same body, it would be ridiculous to suppose any merit in any one limb serving the rest, when it was serving itself all the while!" Such was the speech of Macentes, when thanked by Arfacomas.

And now Adyrmachus, understanding how he had been deceived, thought no longer of his Bosporian expedition, Eubaitus being raised to the throne by the Sauromatians, to whom his residence amongst them had made him no stranger.

stranger. Returning, therefore, into his own country, he got together a large army, and made an inroad through the mountains into Scythia; while Eubaitus, in the mean time, was not idle; for he very soon followed, bringing with him, together with the Alanians and Sauro-matians, all the Greeks he could procure, to the number of twenty thousand. Having effected a junction, they found themselves at the head of an army twenty thousand strong, of which one third consisted of archers fighting on horseback. I myself made one on this occasion, furnishing a hundred horse, at my own expence, which I had given in on the hide; and, as we were in all not much short of thirty thousand, reckoning my hundred horse, we made ready to receive Arfacomas; whom we no sooner saw advancing with his army, than we ordered a party of horse to make the attack. After a long and obstinate engagement, our troops began to give way, our phalanx was broken, and the whole Scythian army in a manner cut into two divisions; one of which, being galled, was saved by flight, the Alani not venturing to pursue; while the other division, the smaller of the two, was completely hemmed in by a circle
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of Alanians and Machlyans, who made a prodigious slaughter with their darts and arrows. In this situation, so closely pressed on all sides, many were obliged to lay down their arms; amongst others, Lonchates and Macentes, who, as they had been the first to brave every danger, were both of them wounded, Lonchates in the thigh, and Macentes in the head and shoulder. This being perceived by Arfacomas, who was in our division, he could not bear the thought of deserting his friends in distress; but clapped spurs to his horse, set up a shout, brandished his sword, and rode so furiously amongst the thickest of the enemy, that, unable to oppose his impetuosity, they opened their ranks, and suffered him to pass, to rescue his friends; which when he had done, calling on the rest to come on, he gave Adyrmachus so hearty a cuff* on the neck, that he clave him to the girdle. On their leader falling, the whole body of the Machlyans took to their heels; as did, soon after, the Alanians, followed by the

* Other heroes have done as much. "The Sultan now inflicted such a wound on his enemy, that he was divided from the shoulder to the navel." Fershta's History of Dekhan, translated by Scott, v. I. p. 41.

Greeks. We were now again masters of the field, pursuing and killing all before us, till night put an end to the business. The next day they sent ambassadors, suing for peace. The Bosphorians offered double tribute, the Machlyans hostages; and the Alanians, to make us amends for the invasion, undertook to reduce to obedience our old enemies the Sindians, who had for a long time been troublesome to us. In compliment to the opinion of Arfacomas and Lonchates, who were the negotiators, we suffered ourselves to accept these conditions of peace. And now, Mnesippus, you have heard what Scythians dare to do for their friends.

Mnesippus. Very tragical doings, indeed *! You swore by the wind and the scimitar: the wind and the scimitar must pardon me for thinking your stories somewhat bordering on fable. I really should not much blame a man for not believing them.

Toxaris. I am afraid, my good friend, you are envious, and therefore incredulous; but, be that as it will, I am not to be deterred from proceeding by your want of faith.

* And very diabolical.

Mnesippus.

Mnesippus. Well; but do use a little moderation; do not run me so out of breath, with hurrying me up and down from Scythia to Machlyia, and then to Bosphorus, backwards and forwards at such a rate. You tire my patience.

Tomaris. You have the law in your own hands, and I am all obedience; I want only your ears to go along with me a little way, in company with a friend, whose name is Sifinnes.

Being enamoured of Grecian literature, I left home, and set out for Athens, going by water to Amastris, a city not far from Carambis, and conveniently situated for travellers from Scythia. I was accompanied by Sifinnes, with whom I had been intimate from a child. Finding an inn near the harbour, we took our luggage out of the ship, and left it there, intending, as we suspected no harm, to take a walk to the market-place. But behold! while we were gone, some thieves took advantage of our curiosity, broke into our apartment, and carried off every thing we had, leaving us not so much as would maintain us that day. When we came back, and discovered our loss, we were quite at a stand, and knew not what step

to take. Our landlord was amongst his neighbours; and to charge him or them with the robbery, we thought, might be dangerous; as it would in all likelihood turn the tables upon us. We might talk of losing four hundred daricks*, our clothes, our bedding, and other articles of value; but who would believe us? We should only be hooted as cheats and impostors, pretending to be robbed, when we had nothing to be robbed of. We found ourselves in a strange country, stripped of every thing, without common necessaries; our case was desperate. For my own part, I could see nothing more advisable, than making an end of ourselves with our swords at once; better so, I thought, than to die of hunger, or submit to any degrading means of subsistence; but Sifinnes begged and prayed me not to think of it, conjuring me to take heart, and not be afraid, for he would find a maintenance for us. So said, so done; he got a job, as a porter, to carry loads of wood from the harbour; and his earnings produced us a supply of victuals for the present. Next morning, as he was walking in the forum, he

* About 500*l*.

espied a proceſſion of good-looking, ſtout young men, who had been ſelected; he was told, as gladiators, to fight for a prize in three days time. Having made himſelf fully acquainted with the ſeveral circumſtances, he came immediately to me; “Toxaris,” ſaid he, “do not you complain of being poor; in the ſpace of three days, I will make a rich man of you.” Theſe were his words: We ſhifted, as well as we could, till the time came; when he took me along with him to the theatre, where I was to ſee an extraordinary ſhow, that would entertain me. On taking our places, we firſt of all beheld a number of wild beaſts hunted by dogs, pierced with javelins, and provoked to fight with men in chains, who, as we ſuppoſed, were criminals. Next appeared the gladiators; when the herald, ſingling out a very ſtout young man, proclaimed aloud, that whoever would ſtand forth, and accept his challenge to fight, ſhould receive a gratuity of ten thouſand drachmas*. On hearing this, Siſinnes roſe from his ſeat, jumped upon the ſtage, ſaid he was his man, and called for arms. The

* 322l. 18s. 4d.

ten thousand drachmas now were his own : he brought the money to me. " Here, Toxaris," said he, " take this ; If I conquer, we shall have money enough for our journey home ; and, if I fall, you will take care to bury me, before you go back to Scythia without me." When he said this, I could not refrain from tears. He then took up the arms, putting on every thing, except the helmet, choosing rather to fight bare-headed. At the first onset, he was grievously wounded in the ham with a crooked sword, and bled so much, that I was almost dead with fear ; when, seeing his adversary making at him again with still greater fury, he aimed a blow so effectually at his breast, that he laid him flat at his feet. Sifinnes was so faint with the loss of blood, that he was unable to support himself, and seemed ready to expire on the dead body of his enemy. I ran immediately to him, raised him up, and consoled him as well as I could, waiting only till the victory was declared, when I took him in my arms, and carried him home with me. It was a long time before he recovered ; but at last, with much care and attention, he got perfectly well, and is now living in Scythia, where he married my sister ;
however,

however, he walks lame to this day. This, Mnesippus, is not a far-fetched story from Machlyia or Alania; the truth of it cannot be questioned, as you may be convinced by many Amastrians now here, who well remember Sinnes.

You shall now hear what I have to say of Abauchas, who shall be my last example of Scythian friendship. This man happened to be in the city of the Boristhenitæ, together with his wife, of whom he was very fond; and a couple of children, one a little boy at the breast, and the other a girl of seven years old. His friend and fellow-traveller Gyndanes was so lame from a wound in his thigh, which he had received in defending his companions and himself against some robbers on the road, that he could not so much as put his foot to the ground for pain. At night, while they were asleep in their beds on the floor* next the sky, a great fire broke out, and the whole

* Was this the most comfortable lodging in so cold a climate? or had this fond hyperborean husband studied the polished manners of the Greeks, who kept their wives and daughters in cocklofts, that they might not be troubled with company.

house was surrounded by the flames. Abauchas was roused from his sleep, left his children imploring his protection, and disengaged himself as well as he could from his wife, who clung so fast to him, that it was no easy matter to get rid of her. Having pushed her from him, with an admonition to take care of herself, he was then at liberty to hoist his friend on his shoulders; which he did, and forced his way out with him at the only part of the house where the fire was not so intense as to make it impossible. His wife followed, with the little boy in her arms, and the girl after her; but the poor mother was so much burnt, that she let the boy fall, and was but just able, at the risk of her life, to see her daughter safe. It was not long before somebody cried out, "Shame on Abauchas, for thus deserting his wife and children, and carrying off Gyndanes in preference;" when he made this apology; "I shall find it no difficult matter to beget more children, whether good or bad is a doubt; but where shall I find a friend like Gyndanes?"

And now, Mnesippus, I have set before you five examples of Scythian friendship, to which

I could add many more; but that was the number agreed on. Is the tongue or the hand to suffer? Who shall pass sentence?

Mnesippus. Nobody; we did not think of appointing a judge, and have all this while been shooting without a mark. Suppose we begin again, first choosing an arbitrator, to hear and determine between us, whether I am to have my tongue cut out of my head; or you are to have your right hand chopped off. Or rather, since we both have the highest opinion of friendship, why cannot we wave so harsh a decision, and from this moment be always the friends of each other? This is the way for us both to be conquerors, for both to be amply rewarded: instead of one tongue, and one right hand, we shall each of us have the use of two, together with four eyes, four feet, and every thing double. The painters, we see, represent Geryon as a man with three heads and six hands, meaning, I presume, to instruct us how three friends act, when united in one.

Toxaris. Well said! a league of perpetuity.

Mnesippus. We want no scimitar, no blood, my Toxaris, to ratify our compact. Our opinions, our pursuits, are the same, and will be

M m 4

better

better than a draught from your cup, to bind us fast to each other. We shall not be swayed by necessity, but prompted by inclination.

Toxaris. I am quite of your mind: henceforward let us be friends wherever we meet. What you are to me in Greece, I will be to you in Scythia, come when you will.

Mnesippus. Believe me, I would not grudge taking a much longer journey, if I could any where find such a friend as you.

THE DOUBLE INDICTMENT; A DIALOGUE.

JUPITER, MERCURY, JUSTICE, PAN, AN
ATHENIAN, &c.

Jupiter. I AM out of all patience with those plaguy philosophers: they say, the Gods alone are happy! If they did but know what we are obliged to go through, how we suffer to
serve

serve mankind, they would not talk of the Gods being happy; nor grudge us a little nectar and ambrosia to comfort us: but, truly, they must needs give credit to Homer, that blind impostor, who tells such stories of our bliss above; and is continually prating about things in heaven, when he has no eyes to see what passes on earth! Here is the poor Sun galloping all day long, in his chariot, over the sky, cloathed with fire, and scattering his hot rays, without being allowed so much leisure as would serve him to scratch his ears; for, on a single moment's inattention, his horses would be sure to slip their bridles, run out of the road, and set every thing on fire. As for the Moon, she never has a wink of sleep, constantly going her rounds to light home debauchees and drunkards*, and other disorderly people, who keep late hours. And then there is Apollo! what a task is his! He is almost stunned with noise: they are continually calling upon him for divinations. Now

* Look to yon stars, for other ends they shine
Than to light revellers from scene to scene,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.

YOUNG.

he

he must be at Delphi, then make all the haste he can to Colophon *: then perhaps he crosses over to Xanthus †, drives on to Claros ‡, and from thence to Delos §, or the Branchidæ ||. In short, whenever his priestess has taken a draught of the liquor divine, a taste of the laurel, and given the tripod a shake, away, that moment, he must go, to whatever place she bids him, where he must instantly either patch up his oracles, or forfeit his honour. I need not mention the tricks that are played to impose upon him; such as, serving up lamb and tortoise mixed together in the same dish; when, if he had not had a good nose of his own, he would have come off with disgrace, and only served to make Cræsus merry at his expence. Æsculapius too, with so many patients labouring under so many loathsome dis-

* A city of Ionia, where there was an oracle of Apollo.

† To go to Patara, where was another. See Servius on Virgil's 4th Æneid, v. 143. If Servius be right, Apollo was employed the whole winter there, as he was the whole summer at Delos, though Jupiter would make us believe, that he never gained a settlement any where.

‡ Near Colophon, where he had an oracle.

§ An island in the Ægean sea, where he was born.

|| Where was another oracle.

eases,

eases, must have a wretched life of it, miserable himself from the miseries of others. The winds are never without employment, either in nourishing plants, wafting ships, or winnowing corn. Sleep is for ever on the wing; he flies to all, without exception, accompanied by dreams, to act as interpreters. Such are the cares and fatigues of the Gods, out of pure good-will to mankind, neglecting not one individual! But all this trouble of theirs is nothing to mine. Because, forsooth, I am the king and father of them all, I am never to have any comfort, never to be at ease, distracted with endless anxiety! In the first place, I am obliged to superintend every department of government, and see that none of my deputies neglect their business; while, at the same time, I have so many trifles to attend to, that it is no small difficulty to remember them all. After dispatching business of importance, such as distributing proper quantities of rain, hail, wind, thunder, and lightning, I am not to expect quiet even then. Like the Nemean shepherd*,

* Who must have been always on the watch, before Hercules killed the famous lion.

my

my eyes must be every where ; I must be continually on the look-out after thieves, false-swearers, and sacrificers, observing from whence comes the smoke of the altar, who calls out for help in sickness, or at sea ; and, what is still more grievous, I must at the same instant of time attend the hecatombs at Olympia, and be with the warriors at Babylon ; be hailing on the Getæ, and feasting with the Æthiopians ; and, after all, there is no pleasing every body.

Though other men and gods in slumbers sink,
Great Jove himself can never get a wink *.

Let me close my eyes only for a moment, Epicurus directly affirms, that no notice is taken above how the world goes below ; which if he can once bring men to believe, our affairs, I trow, would be in a ticklish situation. Our temples would have no garlands ; the streets would no longer send up incense ; the cups would pour out no libations ; the altars would be cold, without victims, without offerings, we must absolutely starve ; I, the pilot of the ship, stand mounted on the stern, with the rudder in my hand, while all the rest on board are either

* Hom. Il. b. II. v. 1.

drunk,

drunk, or asleep, and nobody but myself to be awake, day and night, without any refreshment.

My heart is full, and it can hold no more *.

My only amends is the honour of being master. And now, I should be glad to ask the philosophers, who spread such reports of our happiness, what leisure they think we can possibly have to spare for nectar and ambrosia, when we have so much business to do. I have now, I know not how many volumes of causes, that have so long lain by me, undetermined for want of time, that they are grown mouldy, and all over cobwebs: they are most of them disputes between the professors of arts and sciences, who are continually calling upon me for a decision, and very angry with me for deferring it, accusing me of laziness and neglect; as if it were not very evident, that all this seeming inattention proceeds from no other cause than my being always in a hurry, which they are pleased to call happiness.

Mercury. As you have introduced the subject yourself, I may mention what I have heard

* Il. b. II. v. 3.

over and over, without ever daring to tell you before now. They are to my certain knowledge very much out of humour, much more so than they venture to make publick; but, in private amongst themselves, they whisper and murmur not a little, accusing you of unpardonable delay in having so long neglected to settle their differences.

Jupiter. But what is to be done, Mercury? Would you advise me to give them a hearing immediately, or put it off till next year?

Mercury. O immediately, by all means.

Jupiter. Be it so then. Do you fly down, and make proclamation, that a court will this day be held in the Areopagus, where any person having a cause to try is summoned to appear. Justice has the appointment of the bench, by whose sentence if any one shall think himself aggrieved, he may appeal to me, and I will grant a new trial. You, my daughter*, shall be assessor to the venerable goddesses†, appoint the judges by lot, and attend the trials.

Justice.

* Justice.

† The furies. Before a trial began in the Areopagus, the plaintiff and defendant took solemn oaths on the testicles of a goat, a ram, and a bull, by the Σπυραι Διαι, or furies.

Justice. To earth must I go again? to be again exposed to insults, and once more obliged to fly for it!

Jupiter. Do not be disheartened; you may now hope for better times. The philosophers have taught mankind, that Justice is preferable to Injustice; and Socrates in particular has done you due honour, demonstrating Justice to be the chief good.

Justice. He might speak in my praise, but what did he get by it? Was he not thrown into a gaol, condemned by the eleven*, and forced to swallow poison, without even being allowed to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius? So much more powerful were his accusers, whose philosophy was not the philosophy of Justice!

Jupiter. Philosophers at that time were few in number, and philosophy regarded as a stranger; whereas Anytus and Melitus were better known, and of course more attended to. But those days are over; there is quite a new face of affairs. Only mind what abundance of

furies. The votes of the judges were put into two urns, one acquitting, and the other condemning.

* Magistrates sitting as judges in the Παραβουλον, an inferior court so called for the same reason as παραβουλον, a truckle-bed.

cloaks,

cloaks, and clubs, and wallets, and long beards, and loads of books under the left arm, are on all sides of you, and all at your devotion ! Walk where you will, you meet whole troops, whole hosts of philosophers, and every individual is Virtue's own child. Many hundreds, who had been bred to a different trade, forsaking the awl, or the anvil, resolved all at once to shut up shop, seize the wallet and cloak, make themselves as black as Æthiopians, and become instantaneous converts to philosophy, loud in the praises of justice and virtue. According to the old saying, if a man do but open his eyes, he can no more fail to see a philosopher, than the sailor who falls on the deck can avoid touching wood.

Justice. These, Jupiter, are the persons I dread ; who are for ever disputing and wrangling about they know not what. As far as words go, they pretend a mighty attachment to me ; but were the matter put to the proof, were I to go to one of their houses, I should have the door flapped in my face. There is no room there for justice ; my opponent has got full possession before me.

Jupiter. They are not all so bad, my daughter ; there are some exceptions, and you must do

do as well as you can. But come, let us be gone, that we may get through a few causes before night.

Mercury. Now, Justice, for Sunium. We must go a little below Hymettus, to the left of Parnes, where the two high objects are to be seen. You look as if you had forgot the way. Why those tears? there is nothing to be afraid of. This is another age; the world below is quite different from what it was when you left it*. The Scirons†, and Pityocamptæ†, and Bufirises†, and Phalarises†, once so formidable, are all dead and gone. Now-a-days, nothing goes down but Wisdom, and the Academy, and the Porch; they are all looking out for you, always talking about you, and longing to see you fly down amongst them.

Justice. You, Mercury, who are so much with them in the Forum and Gymnasium, as crier and pleader, must be the person best able to give information. Do you think, I may venture myself amongst them?

* Ultima cœlestium terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid Met.

† Robbers, who infested Attica, till they were destroyed by Theseus.

Mercury. Believe me, you may ; I could not do so cruel a thing as to deceive my sister. Mankind in general have been greatly improved by Philosophy. At least they keep up appearances better, and are not so barefaced in their wickedness. At the same time I must own, that you will meet with some half-wise, half-perverse ones, who will be troublesome enough. But all those, who have had a full potion of the tincture, are of quite another complexion ; good in all respects, and very ready to receive you. Those, who have been prevented by their sordid habits from taking enough of the searching medicine, are nevertheless better than they were, better than many others, by only drinking a little of it. Though imperfect, they have a mixture of white, variegated like the panther. Some there are, who have done no more than putting a finger to the outside of the vessel, thinking to mend their looks by the application of a little soot. You, however, will certainly have only to do with the very best of them. But behold ! Attica is just before us ! We must leave Sunium on the right hand, and turn off towards the Acropolis. Now we are down, you may rest yourself here, you can see the place

place of assembly from your seat, and may wait till I bring fresh orders from Jupiter.

Justice. Before you leave me, Mercury, let me ask you a question. I see a horned figure, with hairy legs, and a pipe in his hand, making towards us: pray who is it?

Mercury. What, do not you know Pan, prime minister of Bacchus? He formerly lived at Parthenium; but, on the descent of Datis and the Barbarians on Marathon, he came as a volunteer to the aid of the Athenians; and from that time, having got possession of that cave there, he has fixed his abode in it, and is considered as an inmate of his neighbours, the Pelasgi. Happening to see us, I suppose, he is coming to shake hands with us.

Pan. Mercury, your servant; Justice, your servant.

Mercury and Justice. Pan, we are your's. Health to great Pan! In singing and dancing, what Satyr like Pan? In war, where is the Athenian to equal Pan?

Pan. Pray, Mercury, what is your business here.

Mercury. She will tell you all. I must away to the Acropolis, and do my duty as crier.

Justice. There are several lawsuits coming on, and Jupiter has sent me down to allot proper judges *. But how go matters at Athens?

Pan. They do not treat me with proper respect. Considering my services in repulsing the Barbarians, I have but a slender subsistence among them. Two or three times in the year perhaps they make me an offering of a stinking he-goat, honour me with a little empty praise, and permit me to look on, while they regale themselves with the delicious banquet. My entertainment is the entertainment of their jokes: for they are always very merry on the occasion.

* *Ἀποδιδρῶσκον τὰς δίκας.* Commentators and translators, who have found it convenient to skip over so many unintelligible expressions, might have discovered the meaning of this by consulting Potter's account of the Areopagus. "The court being met, and the people excluded, they divided themselves into several committees, each of which had their causes assigned to be heard and determined by them severally, if the multitude of business was so great, that the whole Senate could not take cognizance of them together. Both these designations were performed by lots, to the end that, every man coming into the court before it was determined what causes would fall to his share, none of them might lie under any temptation of having his honesty corrupted with bribes."

Justice.

Justice. But pray, Pan, are they not grown more virtuous than they used to be, from the instructions of the philosophers?

Pan. I do not know what you mean. Do you call those swarms of down-looking, gloomy, noisy fellows, with beards like mine—do you call them philosophers?

Justice. Yes; they are the philosophers.

Pan. Very likely; but I am not acquainted with them; I do not understand what they say: they are too wise for me, who am but a rough mountaineer, with no trim words like theirs. We have nothing so fine in Arcadia; no sophist, no philosopher, nothing belonging to them. I have learned, indeed, a little of the pipe, and the crooked reed; I can feed goats, and dance, and fight when fighting is required; and that is all I know. I hear them continually bawling about something they call virtue, about ideas, and nature, and substances incorporeal, all perfect strangers to me. They begin peaceably enough; but, as the conversation proceeds, their tones are raised to the Orthian pitch*; so that,

* The highest, the provocative to war. In this key, according to Herodotus, was the tune played by Arion,

that, by overstraining the voice from too great eagerness in contest, their faces redden, their necks swell, and their veins are as full as those of a piper forcing his breath into a narrow reed. Till at length they lose sight of the argument, abuse one another, wipe the sweat from their faces, and leave off in the utmost confusion; while he, who bawls the loudest, with the least sense of shame, is generally accounted the conqueror. Those of the vulgar, with nothing better to do, are great admirers of their noise and assurance; which, for my part, I am always apt to consider as manifest tokens of their being very silly fellows, and am not at all pleased with the thought of their having beards like mine. How their clamour can serve the publick, what advantage may be expected from their impudence, I do not pretend to know. But, if I might venture to speak my mind, living here, as you see, in this little cave, I think I have seen them not seldom at a very late hour.

Justice. Stop. Do not you hear Mercury?

Pan. Yes; now I hear him.

that he might make up his mind to jump overboard, and bid defiance to the sea,

Herod. b. I.

Mercury.

Mercury. This is to give notice to all manner of persons, that on this very day, being the seventh of February, there is to be a court of judicature; and may good luck attend it! Whoever have any causes to try, let them appear in the Areopagus, where Justice will appoint judges from the whole body of Athenians, the number to be proportioned to the charge, and three oboli * to be given for every verdict. Æacus grants leave of absence to all such of the dead as have left any complaint unheard at their decease, and they may now prefer it afresh. If any one shall think himself aggrieved by the sentence pronounced, he may appeal to Jupiter.

Pan. What a bustle! What a noise they make! dragging one another up the hill, with might and main! But here comes Mercury: you two may go to work, for work you must, and lay down the law. As for me, I shall betake myself to my cave, play upon my pipe, and contend with Echo in the soft notes of love. Of other contests, I hear enough, every day of my life.

* About a groat.

Mercury. Now, Justice, shall we call them up?

Justice. O yes! Only mind how they crowd! What a racket they make, buzzing about like so many wasps!

Athenian. I have you now, you rascal.

Another Athenian. I will make you prove your words.

Another. You shall meet with your deserts at last.

Another. I can bring it home to you. Such transactions——.

Another. Bring on my cause first.

Another. Come along, villain as you are.

Another. O my neck! you will strangle me.

Justice. What do you think, Mercury? Will it not be better to put off the other causes till to-morrow, and begin with the hearing of such charges as are brought forward by the arts, sciences, and modes of life? Give me a list of them.

Mercury. Drunkenness against the Academy, for spiriting away Polemon.

Justice. Appoint seven judges to try that.

Mercury. The Porch against Pleasure, for the injury

injury sustained by the loss of their admirer, Dionysius.

Justice. Five judges will be sufficient for that.

Mercury. Luxury against Virtue, concerning Aristippus *.

Justice. Five for that too.

Mercury. Money-changing against Diogenes †, for desertion.

Justice.

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res.

HOR.

Aristippus had a mind so pliable, that he was always ready to let any other man have his own way, when there was a prospect of ease or advantage to himself; unlike the moralists of modern days, who prefer a good conscience to a great estate.

† Captain Ayloffe has translated this passage: "Gluttony versus Diogenes, for desertion;" D. F. "Gluttony against Diogenes for discretion." The reader, if there be such a reader, who will take the trouble of comparing any translation of Lucian (this by no means excepted) with the original, will be surprised to find, that a volume might easily be filled with errors occasioned by negligence, ignorance of the author's meaning, or want of ability to preserve it: thus, it often happens, because our heads are non-conductors, that wit is deprived of its proper office, to circulate good sense, by giving a zest to it.

Diogenes, with whom gluttony could have no quarrel, was the son of Icesius, a money-changer, or banker of Sinope,

Justice. Not more than three for that.

Mercury. Painting against Pyrrho *, for laying down his pencil.

Justice. Nine judges for that.

Mercury. There are two complaints just preferred against the rhetorician: are they to be heard now?

Justice. No; those who were first must be served first: another day will do for the rhetorician.

Mercury. The old complaint and the new are so much alike, that I do not see why one should be put off more than another.

Justice. You are so very good-natured, Mercury, that you never know how to give a denial. Come, then, to oblige you, let us have them; but no more such at present, remember. Produce the indictments; the judges are ready.

Sinope, of which both father and son are reported to have adulterated the current coin, in consequence of which they found it advisable to fly the country.

* Pyrrho, the father of the Scepticks, was at first a poor painter, and at last as poor a philosopher. Diogenes Laertius, p. 252 of the the folio edition, printed at Rome in 1594.

Mercury.

Mercury. Rhetorick against the Syrian,* for ill-usage. Dialogue against the Syrian* for abuse.

Justice. But who is the Syrian? The charge has no name to it.

Mercury. The Syrian rhetorician is enough : there is no occasion for naming him.

Justice. These Tramonianes should have their causes tried on the other side of the Euphrates. What business have they at Athens, in the Areopagus? However, since you will have it so, let these two causes be tried ; and the same judges, eleven in number, will serve for both.

Mercury. I must needs say, Justice, that you are very considerate, in sparing the pockets of the litigants.

Justice. Let the judges begin with the dispute between the Academy and Drunkenness. Pour in the water†. Drunkenness shall be heard first. Drunkenness, what have you to

* Lucian,

† To measure the speeches by the Clepsydra, which was a kind of water-clock, or hour glass, invented, as Pliny informs us, by Scipio Nasica, qui primus aqua divisit horas æque noctium et dierum, idque horologium sub tecto dicavit anno urbis 595. The reader may see a description of it in Chambers's Dictionary.

say

say for yourself? You nod your head; why do not you speak out? Come nearer, Mercury, and lend me your ears.

Mercury. The wine has tied up her tongue, she says, and she is unable to plead, and afraid of being laughed at. You see, she has much to do to stand on her feet.

Justice. She may have an advocate to plead her cause, if she cannot do it herself. There is no want of them; and they are so very sharp-set, they would split their lungs rather than lose a fee*.

Mercury. True; but nobody likes to be seen defending Drunkenness, whatever pretence she may have to expect it.

Justice. What is to be done, then?

Mercury. The Academy is never at a loss for a speech on either side of the question; and will plead, as Drunkenness desires it, first for her, and then for herself.

Justice. That is a new way of doing business. Academy† against Academy, both plaintiff and

* Of three oboli; about fourpence.

† The antient Academy doubted of every thing; and went so far as to make it a doubt whether they ought to doubt.

and defendant ! Come, let us hear you against yourself, as you find it so easy.

Academy. The water, O ye judges, now flows for Drunkenness, who thus pleads: " I have been grievously injured by the Academy, who has robbed me of my slave Polemon, my devoted, my faithful Polemon, who thought nothing amiss that I bade him to do. He used to be revelling in the Forum in open day, with a musick-girl, drunk from morning to night, with a garland of flowers on his head, as all the Athenians can witness, for none of them ever saw him sober. But happening to reel against the door of the Academy, as he did against every door, she laid violent hands upon him, took him from me by force, and made him her own, treating him with water, and lectures on temperance. He was no longer suffered to lie

doubt. The new Academy was somewhat more reasonable; they owned several things for truths, but without attaching themselves to any with entire assurance. Probability seems to be the utmost they chose to admit. See Cicero's Academical Questions.

On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

HUDIBRAS.

carousing

carousing in bed, she tore off his garland, and taught him hard lessons of care and anxiety. Instead of the rosy countenance, which he had while he continued in my service, he now began to grow pale, lean, and wrinkled. He has forgot all his songs, and will sit moping the whole day, without eating or drinking; minding nothing, in short, but the nonsense of the Academy. What is worse than all the rest, he cannot spare me a good word; but is continually abusing me, at her instigation."

I have done pleading for Drunkenness, and shall now speak for myself. Now is my turn for the water.

Justice. How is this speech to be answered? Come, pour in the water; it is but fair to hear.

Academy. You have heard how notably the advocate of Drunkenness has acquitted herself; but yet, if I may be allowed a patient hearing, you shall be convinced, O judges, how little reason she has to complain of me. This Polemon, whom she claims as her slave, was a free-born youth of good disposition, and temper like my own, till she, taking the advantage of his inexperience, with the assistance of her
prime

prime minister, Pleasure, entirely corrupted the poor boy, leading him to taverns and brothels, where he lost all sense of shame amidst revelry and harlots. Her defence, you will see, only makes good my arguments. He paid no regard to hours, was continually ranging about the city, in the train of some piper or other, with a garland on his aching head, never sober, ever ready to join in riotous company; the disgrace, not only of his own family, but of the whole town, and the ridicule of every stranger. He found me with my door open, engaged, as usual, with some friends, in conversation on the subjects of virtue and temperance; and, coming up with his pipe and garlands, at first was very noisy, thinking so to confound us by dint of clamour as to break up the company; but, not being quite so drunk, as not to perceive, that we took no manner of notice of him, by degrees he grew sober, from the effect of our discourse; when he immediately tore off his garlands, silenced his female musician, and was ashamed of his purple coat. Like a man awaked from his sleep, he began to look into himself, and condemn his past conduct. His cheeks, that before had been red with wine,

now glowed with the blushes of shame ; till at length he deserted, and came over to me, not, as she tells you, because I used any violence, or even pressing intreaties, but entirely of his own accord, and from the conviction of his own mind. Only call him, and you may soon see how he stands affected. When I found him, he made a most ridiculous appearance, being unable to speak, or even stand. I turned him from his evil ways ; and, instead of a vile slave, gave him to his country a sober, honest, and reputable man ; for which he himself and all his relations think themselves greatly obliged to me. I have nothing more to say, but leave you to judge which of us two it most became him to be acquainted with.

Mercury. Why any delay ? We have other causes to try. Come, give your suffrages, and have done.

Justice. It is given in favour of the Academy, by every voice but one.

Mercury. So, Drunkenness has one friend ! I should have wondered, if she had not. Now take your seats, ye who are to decide between the Porch and Pleasure, in the claim of a lover.

The

The water is poured in. What have you to say for yourself; you, with your pictures? *

Porch. I am not ignorant, O judges, how specious an adversary I have to contend with. Many of you, I observe, are already returning her smiles; while poor I am despised for my homely appearance, my stern features, and contracted brow. Notwithstanding which, if you will but indulge me with a hearing, I have no doubt of your allowing, that I have justice on my side. That harlot's dress, those alluring looks, with which she seduced my lover † Dionysius, the once so good Dionysius, are now in evidence before you. The very cause, which you have just determined, between the Academy and Drunkenness, is next akin ‡ to mine. The question is, whether it is better to wallow in luxury, to grovel like hogs, without

* The porch, where Zeno taught his philosophy, was called Ποικίλη, various, from its containing a great variety of fine pictures.

† *Amateur* is the modern cant. Dionysius was a disciple of Zeno, who taught him, that pain was no evil; but, being afflicted with a stone in his kidney, the scholar at last proclaimed his master a cheat.

‡ *Ἀδελφὴ*, as near as a sister.

one exalted thought ; or, preferring what is right to what is pleasant, to act the part of freedom and philosophy ; not in-dread of pain, as an invincible evil ; nor going in quest of figs and honey, the felicity of slaves : these are the baits she throws out to the inconsiderate, who are caught in great numbers ; while they are made to fly from labour, as something terrible to be endured : thus poor Dionysius was deceived, and thrown off his guard, in a moment when he had not his wits about him ; otherwise, he could never have listened to her, never would have forsaken me. But why should I feel myself offended on my own account, when she spares not even the Gods, but arraigns their providence, and so richly deserves to be made an example of for her impiety ? She has no defence, I hear, to make for herself, but leaves it to Epicurus ; so light does she make of your tribunal ! I wish you would only ask what she thinks Hercules, and your Theseus, would have been, if they had fled from Labour, and followed Pleasure. If they had been as lazy as she, how could the world have been freed from oppression ? I say no more, as I am not fond of long speeches ;
though,

though, if she were disposed to put in a word, you should soon see her in her true colours : but you have not forgot your oath ; and will give your suffrages as it becomes you, without minding Epicurus, who would have you believe, that the gods take no cognizance of human affairs.

Mercury. Stand aside. Now, Epicurus, we shall hear what you have to say for your client.

Epicurus. I shall not detain you long, O judges, when there is so little occasion for it. If Pleasure had really used any potions or incantations, in order, as the Porch alledges, to inveigle her Dionysius, she might deservedly be accounted an enchantress, and brought in guilty. But if a free man, living in a free city, disgusted with the sour countenance of the plaintiff, should find himself at full liberty to resolve, that her boasted happiness is no better than an idle pretence ; should make the best of his way from her winding labyrinth, her crooked paths, and betake himself with hearty good will to the enjoyment of Pleasure, cutting asunder her knotty dissuatives, as so many irksome chains, feeling himself a man, not to be acted upon like a log, should consider labour, as it cer-
tainly

tainly is; to be an evil, [and pleasure to be pleasure; is such a man, because he likes fair weather better than foul, because he prefers a safe harbour to a shipwreck, to be kicked, and beat, neck and heels, to hard labour? Is the suppliant, who flies to Pleasure, as to the altar of mercy, to be given up a victim to despair? For a glimpse of that famous thing, Virtue, of which he will not know the worth till he is dead, is he to lead a long life of misery here? Could any earthly judge have made a wiser decision? No man was better acquainted with the doctrines of the Porch; he knew very well, that nothing could be good, which was not honest; but having found, notwithstanding, that labour is an evil, he was at no loss to make his choice. He had observed, I dare say, that those, who talked so much about bearing and forbearing*, were themselves, in private, the votaries of Pleasure. Temperance is the word abroad, but luxury the delight at home. When they chance to be observed with a slackened rein, of course they pull up, and blush at the discovery; but submit

* *Αντὶ καὶ ἀντὶ*. Epictetus.

with

with a very bad grace to be tantalized. At the first favourable moment for secret transgression, they no longer refrain, but gulp down sensuality without reserve. If any body would but make them a present of the ring of Gyges *, or the helmet of Orcus †, I know very well, how it would be: they would bid a lasting adieu to labour, and strive who should be foremost in the race of Pleasure, after the example of Dionysius; who, while he enjoyed his health, imagined their lectures might somewhat avail him. But, after he was taken ill, and felt how serious a thing it was to be in pain, the philosophy of his senses being in downright opposition to that of the Porch, he then chose rather to rely on the testimony of his own frail body than the dogmas of the Stoicks. He was a man, with the body

* By turning the bezil of which to his hand he could see, and not be seen.

† As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, disappears, and is seen no more, the Greeks from thence derived this figurative expression; to put on Pluto's helmet, that is to say, to become invisible. Plato uses this proverb in the tenth book of his Republick; and Aristophanes, in Acharnenfes.

Eustathius on Hom. Il. b. V. 645
O o 3 of

of a man, which he determined not to treat as a statue; being firmly persuaded, that whoever pretended the contrary, and railed against pleasure, might talk as they would, but they talked without meaning. I have done; you may give judgment.

Porch. Not without permitting me to ask a question or two, I hope.

Epicurus. Propose your questions; I am ready to answer them.

Porch. Do you think labour an evil?

Epicurus. Yes.

Porch. And pleasure a good?

Epicurus. Ay, certainly.

Porch. Do you know the meaning of the terms indifferent and not indifferent; of brought forward *, and put back *?

Epicurus. I understand them.

Mercury. It is more than the Judges do, and therefore have done with your jargon; they are going to vote.

Porch. I should have been certain of carry-

* Προστυμνον, αποπροστυμνον, terms peculiar to the Stoicks.

See Cicero de fin. 3.

ing

ing the day if they had let me interrogate in the third figure of the indemonstrables *.

Justice. How do the votes go ?

Mercury. For Pleasure, all for Pleasure.

Porch. I appeal to Jupiter.

Justice. Good luck attend you ! call a new cause.

Mercury. Virtue and Luxury contend for Aristippus : let him come forward.

Virtue. I am to speak first. Aristippus is mine, and both his words and deeds declare it.

Luxury. I deny it ; he belongs to me, as is plain to be seen. Only mind his garlands, his purple, and perfumes.

Justice. You may save yourselves the trouble of wrangling, for the cause must lie over for the present, till Jupiter has pronounced sentence in the affair of Dionysius. The question seems much the same ; and, if he gives it in favour of Pleasure,

* Ex hisce igitur in prima formula modis novem primi quatuor indemonstrabiles nominantur : non quod demonstrari nequeant, sed quod tam simplices tamque manifesti sunt, ut demonstratione non egeant. Apuleius.

Indemonstrables, it seems, are things so plain as not to require any demonstration ; which they are very capable of, if they should ever happen to want it.

Luxury must have Aristippus: if not, and the Porch should prove victorious, then Virtue's will be the better claim. Let these Judges retire, and make room for others. But remember, they are not to be paid, for they have done nothing.

Mercury. And so these old men, who have climbed up the hill, are to have their labour for their pains!

Justice. If they get one obolus*, they will be very well paid. Come, no murmuring. Away with you, you shall have employment by and by.

Mercury. Now is the time for Diogenes of Sinope to make his appearance. Do you speak, you Lady Bank †.

Diogenes. If she does not be quiet, and cease

* Instead of three.

† *Αεγυγαμοσιβιν.* A late translator seeing this word rendered *Mensaria* in the Latin, must have fancied there was some good eating in the case, as he constantly renders it gluttony. *Mensaria* might keep a very good table, but it was not a table to dine at. And here it may be observed, that the bankers of old, or money-changers, as their name denotes, were only expected to change one species of coin for another; not money for paper, nor paper for money.

plaguing

plaguing me, she shall no longer accuse me of running away ; for I will stand by her, and give her a good beating with this cudgel of mine.

Justice. What is the meaning of this ? she is flying, and he pursuing. Poor creature ! she will feel the weight of his staff, I am afraid. Where is Pyrrho ?

Mercury. Painting is here, but no Pyrrho : I thought from the first he would not come.

Justice. What made you think so ?

Mercury. Because he holds, that there is no criterion of truth.

Justice. Then let him be nonsuited, in default of appearance. Call the Syrian author *. He appears very indifferent about the allegations of Rhetorick against him, which have just been preferred. Bring on the cause immediately. What a crowd there is to see it !

Mercury. No wonder ; it is something new a complaint of but a day old, and they expect to hear Rhetorick and Dialogue accusing each other, with the Syrian against both : it is that which has brought so many people together.

* Lucian.

Come,

Come, Rhetorick, let us hear what you have to say.

Rhetorick *. First, O Athenians, I implore all the gods and goddesſes, that the ſame kindneſs which I have conſtantly ſhewn to this city, and all here preſent, may be experienced by me on this trying occaſion ; and, which is certainly no more than fair, that you may be inſpired with ſuch ſentiments as will induce you to enjoin my adverſary ſtrict ſilence till I have gone through the ſeveral particulars with which I come prepared to charge him. What I have ſuffered by him, and what I have heard him ſay, conſidered ſingly, excite in me very different emotions. As far as words go, you will find us very well agreed ; but ſuch is the tendency of his actions, that he will go on from bad to worſe, if not timely prevented. But the water is running to waſte ; I ſhall drop my exordium, and come to the point.

When firſt I met with this Syrian, O judges, he was a rude boy, a Barbarian in language, and

* See the oration of Demotheſenes de Corona. The Rhetoricians of Lucian's time were apt to make free with words not their own ; and Rhetorick herſelf here does the ſame.

hardly

hardly differing in his dress from that of an Assyrian slave, rambling up and down Ionia, without knowing what to do, or which way to turn himself. I took him, and educated him. He then looked on me with eyes of admiration, was so very attentive, and seemed so capable of improvement, that I listened not to the addresses of the rich and great, but forsook them all, and yielded to the embraces of the friendless adventurer; the poor plebeian youth, who has proved so ungrateful. With me he received a most ample dowry, the riches of eloquence. I introduced him an entire stranger to the tribes, had his name inrolled, and made him a citizen, to the great mortification of his neglected rivals. He wished every body to see how well he was married, and I failed not to gratify his vanity; but, setting him off to the greatest advantage, suffered myself to be taken about every where, for the purpose of making him known as a person of honour and distinction. What I did for him in Greece needs not so much to be insisted on; but when we crossed the Ionian gulph to Italy, and I accompanied him thence into Gaul, there I made him a rich man indeed. For a long time he continued altogether at my devotion,
being

being always with me, never absent so much as one night. But no sooner had he got his fill, as he thought, of fame and good cheer, than he grew proud and haughty, neglected, or rather quite deserted me, falling desperately in love with Dialogue, that old greybeard, begotten, as they say, by Philosophy *. This new amour now engages his whole attention instead of my easy flow and freedom in harangue, he is contented with mere scraps, questions and answers cut into fritters. Instead of declaiming at length, he puts together shreds of sentences, as if he were learning to spell; and all this without being made amends for it by any great share of approbation. Between whiles, perhaps a gentle smile is edged in, a slight motion of the hand †, or a nod of the head; and now and then a groan. For this I am despised, of this my

* The invention of Dialogue has been ascribed to Zeno Eleates, and other philosophers. Diogenes Laertius, p. 81.

† ΕΥΡΟΣ ΤΩΝ ὀρίων, within limits; meaning, I suppose, within the bounds of moderation, and not between the acts, as it has been translated; though the pauses in a dialogue may possibly be intended. The pressed and inverted thumb, the reader needs not to be told, were the tokens of favour and dislike.

good

good man is enamoured; and yet they say he is not on the best terms with his new favourite; but, I believe, quite the contrary, if one may judge by their not having a good word to spare for each other. Am not I then fairly entitled to a verdict, after such ill-treatment from this most ungrateful man? I, his lawful wife, who brought him so good a fortune, who have made him so great a man, forsooth, am to be left and abandoned for nobody knows what! and that at a time too, when I have all the world to admire and adore me! My doors are beset with innumerable suitors, all clamorous for admission; but they may knock as loud as they will, I am resolved to be deaf to those who bring nothing but empty noise; yet with all this I cannot reclaim him; he doats on another, and does not regard me: and what is it, O ye Gods, that he is to get with this new favourite? What other endowments, besides an old cloak? Judges, I have done. Only do not permit him, in his pleading, to turn my own arms against me. Let him do his best in defending Dialogue with Dialogue, and I am content.

Mercury.

Mercury. That cannot be, Rhetorick. Would you have a dialogue with only one speaker? He must make an oration.

Syrian. Since my adversary is so little desirous of hearing long speeches, which she herself taught me to make, I shall give you a short one. I can easily refute every article of her charge, as you shall hear presently: not that I deny her having told you the truth about me in every particular; for she educated me, travelled with me, and made me a Greek; circumstances so pleasing, that I rejoiced in our union. And now, O ye judges, you shall hear my inducements for leaving her, and making my court to Dialogue: I shall not tell you a word of a lie, my cause wants no such support.

After I had observed her no longer to continue in that sober and temperate course of life, nor to persist in the same decent dress, which she so becomingly wore, when wedded to the Pœanian * orator; when I found her become

* Demosthenes, who called himself Demosthenes Pœanieus, was the son of Demosthenes, a blacksmith, according to Juvenal, though raised by others to the dignity of a sword-cutler.

intent on finery, tricking out her head like a harlot, adjusting her love-locks, and painting her cheeks, I began to grow suspicious, and watched her motions. But I am not going to tell all. It will be sufficient to say, that our alley was crowded every night with drunken gallants, who came to revel with her, continually knocking at the door; some of them being so audacious as even to break it open, without the least regard to decency or good manners; while she, all the while, would stand giggling, as being highly diverted. When they hiccupped their amorous strains from below, she looked down from her chamber above; or, if she thought me out of the way, would walk down, and let them in: this was nothing uncommon with her: but though it was more than I knew how to bear, I forbore to accuse her in publick of playing the wanton; and I contented myself with resolving, if Dialogue would give me leave, to go and pay her a nightly visit. And this is all the great injury that I have done to Rhetorick! I really cannot but think, that a man of my age, verging upon forty, might be very excusable in withdrawing himself from the bustle
of

of the world, giving law and lawyers no more trouble. Let me but escape the malice of tyrants, and the praise of the great, that I may walk, undisturbed, in the Academy, or Lyceum, in easy converse with good-natured Dialogue. I forbear saying more. You are all upon oath, and I wait your decision.

Justice. How is it determined?

Mercury. The Syrian has all the votes, except one.

Justice. That one, no doubt, is a rhetorician. It is your turn now, Dialogue, to address the same judges: they are to hear the whole, and have double pay, as they are to take double pains.

Dialogue. I shall not trouble the judges with a tedious harangue, but dispatch what I have to offer with my usual brevity. I am an entire stranger to legal proceedings; but ignorance is no excuse: I must open my cause with observing the rules of the court, though I do not know what they are: this is my exordium. Now to business. This man, O judges, has most grievously offended and injured me. I had long been grave and solemn, inured to sublime speculations concerning the Gods, Nature,
I. and

and the Universe; my flight was over the clouds,

Where mighty Jove his winged chariot drives *;

and I was towering above the celestial sphere; when this man broke my pinions, dragged me down to earth, and put me on a level with the multitude. He stripped me of the tragick mask, which so well became me, and disguised me with the censorious face of comedy. Not contented with this, which was already too much for my gravity, he had secured a number of biting jests, keen lambicks, and Cynical sneers, and shut up all together. Eupolis and Aristophanes were of the party, men who turn the most serious things to farce; so severe, that nothing escapes them. To give the finishing stroke, he dug up Menippus from his grave, that cur of antient days, so famous for snapping and snarling. He is indeed a terrible cur; for he fawns while he bites. Him he introduced to my acquaintance; and is not such treatment past bearing? Not to be suffered to wear my own clothes; but obliged, whether I will or

* Ο μὲν δὲ μέγας ἡγούμενος ἐν ἔργῳ Ζεὺς, αὐτὸν ἄρμα ἔλαυνεν.

PLATO.

no, to act the parts of a comedian, a buffoon, and I know not what ! To crown this absurdity, he has made such a strange jumble of me, that I am neither verse nor prose, neither one thing nor another, a composition as unaccountable as the Centaur, neither man nor horse, a sight never seen before, which nobody knows what to make of.

Mercury. What do you say to all this, you Syrian ?

Syrian. This is an unexpected attack upon me. Little did I think, O judges, that Dialogue would thus have reviled his friend. I found him with a very forbidding countenance, pale and shrivelled, dry as his own interrogatories. Respectable, indeed, he might be, but far from agreeable or fashionable. I was the first who taught him the proper use of his legs, and made him walk on the ground, like a human being. I cleaned him from his filth ; and, much against his will, insisted on his smiling, that his face might be received into favour. By introducing him to Comedy, I gained him the good will of his auditors, who till then were afraid to come near him, calling him a bristly hedgehog. I know very well what has made him so
angry

angry with me; it is my refusing to sit down and dispute with him on endless elusive questions; as, whether the soul be immortal? how many pints of incommunicable essence were poured into the composition, when the world was made? whether rhetorick be a mixture of flattery and politicks, containing three-fourths of the latter, seasoned with one-fourth of the former? In such frivolous disputes he has the same delight as in scratching where it itches; and nothing can make him more vain than to be thought able to see farther than any body else into ideas. I have told you what it is that he wants me to do. Without regarding what lies at his feet, he looks about for the wings that are to waft him on high. As to his charge of my changing his dress, he can have no grounds for that. Barbarian as I am, I had too much respect for the laws of his country, to make him one: Dialogue still appears in his native garb, and has been no loser by me. I have defended myself, O judges, as well as I could; and you are now to decide, I hope, in my favour, as before.

Mercury. All the ten are for you; and yet he, who was against you in the other cause, still

continues in the same mind. It is no matter, such is his way; he envies merit, and is its constant opponent. The remaining causes are for to-morrow; till then, judges, farewell.

ON MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

IT is worth while to observe the general conduct of mourners and condolers, what they say and do, how they mingle their tears for themselves and their friends departed: their lamentations have no bounds: the loss is irretrievable. And yet one might venture to swear by both Pluto and Proserpine, that not a man of them can tell whether the event, which he so much deplores, is for the better or the worse. They mourn by rule; and have no other reason, but because it is the fashion; which, whenever an occasion offers, is not to be dispensed with. Let us begin with enquiring what opinions they entertain of death; which
may

may help to explain these supernumerary sorrows.

The great multitude, by wise men called the Vulgar, on the bare word of Homer, Hesiod, and other fabulists, take their fictions for realities, and believe Hades to be a deep place under the earth, large and roomy, but so dark, as not to be cheered by a single ray of the Sun; and yet, at the same time, it is so well lighted up, nobody knows how *, that every thing may be plainly seen. In this chasm, as I was informed by one of the wisest of these wise authors, reigns Pluto, Jupiter's brother, so named from his riches †, for he is rich in dead men. Here this Pluto lives and governs, having obtained, by lot, the empire of the dead; whom he no sooner receives in charge, than he keeps them in close confinement, suffering none to escape; nor ever, from the remotest period of time to this day, giving any one soul leave to go back to earth, unless on some very particular occasion, which seldom happens. The whole region is encompassed by

* Darknes visible. MILTON.

† Πλωτος, riches.

large rivers with frightful names, such as Cocytus *, Pyriphlegethon †, &c. But first and foremost the Acherusian ‡ lake receives the travellers, over which there is no passing but in a boat; for it is too deep to wade, and too broad to swim; so broad, that even the ghost of a dead bird could not fly from one side to the other. As you go down, at the adamantine gate, you find Æacus, the king's nephew, who is on guard there; and, near him, a fierce three-headed dog, who receives all comers with a friendly aspect; but, if any one attempts an escape, he opens a very wide mouth, and barks most terribly. Adjoining the opposite bank of the lake is a large meadow, planted with daffodil, where you drink a full draught of water, called, from its quality, the water of Lethe §. Such is the account given by Protefilaus and Alceſtis of Theſſaly, by Theſeus, the son of Ægeus, and Homer's Ulyſſes, all grave and creditable persons, who were eye-witnesses

* Κῶκυτος, lamentation.

† Πυριφλεγέθων, burning with fire.

‡ The Acheron, the joyless river, fed by the lake Achereusia.

§ Oblivion.

of all they attest; but who, I presume, had never tasted the water, or they could not so well have remembered it. According to them, Pluto and Proserpine rule there with absolute sway, and have ministers of state in abundance. Mercury is one, though he cannot often give his attendance*; but Furies, Pains, Penalties, and Fears, are always in waiting. There are two Cretans, Minos and Rhadamanthus, sons of Jupiter, who sit as magistrates, satraps, and judges; by these, whenever honest men can be got together in any considerable number, they are sent to plant a colony in the Elysian fields, where they live very happily, because they had behaved well on earth. Bad men are otherwise disposed of. When they fall into the hands of justice, they are delivered to the Furies, that they may be punished as they deserve, in the district assigned to the impious. Alas! what is it they do not there undergo! Tortures, fire, devouring vultures, tied fast to a whirling wheel, rolling a great stone up hill! Tantalus, in particular, stands by a lake, dying with

* It would be wonderful if he could, considering the many errands he is sent on, as king's messenger.

thirst, his tongue being never cooled with one drop of water. There are several persons, who lead a kind of middle life, neither good nor bad : those unsubstantial beings wander in the meadow ; mere shadows, that cannot bear to be handled, but fly from the touch, like smoke. They feed on libations and funeral-offerings ; and, whenever it happens, as it frequently may, that they have left no friends or relations above, they must be in danger of starving below. When any one in a family dies, the survivors have not the least doubt of the necessity of losing no time in putting an obolus into the mouth of the corpse, to pay Charon his fare ; though it is never considered before hand what coin is current below, whether that of Attica, Macedonia, or Ægina. It never comes into their heads, that the dead man's inability to pay for his passage over the river might be so much the better for him ; as, on being refused a place in the ferry, he might come back again. After this donation of the obolus, the next thing is to wash him well ; as if the infernal lake had no water in it ; and then to anoint him, holding their noses all the while, with the most precious unguents,

unguents, to prepare for him a garland of all the fine flowers of the season, to dress him in a good suit of clothes, that he may not catch cold in his journey, nor make Cerberus have a mean opinion of him. Now for the weeping and wailing. The tears of the women flow first, and then those of the whole family. They beat their breasts, tear their hair, and scratch their cheeks till the blood comes. There are not wanting instances of garments rent in pieces, and heads sprinkled with dust; on which occasions the deceased seems to have the advantage; for, while the survivors are rolling themselves on the ground, and beating their heads against the floor, he is set up with his garland of flowers, as fine as fine can be, as if going to make a figure in a public procession; anon, from the middle of the crowd, comes the mother, if not the father too, for I would not answer for him, and, embracing the lovely young man (for such we will suppose him to be, the better to carry on the farce), makes some foolish speech or other; to which, no doubt, the son would make a dutiful reply, if he could but recover the use of his tongue. - Calling the dear boy by his name, whining and drawling
out

out his words, he asks him, "Why he would die before him, before his time was come, leaving his poor father forlorn: how he could think of dying without being married, without having children, without having served in the wars, without having ploughed or reaped, without arriving at old age *!" "Alas! my son," adds he, "never more shalt thou mix with thy rakish companions, never more be drunk, never more be in love!" In this silly manner will the old man talk, as if his son could want any thing after his death, which he should not be able to get. But this is nothing. How many horses, and harlots, and cup-bearers, are frequently sacrificed at a funeral! What suits of clothes, how much rich furniture, is consumed on the pile, or buried in the earth, for the use and comfort of the owner in the other world! But this old man, notwithstanding his tragical notes, could not be so taken up with acting his part, as not to be sensible of the

* The mourners of a neighbouring kingdom are said to expostulate with the dead in much the same manner; nor do they leave their customs with their country, for their howls on the loss of a lusty young chairman have been heard breaking out from a cellar in Westminster.

impossibility

impossibility of making his son hear him, even with the voice of a Stentor ; and as little could he do it for his own sake ; for his feelings were just the same, whether he spoke or not : he had no occasion to bawl in his own ears, to understand his own meaning. This raving must therefore be placed to the account of the company present, that he might not be out of the fashion ; for he was ignorant of the state of his son, did not know what was become of him, and not sufficiently acquainted with his life and manners, to be able to judge of the propriety of lamenting him. If his son had suffered by the change, it was more than he could tell. If the young man could but get leave of Æacus and Pluto, to take a peep from the door of his prison, would he not reprove his father, and desire him to have done with his senseless complaints ? “ Wretched old man,” he would say, “ why all this uproar ? you give me a great deal of trouble ; why cannot you be easy ? Leave off tearing your hair, and scratching your face. Your language is scandalous. Why call me wretched, who am much the happier man of the two ? What misfortune, do you think, has befallen me, unless you suppose

pose it a misfortune to be so little like you? And so, truly, I am to be miserable, because I am not old, wrinkled, bent double, with my hams tottering under me, and my whole body in decay! After so many months, so many Olympiads gone over your head, to witness your folly, will you still play the fool? Vain man! let me ask you what I have lost by dying? Eating and drinking, you will say, fine clothes, and fair ladies; and you are afraid of my being unhappy without them! Do not you know, then, that never to be hungry, thirsty, nor cold, is to be in a better condition than to eat, and drink, and be swaddled? But, as you have gone so far wrong, I will try to set you right. Begin your lamentations anew, and cry out thus: "Alas! my unfortunate son! thou shalt never more be hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold! thou art gone, and sickness is left behind thee! Of fevers, enemies, or tyrants, thou hast no dread! Love shall no more be thy bane, nor indulgence impair thy faculties for enjoyment; thou art freed from the two or three daily returns of pampering thy body, safe from old age and contempt, in no danger of being seen with disgust by the young and the gay." Would
not

not such a speech as this, my good father, place the ridiculous business of mourning in a truer light? But you cannot bear, it seems, to think of my gloomy abode, that I am enveloped with thick darkness, and shut up in my grave, without room to breathe. I wish you would be pleased to consider, that, when my eyes become putrified, or are burnt out of my head, if burning be your intention, light and darkness can make no difference with me: but, if it were otherwise, what good would your weeping do me? You may beat your breast to the notes of the pipe, and the women may scream; my tomb may be crowned with flowers, or wine may be poured upon it; but to what purpose? Not a drop of the wine will come down to me, where I am. And with regard to funeral-offerings, you must be satisfied, I think, that all that is volatile ascends in smoke, and is of no advantage to us. Nothing better than dust and ashes is left for the dead; and you can hardly suppose, that we are to be fed on cinders: we want no such diet; Pluto's dominions are not barren land, but yield good crops of daffodil, and we will not be beholden to you for subsistence. So very absurd

is every thing you say and do, that, I swear by Tisiphone, if you had not tied up my jaws with so much linen and woollen, I should have laughed at you most heartily."

He spoke, and ceased; the Fates prevented more*.

Now, let me ask you, if a dead man should turn himself round on his elbow, and thus address us, must we not allow him to talk very rationally? And yet men are such fools as to make this vain bawling; and not only that, but they send for a weeper by trade, who has laid in beforehand a good stock of calamity, and lives by it. This man leads the band of mourners; and, when he begins the dismal ditty, the rest join in concert.

With regard to mourning, all nations are possessed with the same insanity; but in the matter of funerals, the world is divided, almost every country having a custom peculiar to itself. The Grecian burns his dead, the Persian inters, the Indian incrusts them with glass†, the

* Hom. Il. XVI. 502.

† Γαλω. This rough-casting with glass has puzzled the commentators, some of whom prefer amber, others hogs-lard.

Scythian

Scythian eats, and the Egyptian preserves them in pickle; him I have seen at supper, and over his cups, when a well dried carcase made one of the company. It is a common thing in Egypt for a poor man, who finds his wants pressing, to raise a little money, by pawning his brother or father decased. What childish work are tombs, pyramids, pillars, and epitaphs! frail memorials in good truth! Some there are, who have instituted games and funeral orations at the sepulchres of their relations, as if they intended to plead their cause, and give the judges below a good character of them. Last of all, to drive away care, comes the funeral-banquet, at which the kindred assemble to comfort the afflicted parents, and force them to take some nourishment; though there is no great need of force, after three days fasting. "How long," they cry out, "are we to have this weeping and wailing? Why will you not suffer the manes of the happy child to rest in peace? If you are still resolved to indulge your grief, you should eat for that very reason, that you may have strength to hold

hold out." Homer comes then from every mouth :

* Not fair-hair'd Niobe forgot her food ;
and

† With empty stomach why should Greece bewail ?

After this encouragement, they fall-to by degrees, though half ashamed of what they are doing ; as if the loss of a near relation were expected to take away a man's appetite. Such are a few of the many ridiculous customs of mourners ; and many others, still more absurd, cannot escape the reader's observation. The origin of all is the same, the vulgar opinion, that death is the greatest of evils.

* Hom. Il. Ω . 602.

† Hom. Il. T. 225.

THE MASTER OF
RHETORICIANS.

YOU ask me, young man, how you may become a Rhetorician, and acquire the celebrated name of Sophist, with all the respect attached to it; declaring, that life is insipid, and cannot be enjoyed, without such a flow of diction as to bear down all before it. You want to be that distinguished speaker, whom no other should dare to oppose, the wonder and delight of all Greece. And you are determined, you say, to study the means of becoming such, whatever they may be. Far be it from me to throw any impediments in the way of a youth laudably bent on excelling in the noblest accomplishments; and who, not knowing how to attain them, comes to me for instructions. Listen, then; and trust me, you cannot fail very speedily to shine, both in theory and practice, provided you steadily persevere in being

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guided

guided by my directions : be careful to follow them, and you will reach the goal. That which you are in pursuit of, you are to consider, is no small object, no mean concern ; but will amply repay your vigilance all the labour and pains bestowed upon it. Only look round you, how many you may see, who, from nothing, have become, by means of a voluble tongue, not only rich and great, but, by Jupiter ! gentlemen into the bargain ! Do not be disheartened, nor out of humour, at the prospect before you, as if the difficulties of this hopeful undertaking were never to have an end. I shall not take you a rough and tiresome road, to make you think of turning back before you have got half way on your journey. I am not one of the common guides, who mislead the traveller in circuitous paths, where his steps are impeded with precipices and obstacles of every kind, of which he sees no end. I know the nearest way, and you shall find it easy and pleasant, amidst flowery meadows and refreshing shades. Nothing shall molest you ; you will finish your journey without sweating or toiling, and may then rest and regale yourself ; while those, who went the other way, will

will have got no farther than the bottom of the hill. There you will see them below you, scarcely keeping their feet over rugged crags and slippery precipices, tumbling perhaps on their heads, and wounded by the rocks; whilst you sit on high, wearing the crown, perfectly happy in the full attainment of your object so very soon, and with so little trouble, that you might almost have slept the whole time. This is promising a great deal; but, I swear by Jupiter the Friendly, you may depend on the performance. You shall be conducted with the utmost ease, and be filled with delight. If Hesiod*, merely by picking a few leaves on Helicon, from a shepherd, found himself in an instant a poet inspired by the Muses, to sing the generation of Gods and Heroes, why should it be thought impossible, in a very short time, to make a man a rhetorician, by putting him into the right way? The right way is the shortest, and Rhetorick emulates not the poet's lofty strains.

A Sidonian merchant had once conceived a project, which would have been of the greatest

* Theogonia, v. 30.

utility, but failed of success, from his not being believed. Alexander, having conquered Darius at Arbela, became master of the Persian empire, and had frequent occasion to send dispatches into every part of it. From Persia to Egypt was a very long journey; for you had to go all round the mountains, and then proceed by Babylonia into Arabia, till at last, after traversing a vast desert, you got to Egypt. It was twenty long stages for the most expeditious messenger. Alexander was disconcerted at this, as he had heard of some hostile design, which could not be too soon suppressed, and wanted to send the necessary orders to his satraps. While he was in this difficulty, the Sidonian pointed out a much more compendious way: "Instead of going round about," said he, "it is but crossing the mountains, which may be done in three days; and I can promise the king, that his messenger will soon be in Egypt." The Merchant was in the right; but Alexander thought him an impostor, and would not believe him: thus it commonly happens; to be improbable is to be incredible. But do not you fall into such an error. You have nothing to do but to fly over the mountain; and in less

less than one day experience will convince you, that nothing can hinder you from being a Rhetorician; only, as there are two roads, both leading to the object of your desire, first let me mark them out, as Cebes* did his. Form, then, in your imagination, a most beautiful female figure, standing on an eminence, bearing in the right hand a cornucopia, filled with fruit of every kind; and on the left hand the lovely Plutus standing by, all over gold. Let their attendants be Glory and Power, with praises, like so many Cupids, fluttering about, and embracing each other; just as the Nile is commonly painted, reclining on a crocodile, or hippotamus, with little boys at play about him, called cubits † by the Egyptians; such are the praises, that cheer the Rhetorician. Lose, then, no time, fond lover, in rising to eminence; take Rhetorick for thy wedded wife,

* A philosopher of Thebes, author of the fable called by his name.

† In the late Royal Musæum, at Paris, there was to be seen a coin of the emperor Adrian, representing the Nile in a recumbent posture, leaning on a Sphynx, with a number of boys at play, and one of them riding on an Hippotamus, or horse of the water.

and with her her dowry, thy lawful claim of riches, honour, and applause. On approaching the mountain, you will perhaps at first be disheartened, and fancy the summit inaccessible; just as the Macedonians thought of the weather-beaten Aornus, which seemed to them not easy, even for a bird to fly over, and hardly to be surmounted by a Bacchus, or Hercules. You will soon perceive, that there are two ways to go up, one by a narrow, rugged, and thorny path, foreboding sweat and thirst, such as Hesiod has described it, to save me the trouble; and, not to detain you with a repetition of what I have already said of the other, I only remind you, that it is broad, flowery, and well-watered. Remember, at the same time, that the rough and difficult path shews very few traces of feet, and those few of very long standing. I was one of the fools, who took so much needless pains in that unbeaten track. The direct road appeared at a distance, smooth and pleasant, as it really is; but I neglected it, not knowing, young as I then was, what was best for me. I took the poet's word, who says, that nothing good can be got without labour; but it is not true; for I see abundant examples of men highly
advanced

advanced without any trouble at all, only by taking the right way.

At first, I am very sensible, you will be at a loss, as you are considering this moment on which side to turn; but I will inform you. By my instructions you will arrive at the summit with ease, get possession of your mistress, and be universally admired. It is enough, that I unwittingly submitted to hard labour: for you it is reserved to gather in your harvest without plowing or sowing, as in the reign of Saturn. But you must expect to be accosted by a stout, hardy, masculine, sun-burnt figure, with manly eye ever on the watch, who will undertake to be your guide in the rugged path. He will run over a number of idle tales, to induce you to follow him, telling you where Demosthenes and Plato trod, whose footsteps are effaced by time, and who took such strides as have never been taken since. He will promise you to be lawfully married, and made a happy man, if you will but be ruled by him; but his advice is like bidding you walk on a rope, from which the slightest deviation to one side or other must infallibly bring you down. You will be referred to the antients for patterns of imitation, though

the patterns from the old shop are not easily copied. Such are those of Hegesias *, Crates *, and the Islander *, concise, nervous, rigid, and accurate; requiring much industry, much watching, assiduity, and water-drinking; all which he will pronounce indisputably necessary for you in your journey. What is much more grievous, is the time that it will require: not days, or months, or years, Olympiads will be the word, enough in all conscience to sink your spirits, and make you abandon your enterprize. Besides, he will want to be paid, and very handsomely too, for bringing all these evils upon you; not a step can you take without a retaining fee to your guide. This saucy Saturnian, who proposes his antient models, and wants you to dig up old saws from their graves, will perhaps advise you, and think he does a great thing, to contest the prize with the son of a pedant †, or Sword cutler ‡; and that in time of peace too, when there is no Philip to invade, no Alexander to

* Celebrated orators. The islander means Gorgias Leontinus, called the Islander from his being a native of Sicily.

† Æschines.

‡ Demosthenes.

take the field. If there were, he might have some pretence for it. But this is owing to his ignorance; he knows nothing of the new, short, easy, direct road to Rhetorick. Do you be sure not to mind him; to believe nothing he says, unless you want to endanger your neck, or wear yourself out with hard labour before your time. If you are really in earnest, and desire as soon as possible to obtain your charmer, while in the vigour of life, and able to insure her regard, your business is to bid an eternal farewell to your rough-spun counsellor, and let him neither meddle nor make with you. Let him go up the hill by himself, or take with him such as he can impose upon; while you leave him and them behind you, to sweat and pant, and keep their distance. No sooner shall you have got into the right road, than you will find a number of persons, and, amongst them, one who is all over beauty and wisdom, one who knows every thing *. He has an undulating gate, bends his neck on one side, has a soft look, and a sweet voice. He gently touches his head with the tip

* Supposed to mean Julius Pollux, one of those learned triflers, to whom wit shews no mercy.

of his finger, adjusting two or three hyacinthine locks, and is so delicately nice, that you might take him for Sardanapalus, or Cyniras, or even that tragical poet, the pretty Agatho * himself. I am thus particular, that you may be sure to know him, and not suffer something so divine, so dear to Venus and the Graces to escape your notice. But what am I doing? Let him but once approach you, and open his Hymettian mouth, even without your seeing him, by one of his honeyed words, you must be immediately convinced, that he is not one of us, not one of the people who live on the fruits of the earth; but a prodigy of foreign breed, a phœnomenon nourished with dew and ambrosia. Only give yourself up to him, and you will at once become a Rhetorician for all eyes to gaze at; or, as he himself expresses it, a king of words, riding at your ease in the chariot of elquence. He will begin with teaching you—but let him speak for himself: it would be undoing the hero, were such a poor actor as I am to play his

* Agatho is mentioned by Aristotle, who does not seem to have been enamoured of his compositions. Other criticks have been equally fastidious. See Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, p. 415, Edition of Bowyer and Nichols.

part. He shall stroke down that little lock of hair, and, after one of his sweetest smiles, you shall hear a voice so gentle, so engaging, that Malthace *, Glycera *, or even Thais * herself, could not surpass it. He knows full well how unbecoming the lovely Rhetorician is the rude and rustick mien, and thus will he modestly speak of himself :

“ When Chærephon was in doubt who was the wisest of men, the oracle answered Socrates. Were you sent hither, good Sir, by the Pythian pronouncing me the greatest of Rhetoricians ? or is it, that, impelled by the love of glory, you have listened to the publick voice every where sounding my praise ? You cannot then but know how the whole world is astonished and confounded with awe and admiration of me something more than man. You must not expect to find any thing in me, that will admit of comparison with others : I look down upon Tityus †, Otus †, and Ephialtes †. Every voice

* Market-folks.

† And yet they carried their heads pretty high. The two last, till they arrived at manhood, grew every month nine inches ; and the full-grown body of Tityus, when stretched on the ground, covered nine acres.

See Hom. Od. A. 307.

is exceeded by mine, as much as the pipe by the trumpet, the bee by the grasshopper *, or the humming of a tune by the full chorus. As you wish to learn rhetorick, you could not have chosen so good, nor so expeditious a master. Follow me, my dear boy †, mind what I say, and always make me your model. I shall lay down the law, and you are not to transgress it, but go forward undaunted. You have not, it is true, been previously initiated in that tedious discipline, which many are fools enough to think necessary; but what is that to you? you want no instructions of theirs; you need not so much as stop to wash your feet, far less learn to write your name: the rhetorician is above these idle ceremonies. But, to prevent all possible delay, I must tell you, before you set out, what pro-

* The *τετλιξ* of the Greeks, the cicada of the Latins, described by their poets as singing on trees, must have been a different insect from our grasshopper, though I know not how otherwise to translate it, having forgotten the name given it by Lord Monboddo, so indefatigable in tracing the anomalies of another less orderly animal. See Aristotle, and my late friend Fawkes's incomparable version of Theocritus, page 77.

† *Κληῖς μελημα*, care of Cletius, an expression of endearment.

vision

vision to make for your journey. You shall not be left to yourself; I will direct your steps, and make you before sunset the pride of Rhetorick, as much as I am myself; who am unquestionably master of the beginning, the middle, and the end of it. Do you lay in, I advise you, a good stock of ignorance, presumption, audacity, and impudence. As to modesty, and equity, and moderation, and the blushes of shame, you may leave them at home, that they be no hindrance to you; for they can do you no good. Bawl as loudly as possible, speak always in the most domineering manner, and strut in your gait just as I do. These necessary qualifications will answer your purpose. Let your dress be white, embroidered with flowers, and transparent, such as they manufacture at Tarentum. You must have the fine-wrought attick slipper, such as the women wear; or the Sicyonian shoe*, so well

* Which the wise Socrates would not have recommended. He declared, he would not put on a pair of Sicyonian shoes, if he might have them for nothing, however well they might fit him, because they were too fine for a man. He paid the same kind of compliment to an oration of Lyfias, of which he was desired to give his opinion.

CICERO de Oratore.

adapted

adapted to the white sock. Never appear without a numerous train of servants, and never be without a book in your hand. Thus furnished, you may set out; what remains may be learnt as you proceed. If you carefully attend to my rules, you shall not meet with a cold reception; Rhetorick will not turn her back on you *, as on a stranger to her mysteries, but will acknowledge and embrace you. Your first care is your appearance in a proper dress †. Then provide yourself with about fifteen or twenty choice attick words, no matter where you get them, only be sure to study them well, and have them always ready at your tongue's end; I mean such as *αἴα*, and *κατα*, and *μᾶν*, and *αμνησεν*, and *λωσε* ‡. With these you are to sprinkle and sweeten every dish of discourse; throw them in on every occasion, and you need not trouble your head about the rest, nor care what company they keep, whether of their own, or a different family. A coarse garment will be shewy

* *Σχορακίῃ*, bid the crows take you.

† Keep up appearances, there stands the test;
The world will give you credit for the rest.

C. CHURCHILL.

‡ Words perpetually occurring in Greek orations, oftener, in Lucian's opinion, than they were wanted.

with

with a purple border*. Out-of-the-way expressions, terms seldom used by the antients, and never by any body else, will be of special service, and must always be in readiness to knock down an opponent. For this you will be admired, because not understood. If a solecism, or barbarism, should escape you, the only remedy is impudence: produce immediately some poet, or prose-write, no matter whether he ever had any existence or not, and appeal to him as a precedent. His judgment is not to be disputed, who was so learned a man, and so excellent a critick. Never pore on musty books, to learn how Isocrates could trifle, to study Demosthenes void of grace, or Plato cold as ice. Not old, but modern works, our famous declamations, are for your reading; out of which, as from a store-house, you may be provided for every occasion, and be as lavish as you please. It may happen, that when you are going to speak, those who are present may think you would do better to let it alone, may start difficulties, or suggest arguments; if they do, despise them: it is for them

* Purpureus pannus.

to be startled, not you, to whom nothing is difficult. Without the least hesitation, go manfully to work, and say whatever comes uppermost. As to order, what are first, second, and third, to you? that, which comes first into your head, is the first in order; you may wear a boot on your head, and a helmet on your foot; so that you do but talk, you are still in order. Only be sure to run on, and never be silent a moment. The subject of your declamation may be adultery, or violence, at Athens; but that is no reason for your not lugging in Persia, and the Indies; and you will do well not to forget Marathon and Cynægirus: without them there is nothing to be done. Mount Athos must be always at hand to be sailed over, and the Hellespont to be passed on foot; the Sun must be eclipsed by Persian arrows, Xerxes must take to his heels, and Leonidas be admired; the letters of Othryades* are to be read, and the ears of your audience continually dinned with Salamis, and Artemesium, and Plateæ. Sprinkle these flowers all over your

* Who inscribed a trophy with bloody fingers. See the note on Charon, vol. I. near to the end.

speech,

speech, that it may be always in bloom ; without forgetting your *αλτα* and *δηπρεθεν*, whether you want them or not ; they are such fine things, they can never be out of season.

“ If a little singing should happen to be expedient, sing every word you can think of, and you need not be at a loss for a song, though you had none before. Never mind that ; tune your voice, address the judges in recitative, and make yourself easy as to the fulness of the harmony. Every now and then you may cry out alas ! alas ! beat your thigh, stretch your throat, scream, strut about, and shake your posteriors. With all this, if they do not praise you, put yourself into a passion, and abuse them for it ; if they seem ashamed of themselves for staying to hear you, do not let them give you the slip, but assume royal authority*, and command them, on their allegiance, to keep their seats.

“ That

* The subjects of Nero, the Imperial fiddler, appear to have had very little taste for their master's music ; to which Lucian may possibly here allude. We are told by Suetonius, that they would frequently feign themselves dead, as the only chance for getting out of the hearing of it. On no other pretence, not on the most pressing oc-

“ That the vulgar may have something to wonder at, your oration may carry them to the siege of Troy, or the wedding of Deucalion and Pyrrha, and then bring them safe home again to the present times. The intelligent are few in number, and will be good-natured enough to keep their opinion of you to themselves; but, if not, their censures will only pass for envy of your superior merit; while the multitude will gaze, and be lost in astonishment at your dress, your voice, your step, your walk, your singing, your shoes, and your *atta*. When they see you so labouring, sweating, puffing, and blowing, it will be a thing impossible not to believe, that you are a most terrible man to contend with. The very rapidity with which you pour forth your extempore eloquence is its own apology, and cannot but make you popular. Take good care, then, never to write down any thing, never to think before you speak, as you value your reputation: thinking, beforehand, would be the ruin of

casion, their leaving the theatre could be dispensed with; nor was it enough to be present; incessant applause was equally necessary, soldiers being always ready, when they did not like a man's looks, to chastise the offender.

you.

you. Do not let the feet * of your friends be idle : it is the least they can do in return for many a good supper ; and, if they should perceive you faltering for want of encouragement, they may take you by the hand, till something comes into your head to go on with. Have a family-chorus provided : do not forget that.

“ Such are your rules to be observed in speaking. When you have done, go off in a circle of your friends, who will guard you from interruption, and hear you talk the matter over again. If you happen to meet any body, do not be sparing of your own praises, but let him feel your consequence. Ask him, what is the Pœanian to you ? Which is the man of the antients to vie with you ? I had like to have forgot one thing ; the principal thing to raise your reputation ; which is this : always make a joke of every other speaker but yourself. If they acquit themselves well, say, the speech was stolen ; if pretty well, pronounce it good for nothing. On publick occasions be always

* Stamping with the feet was a mode of expressing approbation.

the last to make your appearance, as that is the way to be more taken notice of. When the company are listening in silence, take care to break in upon their attention with some far-fetched compliment, that shall put them out of conceit with what they have heard, and make them resolve to hear no more of it. Do not move your hand too often, for that is vulgar; and do not stand up from your seat above once or twice at most; but never repress your smiles of contempt, for you are never to be pleased. To those resolved to find fault, a handle can never be wanting. Above all, be confident, be daring, and impudent; have a lie always ready, with an oath on the tip of your tongue. Envy every body, hate every body, abuse every body; but do not let your scandal appear too improbable, and you will soon arrive at distinction. So much for your outside shew. In private, you may lay aside all reserve; may game, get drunk, be a fornicator, an adulterer, glory in all manner of wickedness, and make yourself even worse than you are, constantly shewing and boasting of letters from ladies, without having received any; indeed, to be well with them, as you wish, no doubt, to be thought a handsome fellow,

fellow, it is proper to set off your person to the best advantage. Thus you will become a favourite, while the publick will attribute your success to the charms of your eloquence. Female acquaintance cannot fail to improve you by increasing your stock of assurance: a woman's tongue runs more glibly than a man's, and deals out invective much more ably. The more you can catch of her manner, so much the better for you. And now, young man, I may venture to assure you, that a careful observance of these my precepts, which have nothing of difficulty in them, will infallibly, in a very short time, make you a prime Rhetorician, I mean, a Rhetorician like me; the many advantages to be thence derived, it is needless to mention. Only consider what I am; the son of a man no otherwise distinguished than by having been a slave on the other side of Xoïs and Thumis; and of my mother, I know no more than that she professed the healing art, and practised on old clothes in a narrow lane *. But, as to myself, my personal endowments,

* This account of the mother is no affectation of wit, as might be suspected, but fairly implied in the original *αἰσχρολογία*.

you see, were not to be despised; and accordingly, an old miser took a fancy to me, whom I served for my daily bread, that being all I could get; being well accomplished, as I told you before, I left him, and entered into the service of an old woman of seventy, with whom, for some time, I fared well; for I pretended to be deeply in love with her, though she had but four teeth left in her head, and those four fastened with gold *. Poverty reconciled me to my task; I was hungry enough to enjoy her embraces, though cold as a coffin; and I should certainly have been left heir to all her estates, had not a rascally slave informed her of my intention to poison her; on which I was kicked out of doors: but I was not without resources; I turned orator, and soon made a figure at the bar. I quibble, I prevaricate; and make my simple clients believe, that I can secure the judges in their interest. Let the cause go how it will, and it commonly goes against me, that does not pre-

* Hence it appears, that the virtue of gold, in fixing in teeth, is no modern discovery.

vent my hanging up garlands at my door*. This is the bait to catch the unfortunate. Detested as I am, ever prone to mischief, I derive no small advantage from that very circumstance: be the cause ever so bad, I am pointed out as the advocate. I add nothing more. The precepts, which proved so advantageous to me, are now recommended to you."

With these words, your generous instructor will conclude. If his arguments have their proper weight, you may fancy yourself already at the end of your journey; for nothing can hinder your success at the bar, nothing prevent your being a favourite with the publick, while you do but observe his directions. You will be the prime paramour, not of an old woman, like him, but of eloquence; and say of yourself, as Plato did of Jove, without telling a word of a lie, that you ride in a flying chariot. As for myself, I have only to get out of your way; Rhetorick is not to be won by a lover so bashful† and idle as I am, and my courtship

* The usual practice of advocates, after gaining a cause.

† "Like a widow won." For farther particulars, the reader is referred to Hudibras.

has been long at an end. Go on, then, there is no dust on the road; be known, and be admired. But remember this, that I am not left behind from being slower of foot, for nobody thinks that; but because you have the choice of the ways, the shortest and easiest.

THAT

CALUMNY

IS NOT LIGHTLY TO BE CREDITED*.

WHAT a grievous thing is Ignorance! It casts a shade over the affairs of human life, and is the plentiful source of calamity, by concealing from us our real situation. Like so many blind men wandering in darkness, we continually stumble for want of seeing what stands in our way, or push forward without

* A sermon, which would not disgrace a graver preacher.

knowing

knowing why or wherefore, though, at the same time, in the utmost dread of something far distant. In no one transaction of our lives our steps are secure, as the writers of tragedy abundantly prove, for whom the houses of Labdacus *, Pelops †, and others, have so well provided with scenes of distress. There is hardly one tragedy, of which the catastrophe may not be traced to ignorance; ignorance, the evil genius of the drama. Such is the origin of Calumny in general; but I would be understood more particularly to insist on its pernicious effects respecting our friends and acquaintance; by which fathers have been driven to madness against their own children, brother against brother, the child against the parent, the lover against his beloved; while a specious lie tears asunder the ties of friendship, and throws a house into confusion; and thus, not only families are ruined, but whole cities laid waste. The better, therefore, to guard against it, my design is to follow Apelles ‡, the Ephe-

* Labdacus, king of Thebes, grandfather of Œdipus.

† Pelops, father of Atreus and Thyestes.

‡ Not the painter of Alexander, but another Apelles.

sian,

fian, in drawing the picture of Calumny, shewing whence it arises, and what it produces. Apelles was unjustly accused of being leagued with Theodotas in the Tyrian conspiracy against king Ptolemy; though he had never been at Tyre, nor knew any more of Theodotas than somebody had happened to tell him, of his being the Governour of Phœnicia. This did not prevent Antiphilus, who was a rival artist, and envious both on that account, and because of the favour shewn him by the king, from representing him to Ptolemy, as a person privy to the whole transaction, having been seen by somebody or other in Phœnicia at supper with Theodotas, and in close conference with him the whole time; and that, in short, the revolt of Tyre, and the taking of Pelusium, were entirely owing to the treacherous whispers of Apelles. The king, a man never accounted over-wise, as having been nursed with flattery, flew into so violent a rage at the hearing of this ridiculous charge, that he had not a moment to spare to consider the improbability of it. He never once thought of the accuser being a rival, of the accused being a person in no condition to support such a conspiracy

spiracy, of his attachment being secured by so many obligations, of the preference he had given him to all other painters; but, without asking a single question, whether Apelles had ever been at Tyre, was so incensed against him, that he made the whole palace ring again, calling him an insidious, treacherous, ungrateful villain. It happened, however, that, in the number of those taken up at the same time, there was one so struck with the effrontery of Antiphilus, and so moved with compassion for the unfortunate Apelles, that he told the truth, protesting his innocence; and declaring, that he had not the least concern in the conspiracy; otherwise, the poor painter might have lost his head, because the Tyrians were to blame. Ptolemy, as we are told, repented so heartily of this rash proceeding, that, to make Apelles amends, he gave him a hundred talents, with the additional present of his accuser, that he might have him for a slave. Apelles, however, could not forget the danger he had so narrowly escaped; and, to shew his sense of it, drew a picture of calumny. On the right sits a man with long ears, almost as long as those of Midas, stretching forth his hand to Calumny, coming
from

from a distance to meet him. Close to the man are women, the representatives, I suppose, of Ignorance and Suspicion. Calumny makes her advances from the opposite side; a most beautiful female figure, but heated and agitated, full of rage and fury. In her left hand she grasps a burning torch, while, with her right, she drags by the hair of his head a young man, who appears in the posture of invoking the Gods to bear witness in his behalf. She is preceded by a pale ugly male, with sharp eyes, and emaciated, as if by a long illness, the plain image of Envy. In the train of Calumny are two female attendants, whose business it is to encourage, assist, and set her off to the best advantage. Of these, as my guide informed me, the one was Treachery, and the other Deceit. They were followed by another dismal-looking one, in a suit of black; her name was Repentance. As Truth was drawing near, she turned away her eyes, and blushed and wept. It was then, that Apelles commemorated what had happened to him.

And now, if you please, beginning with the outlines, like the painter of Ephesus, we will
finish

finish the portrait. Calumny is an accusation unknown to the party accused; and believed, because there is no person present to contradict it. This is the subject to be enlarged on; but since, as in our comedies, there are three characters * to attend to; he who accuses, he who is accused, and he who listens to the accusation; let us examine them separately, and enquire into their respective parts. As to the principal actor, the author of the calumny, every body must allow, that he cannot be a good man, because a good man does no injury to his neighbour, but, on the contrary, all the good he can, never encouraging hatred or envy, but always labouring to obviate their bad effects. The slanderer cannot be otherwise than unjust, wicked, and mischievous; because, to be just is to be impartial, a character to which he has no claim. He seizes the hearer, and makes him private property; gets possession of his ears; crams them so full of his story, that they can hold no more: and is not this the very worst of injuries? In this light it appeared to Solon and Draco, and others, the most distin-

* Nec quarta loqui persona laboret. HOR. A. P.

guished

guished law-givers, who accordingly bound the judges, by a solemn oath, to hear both parties with equal patience, till, by weighing what each had to say for himself, the right might preponderate. To hear the accuser, and be deaf to the accused, by them was accounted profane and impious. If we allow the accuser to say whatever he pleases, and hear only him, resolved, at any rate, to pass sentence on the accused, surely the Gods themselves will resent such flagrant injustice; and how then can scandal be justified? But, if law-givers, enjoining impartiality, are less to be regarded than poets, let us hear how one of the best of them lays down the law:

Hear both, and not before, say which is right*.

He must have been well convinced, that, amongst the many evils of life, there cannot be a greater than to condemn a man without

* It is not easy to fix on the poet here quoted. Commentators have given us Plato, Plutarch, and Aristophanes, to make a choice from, without considering, that one of the three at least, Plutarch, was too sober a man for a poet; Aristophanes, indeed, was a poet, but not one of the best, unless the best thing a poet can do be to laugh all serious truth out of the world.

allowing

allowing him a fair hearing; and yet this is what the slanderer labours to effect, with all his might, constantly exposing the absent to the indignation of all present; and in this clandestine manner robbing him of the means of self-defence. The slanderer is a coward, who attempts nothing openly, but, assassin as he is, darts upon you from a hidden corner, where you have no power to resist, but must be the sufferer, you know not how, nor why; which is to me a sufficient proof, that the calumniator never has any substantial ground to support him. If he were conscious of his charge being founded on fact, what should hinder him from meeting the party accused face to face, and arguing the matter openly and fairly? Where is the warrior, who has recourse to stratagem and ambuscade, when he thinks himself superior to his enemy in the open field?

It is in the courts of princes, and amongst the retainers of the rich and great, that Calumny is observed most to prevail. There you will be sure to find continual envy, suspicion, and adulation, the never-failing fund to nourish it. As hope is more multiplied, the more eager is the desire to supplant it, ill-will opposes the
more

more difficulties, and competition grows more expert in mischief. All are on the watch to take advantage one of another, like so many gladiators, ever ready to strike where they see the adversary off his guard. Every one wishing to be first, and to kick up the heels of his rival, cannot be without constant elbowing and jostling; the good man is jockeyed out of his chance, thrown down, and distanced, while the rascally sycophant wins the race. According to Homer,

As Mars, the common god, the slayer slays *;

so, to be successful is generally to be where another man ought to be. Whenever a contest arises for things of great importance, a thousand devices are put in practice on both sides, of which the most obvious, and at the same time the most dangerous, is Calumny. Its beginning is Envy, half leaning on Hope; its end is misery and woe. It is not, as might be supposed, an easy business to fix suspicion, but requiring the greatest cunning, artifice, and attention. Calumny would never be able to effect so much mischief without going warily to

* Hom. Il. XVIII. 309.

work. Truth, which is stronger than all things, cannot be made to yield without many a plausible tale, many an insidious trick, to betray the hearer.

No man is so liable to defamation as he who has attained the highest honours, which constantly expose him to the envy of those beneath him. Him they regard as the grand object that impedes their own advancement, and against him every arrow is directed, as no one doubts of obtaining the first rank at court, provided the present favourite could be kept at a distance from the royal ear. The race of preferment is like the race at the Public Games. The swift runner no sooner starts from the bar, than he thinks of nothing but reaching the goal; for which he relies on his own feet, without injuring his competitor, or having any hurtful design in his head; whilst he, who has no other chance of success, turns his mind to mischief, well-knowing that, unless he can find some means of retarding another's speed, he is sure of being left behind. And thus it is in the friendships of the great. The first favourite is the first object of a plot to circumvent him; of which, if he be not aware, and fall amongst

his enemies, they inevitably ruin him. This very circumstance recommends them to others as fast friends, and they are the more valued, the more mischief they do. The calumniator, always in fear of being disbelieved, is never so unguarded as to make allegations unfit for his purpose. When a character is to be traduced, he goes not beyond probability in calling the physician a seller of poison, the rich man* a tyrant, and his confident* a traitor; and it happens, not unfrequently, that the hearer lends aid to the slander, by falling-in with his views, and directing him where to strike. The jealous husband may be told of nods, and winks, and smiles, and amorous sighs, that passed at supper between his wife and another man; with other particulars, that might be mentioned. If a man values himself on his talents for poetry, then he is told that Philoxenus† makes himself merry at his expence,

* See the story of Dion and Callicrates, in Cornelius Nepos.

† A conscientious poet, so very unfit for a courtier, that he preferred working in the quarries of Syracuse to praising the tragedies of Dionysius, when recalled to favour on that condition.

finding in his verses neither modulation nor measure. If he be pious, and religiously inclined, his friend is traduced, in his hearing, as an Atheist, disbelieving a Providence. His ears being thus wounded, he is inflamed with anger, and gives up his friend without farther enquiry, without taking time to cool. Such is the general practice, to bring forward whatever may be most likely to provoke indignation, to aim the blow where it will fall the heaviest, and leave to resentment no leisure to ask questions; thus the ground is pre-occupied, and the accused has no stand to make his defence.

But there is no calumny so successful as that which brings a charge most opposite to the temper and disposition of the hearer: as when Demetrius, the Platonist, was informed against for drinking water, and being the only one present at the feast of Bacchus, without a female garment; who, if he had not repelled the accusation the very next day, by drinking plenty of wine, appearing publicly in a Tarentine dress, and dancing to the cymbals, might have forfeited his life for not making it conformable to that of Ptolemy Dionysius*.

* The eleventh of the Ptolemies, kings of Egypt.

With Alexander the Great, the most heinous of crimes was, not to worship and adore Hephæstion; for whom so extravagant was his fondness, that he chose to give a new proof of what great things he could do, by making a dead man a god. In an instant, Hephæstion became the most sacred name to swear by; while the several cities contended with each other in erecting temples, consecrating groves, raising altars, offering sacrifices, and appointing festivals, in honour of the new divinity. If any individual could be seen with so little religion as not to look grave on the occasion, death was the punishment of his impiety. The king's flatterers, making a handle of this childish humour, did not fail to encourage him in it, and keep it up. They talked of Hephæstion's appearing to them, inspiring them with dreams, healing diseases, and delivering oracles; in short, they were not content without making oblations to him as the god always ready to help the averter of evil. Alexander was so overjoyed at hearing all this, that he could not help believing it, and hugged himself with the thought of being not only the son of a god, but the manufacturer of gods. Many of his friends,

friends, we may suppose, were not equally delighted, when they found themselves traduced, not paying proper respect to this fashionable deity, and deprived, for no other reason, of his majesty's favour.

Agathocles of Samos, one of Alexander's generals, and highly esteemed as such, had a very narrow escape on this occasion. He had been accused of shedding tears as he passed by the tomb of Hephæstion; for which he would infallibly have been shut up in a lion's den, if Perdiccas had not seasonably come to his relief, swearing by all the Gods, and by Hephæstion amongst the rest, that the new deity had appeared to him when he was hunting, and commended him to recommend Agathocles to mercy, for that he had not wept from any want of faith in Hephæstion's divinity, but only lamented the loss of him as an old acquaintance. Flattery and Calumny, we see, thus produced their full effect on Alexander, because they favoured the bent of his mind. As in a siege, it is not against the impregnable rock, the top, or the main strength of the wall, that the enemy first makes his approaches; but against those parts, which he observes so weak and ill-

defended, where he may hope to make such an impression as will enable him to enter, and take the city: in the very same manner, the dealer in slander finds out the weakest, most corrupt, and consequently most accessible parts of human nature; there he begins to operate, with victory before his eyes, for what resistance can be expected from a garrison insensible of being in danger? When the besieger once gets footing within the city-walls, he kills, burns, lays waste, and drives all before him, so it fares with the captive mind, thus subdued and enslaved.

The tools, which the calumniator goes to work with against the absent, are fraud, lying, perjury, importunity, impudence, and a thousand others; but the most to be depended on is flattery, nearly akin, if not full sister, to slander; and where is the man of so noble a nature, of so adamantine a breast, as to be secure against Calumny, wearing the mask of adulation? Calumny may then be said to work under ground, undermining his feet, and leaving him nothing to stand on. In this manner the outworks are carried. Meanwhile, the enemy is assisted within by numerous traitors, ever
ready

ready to lend him a hand, and open the gates ; in the first rank of which stands the love of something new, so natural to us all, not to mention the disgust arising from satiety, and next neighbour to a passion for the marvellous. We are all of us mightily pleased too, I know not why, with the thought of being let into a secret, and listening to the whispers of Suspicion. To the ears of several persons of my acquaintance, the tickling of a feather is not half so pleasant as the itch of scandal. With such powerful auxiliaries, conquest is easy, and no wonder, for there is none to resist : he who hears believes, and he who is slandered knows nothing of the matter. The victims of Calumny, like the people of a city taken by night, are destroyed before they awake.

This it is that heightens the distress. The poor sufferer thus miserably circumvented without knowing it, with the same easy conscience, and the same unsuspecting smile as usual, accosts his friend, and behaves as if nothing had happened to vex him. If that friend be really a friend, and of an open ingenuous temper, he will not refuse, after his passion has subsided, to hear what he can say for himself, and own, that

he has been incensed against him without any cause. But if, on the other hand, he should prove to have a low and grovelling turn of mind, though he may listen with a forced smile of complacency, within his lips lurks hatred; he will gnash his teeth to himself, and, as the poet says *, heap up anger in his inmost breast. I know of nothing more base and unjust than thus to cherish secret resentment, biting the lips to keep it in †, saying one thing and meaning another, acting the deepest tragedy in the mask of comedy. This is most likely to be the case, when the calumny proceeds from an old friend of the sufferer, who for that very reason is not allowed a hearing: so long and intimate an acquaintance, every one presumes, must put the matter beyond all doubt; never once considering, that the falling-out of friends may be owing to many causes, of which they can have no conception. Sometimes, to ward off an ac-

* Hom. Od. 6. speaking of poor Vulcan, who, however, as a husband, could hardly be blamed for going sily to work in his shop, and forging a trap for his wife's gallant.

† Hom. Il. I. 312.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of Hell.

Pope's translation.
cusation

cusation from himself, a man is eager to be beforehand in fixing it on another; and, generally speaking, nobody chooses a known enemy for the object of his abuse, because that circumstance would render what he says suspected. But an attack on the character of a friend carries with it the air of good-will to the hearer, for whose sake so great a sacrifice is made. And indeed there are persons, who, though afterwards made fully sensible of the injustice done to the accused, are so ashamed of themselves for having listened to a lie, that they will never more look their old friend in the face, but drop all connection with him; as if they themselves were aggrieved by the discovery of another man's innocence. It is thus that human life is exposed to innumerable evils by our too hastily giving ear to Calumny. When Antæa had put the virtue of young Bellerophon to trial, and found herself repulsed, she then called aloud for aid to her husband:

Kill, or be kill'd, Bellerophon remove;
Thy faithful wife disdains his offer'd love*.

* Hom. Il. Z. 164, omitted in Pope's translation. How could the Dutch commentators forget the history of Joseph, so pat to the purpose?

Bellerophon had the good fortune to escape being destroyed by the chimæra, and that was all; for the only reward of his continence, the only return for his not violating the laws of hospitality, was to be exposed to the snares of an abandoned woman. She had Phædra for an example, who had practised the same insidious arts against her son-in-law, Hippolytus, and contrived to make him detested by his father, without his having done any thing to deserve it.

So far, so good, you say; but is the calumniator never to be believed? not even when his general good character for justice and discretion entitles him to respect? Is his testimony to be disregarded, who never wronged any man? I ask in turn, where was the man more just than Aristides? And yet he was concerned in a plot, and excited the populace against Themistocles, for no other reason in the world, but that his rival had as much ambition as himself to be thought well of. Aristides, I grant, might deserve the name of Just, when compared with his countrymen; but still he was but a man, with the passions of a man, could be angry and pleased, love and hate, like the rest of us.

Ulysses,

Ulysses *, if the story be true, that wisest of the Greeks, was so little superior to envy, that he conceived a most base and treacherous design against Palamedes, who was not only his relation and friend, but had made a dangerous voyage with him, and shared in all his disasters, So liable is human nature to this failing ! What shall we say of Socrates, who was unjustly accused of impiety, and plotting against the state ? What of Themistocles, or Miltiades, whose many splendid victories could not protect them from the suspicion of treachery ? not to mention a thousand other well-known examples. How then is a man of prudence to conduct himself, when virtue and truth are offered to his investigation. In my opinion, he should take a hint from Homer's fable of the Syrens, when he advises the mariners to pass by those bewitching songsters, and shut their ears against them, to escape prepossession. We should use our reason as a trusty porter, who knows his duty, when to open, and when to shut the door. If our houses are not to be open to every intruder, why should our ears and our attention ?

* A late translation makes poor Palamedes the offender. Is this not Calumny ?

Whenever

Whenever we hear a scandalous report, our business is to enquire into the fact, uninfluenced by the age, character, or cunning, of the reporter. The more specious his tale, the more strictly it is to be examined. Rely not on the opinion, or prejudice, of another, but reserve to yourself your own judgment, leaving the tale-bearer his full share of spleen, while you are to bring forward every circumstance that may be depended on, to fix your approbation or dislike on a solid foundation. To do otherwise is something worse than childish; it is mean; it is unjust.

What gives rise to all this, as I observed at setting out, is ignorance; the real character of the individual being involved in darkness. That darkness I wish some god or other to disperse, and shew our lives in open day: that Calumny, having no longer any habitation on earth, may take a flight to the pit of perdition.

ON

LONGEVITY*.

IN consequence of a dream, my admired Quintillus, which I had, as I told my friends, when you gave a name to your second son †, I beg your acceptance of a list of long-livers. But being then unable to divine how such a list was to be filled up, I contented myself with beseeching the gods, that you and yours might be of the number; judging it of no small importance to mankind in general, and to me and mine in particular. Indeed, I had a presentiment of something good to happen to myself; and, as it appeared to be the will of the gods, I resolved,

* Wits are supposed to be unfit for the ordinary business of life; but this epistolary present proves the donor to have been capable of keeping a parish-register at least, if not of taking stock in a warehouse.

† Which was commonly on the seventh day after the birth, when a feast was given; and the feast possibly might have made Lucian a dreamer.

after

after due consideration, to send you something in my own way, such a present as might suit a man of letters. Holding therefore this day, the day of your birth, as most auspicious, I present you with an account of persons memorable for preserving a sound mind in a sound body to extreme old age; from which, I hope, may be derived a double advantage. In the first place, you may make yourself perfectly easy on the subject, by foreseeing a long life; and, in the second place, you may learn, from the examples which I shall produce, that those persons, and those only, who take the greatest care both of body and mind, are the persons who keep them longest in good humour with each other.

Nestor, the wisest of the Greeks, as Homer informs us, lived three ages, in constant training, a pattern for us to imitate. Tiresias, as Tragedy has told us, lived twice as long; which is not so much to be wondered at, dedicated, as he was, to the service of the gods, and of course strictly observing the rules of temperance. This indeed has occasioned whole nations to be celebrated for longevity; as, for instance, the Ægyptians, who go by the name of the sacred scribes; the Assyrians and Arabians. interpreters

ters of fable; the Brachmans of India, whose sole business is philosophy; a race of men called the Magi, holy prophets amongst the Persians, Parthians, Bactrians, Chorasmians, Arians, Sacians, Medes, and many other Barbarians, who all enjoyed a hale and vigorous old age, for which they were indebted to the simple diet suited to their vocation. And there are still to be found even now whole nations of long-livers; as the Seres for instance, who are said to reach three hundred years; which by some is attributed to the air, by others to the soil, and by others to their being water-drinkers. The people of Mount Athos, as we read in history, live to a hundred and thirty; and the Chaldæans above a hundred, using barley bread, which not only quickens their sight, but is believed to invigorate their other senses beyond those of other men.

So much for those tribes and nations who arrive at old age from some peculiar advantage of their climate, or mode of living, or both together. But now, that you may not be disheartened, I am going to shew you, that in every country, in every air, there have been persons who lived to a great age by the use of proper exercise, and wholesome diet. I shall divide

divide what I have to say into several parts, according to the several ranks, beginning with kings and leaders of armies; one of whom, our own august and pious Emperor, has been raised to the highest pitch of human greatness, to bless the subject world. While you contemplate the habits and fortunes of these old men, you may yourself be the better prepared to hope for a long and healthy life by following their example. Pompilius Numa, the happiest of Roman kings, making the worship of the gods his most peculiar care, is reported to have lived to above fourscore; as did Servius Tullius, another king of the Romans; and Tarquin, the last of them, after being banished, enjoyed, in his exile at Cumæ, the very best state of health, till he was more than ninety. To these kings of Rome others might be added, together with many of their inferiors, both in that city and other parts of Italy, who lived to a great age. History is well employed in refuting those declaimers who find fault with our air; History, which proves our hopes to be well founded, when we pray for the long, the long and happy reign of our old sovereign, the lord of earth and water. Arganthonius, king of the Tarteassians, if Herodotus

tus and Anacreon may be trusted, which some of their readers affect to doubt, lived one hundred and fifty years. Demochares and Timæus both assure us, that Agathocles, tyrant of Sicily, died at ninety-five; and Hiero, after a reign of seventy years over Syracuse, died at the age of ninety-two, as Demetrius and others write. Anteus, king of Scythia, when upwards of ninety, fell in a battle against Philip, near the Ister. Bardylis, king of the Illyrians, was nearly as old, when he fought against the same Philip on horseback. Teres, king of the Odrysians, as Theopompus relates, died at the age of ninety-two. Antigonus, the one-eyed son of Philip, king of the Macedonians, fell in Phrygia in a battle with Seleucus and Lyfimachus, covered with wounds, at the age of eighty-one; for so Hieronymus, his companion in the expedition, writes; by whom we are also informed, that Lyfimachus, king of the Macedonians, being in his eightieth year, was slain in the war with Seleucus. Antigonus, son of Demetrius, and grandson of his one-eyed namesake, ruled Macedonia forty-four years, and lived to fourscore, as Medius and others report. Antipater, the son of Iolaus, that great man, the prime minister of

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so many Macedonian princes, at his death was upwards of eighty. Ptolemy, son of Lagos, the most fortunate prince of his time, maintained the sovereignty of Ægypt to the age of eighty-four, when he resigned his crown to his son Philadelphus, and died at eighty-six. Philæterus, the eunuch, who was the first to make himself master of Pergamus, continued to reign over it till his death at the age of fourscore. Attalus Philadelphus, another king of Pergamus, who was visited by Scipio, the Roman general, died at the age of eighty-two. Mithridates, the builder, who was king of Pontus, after his flight from the one-eyed Antigonus, died at eighty-four, as Hieronymus and others write. Ariarathes, king of Cappadocia, according to the same Hieronymus, lived to eighty-two, and probably might have lived much longer; but he came to an untimely end, after being taken prisoner in the battle with Perdiccas, who ordered him to be hanged. The elder Cyrus, king of Persia, as appears from antient records, of which the authenticity is not doubted by Onesicritus, when he was a hundred years old, made very particular enquiries after his friends; and, finding that many of them had been
put

put to death by his son Cambyſes, pretending to do it by his orders, ſuch was the force of his grief, that he died broken-hearted. Artaxerxes Mnemon, king of Perſia, ſo famous for his memory, with whom his brother Cyrus engaged in war, died of a diſeaſe at the age of eighty-fix; Dinon ſays, ninety-four. Another Artaxerxes, king of Perſia, whom Iſidorus ſays his father and mother remembered, was cut off at ninety-three, by the treachery of his brother Goſithres. Sinarthocles, on his return home from Scythia, became king of the Parthians at the age of eighty, and reigned ſeven years. Tigranes, the king of Armenia, on whom Lucullus made war, died of a diſeaſe at eighty-five. Hyſpaſines; who ruled over Charax, and the places bordering on the Red Sea, died in the ſame manner, at the ſame age; as did Teranus, the third king after him, at ninety-two. From Teræus, the ſeventh in deſcent was Artabazus, who was ſet on the throne by the Parthians, at the age of eighty-fix. Mnafcires, king of the Parthians, lived to ninety-fix. Maſaniſſa, king of the Maurians, lived ninety years. Aſander, whom Auguſtus appointed governour of the Boſphorus, at the age of about ninety, had no

superior as a soldier, either on foot or on horse-back ; but, at ninety-three, became so mortified at seeing himself deserted, and his party going over to Scribonius, that he starved himself to death. Goæsus, king of Omana, in Arabia Felix, the land of spices, lived a hundred and fifteen years, according to Isidorus, the Characenan, a contemporary historian. So great is the number of long-lived kings recorded by our ancestors.

I now proceed to relate what they have told us respecting philosophers, and men of letters, who may be supposed to take more care of themselves. Democritus, of Abdera, was upwards of one hundred and four, when he obstinately refused to take any more nourishment. Xenophilus the musician, distinguished for his skill in the philosophy of Pythagoras, lived at Athens, as Aristoxenus reports, till he was upwards of a hundred and five. Solon, Thales, and Pittacus, three of the seven wise men, were each of them a hundred years old. Zeno, the prince of Stoick philosophers, at the age of ninety-eight, happened to make a false step on entering the assembly ; on which he asked the earth whether he was wanted, returned home, and

and took no more nourishment. Cleanthes, his disciple and successor, was ninety-nine, when he grew weary of his life, because he was troubled with a fore lip; but, receiving letters from his friends, who requested favours, he was prevailed on to live till he could oblige them, and then died of hunger, as his master had done before him. Xenophanes, the son of Dexinus, and scholar of Archelaus, the naturalist, lived to ninety-one; Xenocrates, a scholar of Plato, to eighty-four; Carneades, the principal of the new Academy, to eighty-five; Chrysippus, to fourscore and one; Diogenes the Seleucian, a Stoick philosopher, to eighty-eight; Posidonius, the philosopher and historian, who was by birth a Syrian of Apamea, and naturalized at Rhodes, lived to eighty-four; Critolaus, the Peripatetick, to upwards of eighty-two; and the divine Plato to eighty-one. Athenodorus, a Stoick, the son of Sandon, and preceptor to Augustus, died in his native city of Tarsus, at the age of eighty-two. It was at his intercession, that his countrymen were excused paying tribute to the Emperor, for which he is commemorated by them, once a year, as a hero. The same Tarsus produced

the preceptor of Tiberius, Nestor, the Stoick, who died at ninety-two; and Xenophon, the son of Gryllus, lived to be upwards of ninety. So much for the philosophers.

Of the historians, the most memorable for a long life was Ctesibius; who, as we read in the Chronicles of Apollodorus, dropped down dead, as he was taking his walk, at the age of a hundred and twenty-four. Hieronymus, notwithstanding the continual toils of war, and the many wounds he received, lived to the age of a hundred and four, enjoying good health, with the perfect use of all his faculties. Such is the account given of him by Agatharchides, in the ninth book of his History of Asia, who there expresses his admiration of so extraordinary an old man. Hellanicus, of Lesbos, lived to eighty-five, as did Pherecydes of Syria; Timæus, the Tauromenian, to ninety-six. Aristobulus, the Cassandrine, is said to have died at upwards of ninety, being fourscore when he began his history, as he tells us in the preface to it. Polybius, the son of Lycortas of Megalopolis, as he was returning home from the country, had a fall from his horse, which brought on a disorder that proved fatal to him,

at

at the age of eighty-two. Hypsicrates, the Amisenian author, a man of general learning, lived to ninety-two.

Amongst the Rhetoricians, Gorgias, by some called the sophist, died by abstaining from food, at the age of a hundred and eight. Somebody asked him, they say, how he contrived to be hearty and well, with all his wits about him, at so advanced an age; when he answered, "I never indulged my appetite at other men's tables." Isocrates wrote his Panegyrick at the age of ninety-six, and wanted but one of a hundred, when he heard of the Athenians being defeated by Philip at Chæronæa; on which he applied to himself this verse of Euripides, repeating in a melancholy tone,

Sidon of old when Cadmus left *,

and adding, that Greece would be free no more, he instantly expired. Apollodorus of Pergamus, the rhetorician, who was preceptor to Augustus, and Athenodorus, the philosopher of Tarsus, lived to the same age, both dying at eighty-two,

* This line is quoted by Aristophanes and others. See the Fragments of Phryxus in Barnes's Euripides.

Potamon, a rhetorician of some eminence, died at ninety.

As for the poets, Sophocles, the writer of tragedies, was choaked with a grape-stone at the age of ninety-five. Some time before his death, he had been represented by his son Iophon as no longer in possession of his faculties; on which he read to the judges his *Œdipus Coloneus*, sufficiently proving by that composition the soundness of his mind, so much so, that they were filled with admiration, and transferred the charge to the son, who must have been mad himself, or he could not have said what he did of his father. Cratinus, the poet of comedy, died at ninety-seven, having just before obtained the prize by his *Pytine*. Philemon, of the same profession, had attained to the same age, when, laying himself quietly down on his bed, and happening to spy an ass making free with some figs intended for his own dinner, he could not help being tickled with the conceit, and, bidding his servant bring the ass some wine to moisten his victuals, laughed himself out of his life *. Epicharmus, another writer of comedy,

lived

* Though we are said to come crying into the world, there seems to be no good reason for our going laughing out

lived to the same age. Anacreon and Stesichorus, famous for their songs, lived to the same age of eighty-five; and Simonides, the Cæan, to upwards of ninety.

Of the grammarians*, Eratosthenes of Cyrene, the son of Aglaus, who may also be ranked amongst poets, philosophers, and geometricians, lived to the age of eighty-two. Lycurgus, the lawgiver of Sparta, is said to have lived to eighty-five.

Thus closes my collection of kings and men of letters; and with respect to my promise of sending you some account of long-lived Romans and Italians, that, my most revered Quintillus, by permission of the gods, shall be the subject of another treatise.

out of it. And yet a French author has thought it worth while to publish a book containing an account of several persons in different ages and countries, who have died laughing. One of them is our countryman Sir Thomas More; but his removing his beard out of the way of the fatal axe has nothing laughable in it: humour it may be; but humour is a serious thing. And how insipid and unseasonable is the jest of the dying abbe, who called for his domino, and, when he had got it on, exclaimed "Beatus est, qui moritur in domino!"

* These grammarians were not schoolmasters, but men of learning and taste in composition.

THE

THE DEATH OF
PEREGRINUS.

LUCIAN TO CRONIUS WISHES HEALTH.

TH E unfortunate Peregrinus, or Proteus, as he was pleased to call himself, has met with the same fate as the Proteus of Homer *. After assuming ten thousand shapes, and being every thing by turns for the sake of fame, at last he is turned into fire. Yes, Sir, the good man is really reduced to a cinder, after the example of Empedocles †, who, however, was not, like him, desirous of being seen, when he thought fit to leap into the cauldrons of *Ætna*; whereas

* Hom. Od. IV. 418.

† Empedocles stole a leap into the burning mountain; with the hopes of passing for a god, as nobody, he thought, would be able otherwise to account for his being missing; but he did not succeed in his project, from one of the slippers being thrown up with the lava, and proving a tell-tale.

our noble adventurer watched for the most publick occasion, when the eyes of all Greece were upon him ; and, having beforehand apprised the publick of his intention, built himself a sumptuous funeral pile, and fairly jumped into it. I think I see you laughing at the folly of this old man ; I hear you exclaiming against such silly vanity, such rank madness, and decrying in the usual terms of derision his ridiculous desire to be talked of. All this may be done by you in perfect safety at so great a distance ; but it was not so with me, when I held the same language on the spot, close to the fire, and before a mixed multitude, in which were not a few of the old fellow's admirers ; though, to be sure, there were others, who thought him just as ridiculous as I did. And yet I was very near being served by the Cynicks, as Actæon was by his dogs, and Cousin Pentheus * by the Mænades. I am going to tell you how the matter was. You are no stranger to the author of the drama, and know very well what tragedies he had been acting all

* Pentheus was a king of Thebes, and suspecting some of his female relations, who frequented the rites of Bacchus, not to be so good as they might be, he hid himself in a fly corner, to watch their motions ; but, being discovered, fell a sacrifice to their nails.

his

his life, making a mere nothing of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. On my first coming to *Elis*, I heard a certain *Cynick* making his school ring with the common-place praises of virtue, and with the same harsh voice roughly handling all mankind. His discourse next turned on *Proteus*; and, as you have been accustomed to such bawling, I will try to recollect it, leaving you to judge how well I succeed. "O *Earth*! O *Sun*! O *Rivers*! O *Sea*! O *Hercules*, the founder of our family! where is the daring man to charge *Proteus* with vain glory? *Proteus*, who in *Syria* was bound in chains? *Proteus*, who forgave his country a debt of five thousand talents? *Proteus*, who was banished from *Rome*? *Proteus*, more celebrated than the *Sun*? *Proteus*, who is able to contend even with *Jupiter* of *Olympus*? Because he chooses to die by fire, they call it vanity forsooth! But, pray, did not *Hercules* perish in the same manner? Was not *Æsculapius*, was not *Bacchus* knocked down by a thunderbolt? And, not so long ago, did not *Empedocles*, to mention no more, throw himself head foremost into the flames of *Ætna*?"

When *Theagenes* (for that was the bawling fellow's name) had paused, I asked one of the
bye-

bye-standers, what he meant by talking so much of fire, and what Hercules and Empedocles had to do with Proteus. "Do!" said he, "Proteus is on the point of burning himself at the Olympick games." "Burn himself! how? why? for what reason?" said I. He was going to answer me, when the Cynick roared so loudly, that it was a thing impossible for any body else to make himself heard. He ran on, making the most extravagant speeches in praise of Proteus: not Diogenes, not Antisthenes his master, not even Socrates himself, would he vouchsafe to compare to Proteus, with whom, he asserted, Jupiter only could be expected to vie. He then settled the matter, by leaving the two on the same eminence, and thus concluded his harangue: "There are," said he, "not more than two * perfect works for the world to contemplate; the Olympian Jove is the one, and Proteus is the other. Phidias made the former, Nature the latter: Nature's perfect work is preparing to pass through the fire to the Gods, and we must be left forlorn!"

* The chevalier Descazeau, commonly called the French poet, who died in 1775, was of opinion, that there were three perfect works in the world; the King of France, the King of Prussia, and himself.

After

After sweating out this encomium, and diverting his audience with a few forced tears, accompanied now and then with a pull at his hair, of which he was prudent enough not to take off too much, he sighed and sobbed so grievously, that some of his brethren, out of pure compassion, carried him off.

Upon this, another person * got up, willing to pour his libation on the sacrifice before it was quite cold, and the company tired of attending it. As soon as he could speak for laughing, he thus proceeded: "You have heard the pitiful speech of poor Theagenes: if he be your weeping Heraclitus, let me be your laughing Democritus." We were ready to burst our sides; when, turning himself round, "How is it possible," said he, "to keep one's countenance at hearing and seeing any thing so truly ridiculous! What do you think of a man, an old man, standing on his head for fame? But, that you may be able to appreciate the value of this intended burnt-offering, give me leave to recount his history; for I have marked the man, and made diligent enquiries, concerning his life and conversation, amongst his neighbours, who could not fail of being too

* Lucian.

well acquainted with him. This elaborate work of nature, this model for Polycletus, had scarcely arrived at man's estate, when he was caught in adultery in Armenia; for which, after being soundly cudgelled, he was glad to make his escape, by taking a leap from the top of a house. Youth and beauty were next his prey; and he would have been called to account for his debaucheries before the governor of Asia, if the poverty of the injured parents had not tempted them to compound with him for a bribe of three thousand denarii. But I mean not to insist on his conduct while the clay was yet unfashioned, not wrought up to that image of perfection which we have been told of. But you have all of you heard, what indeed is not to be concealed, that, when his father had reached his sixtieth year, he thought he had lived long enough, and therefore strangled him; which being divulged, he found it necessary to leave his country, and wandered about, from place to place, as a vagabond.

“It was now that he had an opportunity of learning the wonderful wisdom of the Christians*, by conversing with their priests and

* This, and other such senseless flings at a Religion with which Lucian was unacquainted, are beneath the reader's notice: such ridicule is no test of truth.

scribes in Palæstine. So apt a scholar was he, that, before they knew where they were, he became their prophet, leader of the band, chief of the assembly; in short, every thing; so that all the rest were mere children to him. He circulated and explained their books; to which he added not a few of his own writing, till at last he was looked up to as their legislator and high priest, nay, almost worshiped as a god. But the great man, whom they still adore for introducing this new religion, was crucified in Palæstine for the very same reason. Proteus, as an accomplice, was apprehended and committed to prison; which very circumstance contributed not a little to his future advancement, laying the foundation of that fame into which he had so long wished to juggle himself; for, no sooner was he in close confinement, than the Christians, looking upon his as a common cause, left no means untried to effect his deliverance; when, finding that impracticable, they became the more assiduous in rendering him every service his situation would admit of. You might have seen, by break of day, old women, widows, and children, crowding about his prison. Nor were there wanting those of the better sort, who would bribe the keepers, that they might
pass

pass the night in it. They ordered fine suppers, read their sacred books together; and hence Peregrinus, the excellent Peregrinus, as they then called him, came to be celebrated as another Socrates. From several cities of Asia, Christians were deputed by their brethren to be his advocates, to assist and comfort him; for it is incredible with what alacrity they support their cause, sparing nothing to promote it. Peregrinus was in prison; and that was enough to insure a very handsome collection of money for him. The poor creatures had fully persuaded themselves of inheriting immortality, and of course held death in contempt, making no scruple of offering their lives as a voluntary sacrifice. The doctrine of their law-giver was, that they were to consider one another as brethren, worship their own crucified sophist, and live in obedience to his laws, renouncing our divinities of Greece. Every other consideration was of no avail with a people having all things in common; a practice so silly and unaccountable, that any impostor, any artful villain, who was master of his trade, was sure to make his market of their credulity. Be that as it will, Peregrinus was set at liberty by

the Governour of Syria, who was a philosopher, and thought it beneath him to inflict any punishment on a person so much a fool, that he would very willingly have suffered death for the sake of leaving a character behind him. On his return home, he found the story of his having murdered his father in every body's mouth, and that not a few of his neighbours had expressed an intention of bringing him to justice for it. The greatest part of his fortune had been dissipated in his travels; and all that now remained was an estate in land, worth about fifteen talents. The old man had died worth thirty, not five thousand, as that blockhead Theagenes told us; though the whole city of Parium, with the five next to it, if they had been sold, with all their inhabitants, and every thing belonging to them, would not have produced so much money.

“Parium seemed now too hot to hold him; and it was generally thought, that somebody or other would take the first opportunity to stand forth, and bring the accusation home to him. The populace were filled with indignation, when they thought of their old favourite losing his life in so shameless a manner: but observe how

how this crafty Proteus was prepared for the worst, and what expedient he had hit upon to avert the danger of a trial. With his hair (which he had let grow for that purpose,) hanging about his ears, a ragged old cloak on his back, a wallet suspended from his shoulders, and a club in his hand; in this piteous plight he entered the assembly of his countrymen, and humbly intreated permission to resign his inheritance, and give up the whole property of his father, his dear father, of blessed memory, to the use of the publick. The populace, always in want of something, always gaping after money, roared out immediately, with one voice, that in him they had found the only philosopher of the age, the only patriot, the only man to be put in competition with Crates and Diogenes. Those who had appeared against him were confounded, and struck dumb; or, if they attempted to mention the murder, were sure to be pelted with stones for their pains. It was now become necessary for him to set out on a second peregrination, the expences of which were to be borne by the Christians, in whose service, and under whose protection, he enjoyed for some time a very com-

fortable subsistence; till at last, having violated their laws, by eating, as I understand, some food that was prohibited, he found himself shut out from their society, and reduced to want. He then repented of his donation, and issued a process in the name of the Emperor, with a view of recovering it; but the Parians gave him to know, that he was losing his labour, and advised him to stand to his bargain, as it had been of his own making.

“His next visit was to Agathobulus, in Egypt, where his conduct was equally extravagant. He shaved one half of his head, rubbed his face over with mud, whipped himself with a rod, and invited others to do it for him, with other ridiculous and scandalous freaks. From Egypt he took a voyage to Italy, where he was no sooner landed, than he set about abusing every body, and most of all the Emperor, who was known to be of so mild and gentle a disposition, that he thought he might say what he pleased of him; and, in fact, Antoninus paid little regard to his slander, because slander, he thought, was the trade of a Cynick; and impudence, in the mask of philosophy, was what he could not stoop to punish. The Emperor’s moderation

moderation only added to his fame; the vulgar admired him for his insolence, till at last the sensible governour of the city, being no longer able to endure it, sent him a packing, assuring him, that such philosophy as his was not wanted there. Presently, it was in every body's mouth, that a philosopher had been ordered to leave the city for speaking the truth too freely; and he was talked of as another Musonius *, Dion †, or Epictetus. After this, going into Greece, he reviled the people of Elis, and would fain have persuaded the Grecians to take up arms against the Romans, inveighing most bitterly against a man of learning and eminence, for no other reason but because, amongst other public benefits, he had found means to bring water into Olympia, to save the multitudes there assembled from dying of thirst; this, he said, only served to make them effeminate: but their business was to bid defiance to thirst, and every other hardship of that sun-burnt soil, of which

* Musonius Rufus, preceptor to Epictetus, who left Rome to be secure from Domitian. A man's country, he said, was that in which he might be permitted to do his duty.

† Dion, a philosopher, banished by Dionysius.

so many thousands had experienced the fatal effects. He had the effrontery to say all this at the very instant that he himself was drinking of the water thus conveyed; but was prudent enough to take to his heels, and fly from a shower of stones to the temple of Olympian Jove, where he was safe from the rage of the populace.

“ At the next celebration of the games, after four years intermission, he came with a panegyrick on the man whom he had before so abused for bringing the water, and apologized for his having then so abruptly quitted the company. But he was now falling into general neglect: his tricks were all stale; and he could think of nothing new to secure to himself that fame and admiration on which he had so long set his heart. The funeral-pile, however, at last came luckily into his head; and he every where made known his intention of burning himself in publick immediately after the games. Now prepare for the miraculous. Immediately he sets about digging the ditch, getting ready the wood, and preparing every thing with an appearance of the most firm resolution; while I could not help thinking, that he would have acted

acted a more manly part, in patiently waiting for death, rather than hastening to meet it; or, at least, if he was so determined, there are a thousand other deaths that might have done the business without his dying like an actor in tragedy. At any rate, if nothing but fire would serve his turn, and Hercules was to be his model, why not pitch upon some solitary shady mountain, where he might have had his choice, either of burning unseen, or in the presence of a friend. In the latter case, Theagenes might have passed for his Philoctetes; but to roast himself before the whole assembly of Olympia, as on a public stage, what was it but acting a part? Though it must be granted to be a death, which he had long deserved, or else parricides and atheists are very hardly used. He might have been much better disposed of in the bull of Phalaris; for every body agrees, that dying by fire is the mode most expeditious: it is but opening the mouth, and inhaling the flame, and all is over in a moment. But this, no doubt, was his idea of the matter: he conceived it to be a grand spectacle, a man burning on holy ground, where burial-places are not allowed. You have

heard, I am sure, of the man * so much in love with fame, that, not seeing it possible by any other means to obtain it, he set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. This man, for the same reason, would have done the same: for, notwithstanding what he says, that it is meant to benefit mankind by teaching them a contempt of death, and patiently to endure every evil, yet I should be glad to ask this question, not of him, but of you: would you wish malefactors to become his disciples, learn to despise death, to endure burning alive, and shrink at neither? I am very sure, that you have no such wish. How then can Proteus know, that his example will be of any use to the good, without making the bad more daring and more desperate? But, supposing it possible that every spectator should turn such a sight to advantage, I believe you would not desire your children to follow his steps to the pile. But why should I think of your children, when not one of his own disciples will do it? Theagenes, indeed, copies him in every thing else, and should be taken to task for not accompany-

* Erostratus.

ing him to Hercules, as he phrases it, in which he is deficient; let him once do that, jump headforemost into the fire, and he will be immortal in the twinkling of an eye. As for the matter of a wallet, a staff, and a cloak, they are any man's money, and not worth while to be jealous about. Why should not Theagenes die like his master, suffocated in a pile of green faggots, and crowned with glory? Hercules and Esculapius cannot stand in his way; for why should they have all the fire to themselves, any more than murderers and robbers of temples, who are sentenced to die in it? and, as to smoke, no Cynick can be at a loss for that: such a death would be of a piece with his life. Hercules died by fire (though perhaps it was only poetical fire *) when the pain he suffered from the blood of the Centaur tormented him to such a degree, that he did not know what he did. But what should induce this fellow to burn himself, unless it were the

* See the *Trachinæ* of Sophocles, in which the death of Hercules, on Mount Ceta, is told, with all its affecting circumstances. The English reader must acknowledge his obligations to Dr. Francklin, for enabling him to taste so admirable a description.

vanity of shewing how much he could bear, and that he would have made a very good Brachman*? for to the Brachmans of India Theagenes thought fit to compare him, as if none but an Indian could be so foolish and vain; and yet, after all, his fortitude is nothing to theirs. Onesicritus, Alexander's admiral, informs us, that he saw Colanus burning in India; and the custom there is to stand close to the pile without flinching, till they are thoroughly roasted, and then quietly laying themselves down upon it, to be consumed to ashes, without being the least discomposed, or ever once changing their posture. But what could our great man find so magnanimous in leaping into the fire, which was to make an end of him instantaneously? The pile, they say, was erected at the bottom of a deep ditch; so he could hardly hope to escape by another jump, which otherwise he might have attempted, after feeling himself well scorched. And some people talk of a dream, that staggered his resolution, as if Jupiter had interfered, and would not suffer a place so sacred to be polluted; but

* See Cicero's Tusculan questions.

he might have made himself easy on that score, for not one of the Gods, I could venture to swear, could see any thing amiss in the world being fairly rid of him ; and it was too late to think of retreating. His companions *, to keep him from shrinking, were all ready to egg him on, and would rather have pushed him into the fire by force, than suffer his resolution to fail. Why did not he drag in a few of them along with him ? there would have been some merit in that. His intention, I hear, was not any longer to go by the name of Proteus, which he had changed to Phœnix ; the phœnix being an Indian bird, that in extreme old age is consumed by fire. At the same time he wished it to be generally known, as certain old Oracles, he said, had declared, that he was ordained to be the guardian deity of the night. He had a longing after altars, and foresaw himself standing in a statue of gold. Indeed, amongst his numberless fools, I should not be surprized to find some of them affirming, that they have met with this deity of the night, and had their agues cured

* Dogs, in the original, meaning Cynicks, so called from their snarling.

by him. Those rascally disciples of his, I dare say, considering that the first Proteus, the son of Jupiter, was a prophet, will set up an Oracle, and contrive to have a holy shrine on the spot, not without priests, I warrant you, nor all the legerdemain of whipping and cauterising, nocturnal rites, and bearing of torches round the pile. Indeed Theagenes, as I was informed by one of his companions, has quoted a prophecy of the Sibyl to this effect :

When Proteus, whom the Cynicks hail their fire,
Shall pay his court to Jove through flames of fire,
All are commanded, all of mortal race,
The trusty guardian of the night to grace
With honours due ; let honours due be done
To Proteus, Vulcan, and Alcmena's son.

“ These verses, Theagenes declared; he had from the Sybyl herself. Now listen to the Oracle of Bacis * :

When the mad Cynick, known by various names,
Shall jump to glory through devouring flames,

* Bacis, the Nostradamus of old, was of some repute in his day ; though nobody besides Lucian, ever thought him a match for the Sibyl. He was, however, treated sometimes with undeserved contempt; as we learn from Herodotus, book the eighth.

The

The puppies then, that wag their tails, and wait
Around the wolf, with him shall share his fate.
Should any coward fly from Vulcan's rage,
To stone that coward let all Greece engage ;
Let hot and cold their distance still retain,
And no man swell his bags with lawless gain.

“ How do you like Bacis for a phopphet? Is the Sibyl's word to be taken, do you think, rather than his? For my part, I would advise the followers of Proteus, while yet in vogue, to lose no time in looking out for themselves a place convenient for the purpose of being dissolved into air; for that, you must know, is their phrase for burning.” When he spoke these words, the bystanders cried out, “ let them be burnt! they richly deserve it.” The orator laughed, and said no more. But Theagenes, who,

Like Nestor o'er his cups, had ears about him,

Theagenes no sooner understood what was going on, than up he got, and poured forth a thousand curses on the honest man, who had thus spoken his mind. I cannot tell you his name, because I do not know it. But I left the other roaring, as if he would burst himself,

* Hom. Il. XIV. v. 1.

the judges being by this time assembled at the games which I wanted to see. This passed at Elis.

When we were come to Olympia, the back part of the temple was crowded with people, some condemning, some justifying the deed resolved on. They were proceeding even to blows about it, when, behold ! the adventurer himself appeared amongst them, together with a vast train of followers, and, taking his stand behind where the heralds stretch their lungs *, made a long speech full of himself, the life he had led, the labours he had undergone, the dangers he had braved, the great things he had done, and all for the sake of philosophy. I was so pressed upon by the crowd, that I could hear only a little of the great deal that he said ; and, for fear of being squeezed to death, which I had seen to be the fate of others, I made my escape as soon as I conveniently could, bidding a hearty farewell to the sophist so fond of dying, and so forward in reciting his own epitaph. But I re-

* In which, as appears from various authors, these wide-mouthed mortals of antiquity used to contend for victory.

member his saying, that he would make a golden end of a golden life; that he had lived a Hercules, would die a Hercules, and a Hercules be mingled with air. "My wish," said he, "is to be of universal use by teaching the contempt of death, and making every man living my Philoctetes *". Tears now flowed from a part of the audience, who cried out, "Live! live for the love of Greece!" whilst those, who had more sense, encouraged him by all means to abide by his resolution. This was a most grievous disappointment; for the old fellow had flattered himself with seeing every hand stretched out to save him from the fire whether he would or no. It gave so unexpected a turn to the matter, so little did he relish this encouragement to die, that, ghastly as he looked before, he was now more so than ever, had not a word to say for himself, but stood trembling all over. I leave you to guess who laughed, and whether I had any pity to bestow on a man above all others so desperately in love with fame. And yet he still retained his admirers, who were very numerous, and stuffed him with applause,

* Who attended Hercules on Mount Ceta.

while

while he gave many a longing look for more, never once recollecting, that a thief going to be hanged is full as well attended *. The Olympick games were now over; I had seen them three times before, but these were the finest. So great was the demand for carriages †, that I was obliged to wait for some time before I could get one. And then it was, that Proteus, after many affected delays, thought proper to fix on the night, in which he was to exhibit the shew of burning himself. That night came; and I got up about the middle of it, to go with a friend to Harpina, where the pile was in readiness. It was about twenty furlongs from Olympia, not far from the Hippodrome, on the East, and raised in a ditch of something more than six feet in depth, as we found on our arrival. There were torches in abundance, and plenty of dry sticks intermingled, so that the fire might be easily made. On the Moon rising (for she was to behold this glorious deed), the actor appeared

* This thought did not escape Oliver Cromwell, when his friend Ireton observed how popular they were in passing through the streets of London.

† Not coaches. If the reader has travelled, let him think of a Dutch waggon.

in his usual garb, accompanied by several of the principal Cynicks, of whom Theagenes was not the least, bearing a torch. He was to play the second part, and he played it well. Proteus with his torch entered on the opposite side, and, between them, what with the torches and dry sticks, the pile was soon in a blaze; when, laying down his wallet and cloak, and Herculean club, Proteus, cloathed in linen—Mind what I say—Proteus in dirty linen asked for frankincense, which, being given him, he threw into the fire. Then, turning to the South, (turning to the South is a matter of consequence) “O kind paternal and maternal shades,” he cried, “receive me.” Saying this, he leaped into the fire, was surrounded by the flames, and immediately disappeared.

I see you, Cronius, you are still in a merry mood, notwithstanding the sad catastrophe. With regard to myself, I could bear very well his invoking the shade of his mother; but to hear him call on his father, whom I knew he had murdered, was rather too much for me. Indeed, the Cynicks themselves shed no more tears than I did, but stood in mournful silence, with their eyes fixed on the fire. I could con-

tain myself no longer : “ What are we all about ? ” said I, “ let us be gone, and not stay here like a parcel of fools come to see an old man roasted, and be poisoned with the stink of him. Or do you wait for a painter to take your likenesses for a counterpart to the companions of Socrates in prison.” This raised their choler, and, not contented with angry words, they were looking for their sticks to beat me ; when I hit on a method of quieting them at once, by threatening to throw them into the fire after their master.

In my way home I reflected much on this universal passion for fame, with which men, in other respects worthy of admiration, are hardly less in love than the mad fool, who had just ended his life as he had long deserved. I met several people going to the fight, supposing him to be still alive ; for they expected, and such was the report the day before, that, in imitation of the Brachmans, he would ascend the funeral pile early in the morning, in compliment to the rising Sun. Many of them, on being told the burning was all over, were persuaded to turn back ; but others, who did not so much care about that, went on, thinking to see the spot

spot at least, and perhaps get a few relics out of the fire. I had enough to do, my friend, I assure you, to answer their questions, they were so very particular, so very inquisitive. When I met with a man of the better sort, I told him the plain truth, as I do to you. But to the gaping mob I added a little of the marvellous from my own invention; telling them, that, on the fire being kindled, and Proteus in it, there was a rumbling noise preceding an earthquake, after which a vulture was seen rising from the flames, and flying towards heaven, all the way pronouncing aloud with a human voice, "I have left the earth, and am going to Olympus." My hearers were all amazement, and, full of religious horror, enquired which way the eagle directed his flight, to the East, or to the West; to which question I was not at a loss for an answer.

On going to the publick assembly, I happened to stand next to an old man with hoary locks, and a long beard, whose venerable aspect seemed to bespeak him a man of veracity. And yet that very man, after mentioning the previous circumstances, took upon him to assert, that he had seen Proteus after he was burnt, in a white

X x 2

garment,

garment, covered with olive; and that he had just left him walking in the portico, as cheerful and easy as if nothing had happened. Not contented with all this, he declared, that he was an eye-witness, and could swear to the vulture flying out of the pile, my vulture, that I had myself let fly in derision of such senseless block-heads! I leave you to judge what is likely to be the consequence. Swarms of bees settling on the spot! congregations of grasshoppers! flights of crows as numerous as at the tomb of Hesiod! statues of him not only at Elis, but throughout all Greece! For, I understand, he has not forgot to send letters to the principal cities, containing his institutes, laws, and admonitions; which there is no danger of being neglected. These letters were committed to the care of some of his followers. whom he had dignified as his ambassadors from the dead, and couriers from the shades.

Such was the end of the wretched Proteus, who, to sum up his character in brief, never paid the least regard to truth, but said and did every thing for the sake of fame: for fame he leaped into the fire; for posthumous fame, which

which he could not enjoy, because he could not be sensible of it.

I shall conclude with the mention of one more ridiculous circumstance. You have heard of my sailing with him from Troas a great while ago, when I came out of Syria. Amongst other stores prepared for the voyage, that he might not be without his Alcibiades, he had engaged a handsome young man, on whom he had prevailed to turn Cynick. We were about half over the *Ægean* sea in a dark night, when the wind began to blow, and the waves to roar ; and it was then evident, by his womanish tears, that our philosopher, who did not fear Death, was afraid of being drowned.

About nine days before his last, in consequence, I suppose, of over-eating himself, he vomited in the night, and was taken ill of a fever. I had this account from Alexander, the physician, who was called in on the occasion. He said, he found him rolling on the ground, complaining of being intolerably hot, and begging and praying for a little cold water, which the physician refused to give him, observing, as he wanted to die, that Death was now at the door, waiting to receive him, without the

trouble of leaping into the fire. To this advice Proteus objected, because a common death, such as any man may die, he said, had nothing of glory in it. This is hearsay ; but, not many days before he died, I saw him with my own eyes rubbing his with an ointment so sharp, that it made them water. What could that be for, unless Æacus turns a man back for not being clear-sighted ? To me it seemed, as if a man had stumbled, and wanted something to cure his great toe, before he went to the gallows. What do you think of all this ? Would it not have excited the risibility of Democritus, provided he had had any to spare ? At any rate, my friend, you may safely indulge yours, particularly when you hear how Peregrinus is admired.

SATURNALIA :

SATURNALIA :

A DIALOGUE.

THE PRIEST AND SATURN.

Priest. I THINK, Saturn, as you are now established on your throne, it is high time for me to consider myself, after treating you with all these costly offerings. What will you give me ?

Saturn. You should know best yourself what you would have. Do you take me for a diviner as well as a king ? All I can say is, that, ask what you will, I shall be glad to oblige you, as far as I am able.

Priest. For the matter of that, I have determined, long ago, in my own mind, what would suit me best, nothing uncommon, nothing out of the way. I only want riches, plenty of silver and gold, a great number of slaves, fine clothes, ivory, and every thing that is valuable. You are very good, Saturn, and know very well

X x 4

what

what I want; then do not refuse me, unless you would have me to be the only one, who, throughout his whole life, is to be never the better for your advancement.

Saturn. Why will you ask me favours which I cannot grant? I have no such fine things to give; and you must not take it ill, if I tell you, that all I can do for you is, to recommend an application to Jupiter, on whom the sovereignty will so soon devolve. My reigning is only on certain conditions, and for a very short space: in seven days I shall be just what I was before, no more than any body else. And, indeed, during this short-lived dominion, so far from being intrusted with matters of state, or any business of moment, my authority only extends to appointing a president at a banquet of slaves, to drink till I am drunk, "to set the table in a roar," to play at dice, to praise the songs that I hear, or throw off my clothes, and sing myself. Sometimes, with my face daubed with soot, I jump over head and ears into cold water. All this I may do, but munificence does not belong to me: Jupiter takes care of the gold and other great things, that you talk of; he has the sole disposal of them.

Priest.

Priest. He may have the power, but he has not the will. I have bawled till I am tired with petitioning him; he takes no manner of notice of me, otherwise than by shaking his ægis, stretching his thunderbolt, and looking so very sour, that nobody dares approach him for fear of being troublesome. Whenever he does grant a favour, he does it with very little judgment; for, what do you think of enriching fools and knaves, rascals without common sense, and leaving the wise and good to shift for themselves? I want to know what you can do.

Saturn. O, if you come to that, I can do a great deal, when I am provoked. To be sure of winning at dice, to toss up six for your adversary's one, you will learn how to value, when you consider how many men have revelled in abundance by one lucky throw, and how many fortunes have been wrecked on a die. Then the pleasures of drinking, and singing the best song, to see the awkwardness of others tumbling into the water, to be declared the conqueror, to carry off the prize, what do you say to all this? To win a monarchy at a cast; not to be exposed to ridiculous injunctions, but to impose them on others; to make a man
turn

turn evidence against himself, dance stark-naked, or go three times round the house with a piper on his back ; these great things are all in my gift. If you should be disposed to cavil, as seeing nothing solid and substantial, nothing durable in them, I beg you to consider, that, if my donations are short-lived, so is my reign ; but, such as they are, they are all at your service ; you may venture to ask what you will, without any apprehensions of ægis or thunder from me.

Priest. You are a most generous Titan ; but I do not want to be lucky at dice, to sing the best song, nor to be master of the revels. Only answer me one question ; it will be such a favour, that I shall think all my sacrifices well bestowed, and expect no more of you.

Saturn. Let me know what your question is : if I can I will answer it.

Priest. Is it true, that you used to eat up the children, that you had by Rhea ? I have heard as much, and that, to save Jupiter, she put a trick upon you, giving you a stone to swallow instead of him. Was it that son of yours, who, when he was grown up, made war upon you, deposed you, bound you and
your

your auxiliaries in chains, and tossed you all into Tartarus?

Saturn. Hark you, Sir, if this were not holiday-time, when servants are allowed to get drunk, and abuse their masters, I would let you know to whom you are talking! You, to interrogate in this manner an old grey-headed god like me!

Priest. Nay, do not be angry with me: my authorities for asking are Homer and Hesiod, and they are generally accounted persons of credit.

Saturn. Persons of credit, indeed! How do you think, that an upstart like Homer, with all his bragging, could know any thing about me? or can you suppose it possible, that a god, or even a man, should like to make a meal of his own children, unless, indeed, he were a Thyestes? and, even then, he could not be such a fool as not to know, whether he was eating a child or a stone! As to war, Jupiter and I were never at war: I resigned my kingdom to him, it is true; but it was a matter of choice, not of necessity: whether I am a close prisoner in Tartarus or not, your eyes may satisfy

satisfy you, unless you too are blind like Homer.

Priest. But what could be your motive for resigning your kingdom?

Saturn. I will tell you. I was grown old, and troubled with the gout in my feet, (which perhaps gave rise to the vulgar opinion of my being in fetters); so that I was no longer able to cope with the iniquity of the times. To be continually running up and down, hither and thither, with my thunderbolt in my hand, after false-swearers, daring ruffians, and robbers of temples, was too much for me: such fatiguing work requires the vigour of youth: and I thought I could not do better than give it up to Jupiter. Or, rather, it seemed advisable, to divide my authority amongst my sons, that I might live and feast at my ease, without being incessantly plagued with listening to petitions so unreasonable, so much at variance one with another, that it was impossible to comply with them all. Instead of my time being taken up with sending down thunder, and lightning, and hail, I preferred an undisturbed old age, to enjoy myself over my nectar, and tell stories with Iapetus, and the rest of my old companions.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, Jupiter now reigns, and a troublesome business he finds it, except during these few days, in which I agreed to resume the government, just to put men in mind how the world wagged when I was young; when there was no need of ploughing and sowing; when, instead of corn and cattle, the fields were covered with bread ready-baked, and meat of all kinds ready-cooked; when the rivers flowed with wine, and the fountains with milk and honey: then was the golden age. This accounts for my present short reign, and the singing, and playing, and dancing, that prevail in it, freemen and slaves being all on a footing. Before my resignation, you must know, there was no such thing as one man being at the bidding of another.

Priest. I used to think, that your being so concerned for the honour of slaves, that this kindness of yours to those that wear fetters might arise from fellow-feeling, as you have a very good memory.

Saturn. When will you have done with your impertinence?

Priest. Now directly. Only tell me one thing:

thing: Was it the custom, in your reign, to play at dice?

Saturn. Yes; but not for talents *, not for tens of thousands †, as the fashion now is: at most, they only played for nuts; and losing a few nuts could hardly be followed by pining, and fretting, and sitting in a solitary corner, without any appetite for eating.

Priest. Very true; for what could be a prize worth a gamester's while in an age of gold? But a conceit is just come into my head. I was thinking, that, if one of the golden men of that golden age were to make his appearance now in the world, he would have, I am afraid, but an uncomfortable time of it. Every body would have a pluck at him; and he must infallibly be torn in pieces amongst them, while they were at loggerheads for the largest share.

* A talent was equal to 193l. 15s.

† These tens of thousands, the commentators say, mean so many drachmas, perhaps from not being able to raise their imagination to a stake of ten thousand talents; and, fancying ten thousand drachmas, 322l. 18s. 4d. enough to venture at once, on the turn of a die. But commentators, like translators, are low-bred fellows, who know no better.

Pentheus and the Mænades, Orpheus and the women of Thrace, Actæon and his dogs, were but so many types of his fate; for, even in these your festival-days, there are few of your guests without an eye to their own interest, and contriving to make a prey of their neighbours; while the sufferers, who have nobody to blame but themselves, curse you, and abuse the innocent dice. But pray, let me ask you one more question: How comes it, that such a tender old god as you should make choice of this inclement season of the year, with the cold North wind continually blowing, when the ground is covered with snow and ice, when the sapless trees are all bare; when the flowers, the beauties of the meadows, are no more to be seen; when every body hangs over the fire, stooping from cold as from age—is this the time for an old gouty god to go to a feast?

Saturn. You are very fond of asking questions, my friend, when we ought to be drinking: my holiday-time is short, and I do not want it to be broke in upon by your philosophy; so no more of it, I beseech you. Why cannot we enjoy our liberty, feast, and be merry, as we ought to be? Let us keep up the old custom
of

of playing for nuts, appoint our kings, and be all obedience: this is the way to fulfil the old proverb, "once a man, and twice a child."

Priest. Well said, old boy! and may he, who dislikes thy proposal, never drink when he is dry! I say, let us drink, without asking any more questions. This conversation should be committed to writing, that such of my friends as deserve to know it may have the pleasure of reading it.

LAPITHÆ* :
OR,
THE BANQUET.
A DIALOGUE.
PHILON AND LYCINUS.

Philon. I HEAR you had a variety of entertainment yesterday at the supper of Aristænetus, where certain philosophers, if I am to

* So called, in allusion to the old story of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, who got drunk, and quarrelled at the wedding of Pirithous.

believe

believe Charinus, engaged in so warm a dispute, that they proceeded at last to blows, and drawing blood of one another.

Lycinus. Pray, my good friend, how could Charinus tell you so? He was not there.

Philon. He had it from Dionicus, the physician, who, I suppose, made one amongst you.

Lycinus. Yes, but not at the beginning of the fray; it was half over before he came. He was but just in time to see the wounds that were given; and I should wonder at his being able to give any satisfactory account, as he could not know how the quarrel began, nor what was the occasion of it.

Philon. For that very reason it was, that Charinus referred us to you, to be better informed. Dionicus, he said, had no opportunity of being acquainted with many of the particulars, to every one of which you had carefully attended, and exactly remembered: and therefore you cannot be excused, but must treat us with a full and true account of all that passed. To me it will be a most delicious banquet, the banquet of peace and sobriety, to be enjoyed

without danger, out of the reach of intemperate riot, either from the old or the young.

Lycinus. You are too hard upon me, Philon. Why will you urge me to divulge the consequences of a drinking-bout, which it is better to consign to oblivion? It was Bacchus who did it; and he is sure to be revenged on the four and morose, who have no share in the celebration of his orgies, but pry into secrets, with which they have no concern.

I hate, the poet says, a tell-tale guest*.

What business, then, had Dionicus to talk of last night, and make the philosophers bring up their suppers? Far be such doings from me!

Philon. How tender you are! But it is thrown away upon me, who am well convinced, that you are full as eager to tell all you know, as I can be to hear it. Rather than be obliged to contain yourself, I am very sure that, if you could find nobody to listen to your story, you would run open-mouthed, and tell it from

* *Dicta qui foras eliminat, eliminetur.* One of Ben Johnson's laws of conviviality, to be seen not long ago, at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar.

beginning to end to a lifeless statue. If I should but offer to leave you before you have emptied yourself, you would follow me, lay hold of me, beg, and beseech me to stay and hear you out. But I can give myself airs as well as you, so fare you well. I can enquire of somebody else, who will think it no trouble.

Lycinus. Come, do not be angry, and I will oblige you, as you are so very desirous of knowing; but do not you go and tell every body else what I tell you.

Philon. O, if you come to that, I think I know Lycinus better than to suppose he will leave it to me to make publick: I may make myself easy on that score. Pray, on what occasion did Aristænetus make this entertainment? Is his son Zeno married?

Lycinus. No; but his daughter Cleanthis is, and has got a philosopher for her husband, the son of Eucritus, the usurer.

Philon. The handsome son of Eucritus! I thought him rather too young for matrimony.

Lycinus. Young as he is, I dare say, the father thinks his daughter well bestowed, on the only son of a man so rich, on a husband so accomplished, so much a philosopher.

Philon. The riches, I grant you, were a good reason for giving him the preference. But what guests were invited ?

Lycinus. You mean what philosophers, I suppose, for the rest are not worth your thinking of. We had old Zenothemis, the Stoick; Diphilus, surnamed the Labyrinth; and Cleodemus, the Peripatetick, who is famous, you know, for giving a loose to his tongue. His scholars call him the sword and the cutlass. There was Hermon, the Epicurean, who no sooner came in than he was regarded by the Stoicks with looks of abhorrence, as being no better than a parricide. These were intimate friends of Aristænetus, invited of course, and they introduced Histæus, the Critick, and Dionysodorus, the Rhetorician. Chærea, the bridegroom, was attended by his master Ion, the Platonick, a man, whose venerable appearance was truly respectable; his integrity might be read in his countenance; so sound was his judgment, so regular his conduct, that he was generally considered as a model for others, and went by that name. On his entrance, the whole company rose up, and received him with

as much reverence, as if a god had unexpectedly paid them a visit.

And now we were to take our places, almost every body being come. The couch on the right hand in going in was wholly occupied by the women, who were very numerous, with the bride in the middle of them, wearing her veil. Opposite to the door was another large company, all properly ranged according to rank; and facing them sat Eucritus, with Aristænetus at his elbow; when a doubt arose, whether the precedency belonged to old Zenothemis, the Stoick, or Hermon, the Epicurean, the latter being priest of the Dioscuri, and of the best family in the city. The Stoick, however, soon put an end to it: "Aristænetus," said he, "if this fellow, this Epicurean, not to call him by a worse name, is to take place of me, I shall leave you to feast by yourselves, for I will stay no longer." So saying, he called the boy, as if to put his threats into execution. Upon which, Hermon interposed: "You may take the first seat, Zenothemis, for any thing I care; though you are hardly superior to the Priest, whatever you may think of the Epicurean." "A priest! an Epicurean priest! you make me
Y y 3 laugh,"

laugh," said Zenothemis, and immediately took possession of the seat, with Hermon below him. Next to Hermon was placed Cleodemus, the Peripatetick; then Ion, and next to him the bridegroom. Diphilus sat next to me, and below him his scholar Zeno; above, Dionysidorus and Histæus.

Philon. The very banquet of the Muses! Upon my word, Lycinus, I cannot but honour Aristænetus for bringing so many wise men together, without predilection to any one particular sect, but nobly selecting the flowers of them all.

Lycinus. My good friend, he is not one of those, of whom, when you say they are rich, you can say no more; for he is a lover of learning, prefers the company of the learned, and spends most of his time with them. But let me return from this digression. We were all very peaceable at first, with a great variety of good things before us, more than you can expect me to remember, soups, cakes, sweetmeats; in short, there was every thing, and every thing in abundance. While we were thus engaged, Cleodemus, leaning over, said to Ion in a whisper loud enough for me to hear,

"Mind that old fellow," (meaning Zenothemis) "how he gorges the victuals! His clothes are all over gravy; and do not you see what he is handing from the table to the boy, as if he could fancy, that none of the company have any eyes! give Lycinus a hint of it." However, there was no need of Ion to interfere, for I had been beforehand with him in looking about me.

Cleodemus was going on, when Alcidas, the Cynick, pushed himself in amongst us, with the old adage in his mouth, "Menelaus does not stay to be asked *." This impudent intrusion occasioned no little muttering, and a few scraps of verse were quoted; such as,

This is to act the madman, Menelaus;
and,

This was not the way to please Atrides †.

But nobody ventured to speak out, and make a direct attack; for he was universally dreaded,

* In the second book of the Iliad, Menelaus comes, without any invitation, to the feast of his brother Agamemnon; and ever after, it seems, an unbidden guest was called a Menelaus. But whether he was in the right or in the wrong in taking this liberty with so near a relation has not been determined by the critics.

Adhuc sub judice lis est.

† Hom. Il. book the first, line 24.

as the most blustering and formidable of the whole sect. Aristænetus made him a compliment, said he was glad to see him, and begged he would take a seat by Histiæus and Dionysidorus. "What!" said he, "do you think you are talking to a woman? No sitting, no lolling for me! Would you have me recline on a couch in your effeminate fashion? No, no, I am not so lazy as you, to eat with my purple spread under me. I shall walk about while I sup, with my body erect, and, when I am tired, lay myself down in my cloak with my head on my arm, like Hercules; for so he is painted." "Very well," said Aristænetus, "just as you please." And now the Cynick began his rounds, following the servants who carried the dishes, and feeding, like the wandering Scythians, wherever he found the best pasture. And yet his meat did not stop his mouth, for he harangued all the while on Virtue and Vice; gold and silver, he said, were nothing to him, and he asked Aristænetus what he did with so many fine cups, that cost so much money, when earthen ones would have answered the purpose as well. As he grew troublesome, Aristænetus, thinking to quiet him, made signs to the boy to fill him a
large

large cup, and not be sparing of wine. This seemed a good thought, but the consequences were not considered. For the present, however, Alcidas had not a word more to say; but, as he had threatened, flung himself down on the ground, half-naked as he was, with his head on his arm, and the cup in his hand, as Hercules is painted stretched on the floor of Pholus*.

Lights were now brought in, the wine went merrily round, old stories were told, and all was friendship and familiarity. When Alcidas, willing to mend his draught, enquired what was the name of the bride, and being told Cleanthis, he fixed his eyes on the women, and roared out "Silence! Cleanthis, my service to you: here goes the cup of Hercules!" Seeing every body laugh, "what!" said he, "am I to be laughed at? I, who drink to the bride? I, the votary of Hercules? Scum as you all are, I tell you, that she must either pledge me, or never expect to bring forth a son like me, firm in body, free in mind, immove-

* One of the Centaurs, who, in the scuffle with the Lapithæ, saved himself by running away.

See Ovid's *Metam.* VI. 12.
able."

able." On the company treating with derision the very shameless manner, in which he thus exposed himself, he got up in such a rage, and looked so very sour, that a breach of the peace seemed inevitable; and some one or other would certainly have felt the weight of his club, if the timely interposition of a favourable cake of more than the common size had not prevented it. The sight of the cake assuaged his ire: he was calm in a moment, and set about devouring it. By this time drunkenness and noise began almost universally to prevail. Dionysodorus got in a word when he could, seizing every opportunity to say a good thing; for which the servants in waiting greatly admired him. His next neighbour Histæus, the man of letters, poured forth a rhapsody of verses from Pindar, Hesiod, and Anacreon, of which he made a most ridiculous jumble. But he was nothing less than a prophet, when he quoted Homer:

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts, and dying groans, arise *.

* Hom. Il. Δ. v. 447, Pope's Translation.

Zenothemis

Zenothemis had got a piece of writing from one of the attendants, which he read; it was very short, and in a very small hand*.

In the interval between the courses, that not a moment might be lost, Aristænetus had ordered a buffoon to be introduced, to keep his guests in good humour. Accordingly in he came with his head close-shaved, except a few straggling hairs, that were left standing upright. This ugly fellow, whose business was to make himself ridiculous, threw his body into various forms, and danced to his own singing. His anapæsts were delivered in an Ægyptian accent, and did not spare the company. The greatest part only smiled at his sarcasms; but not so Alcidas, who did not at all relish, but was most highly provoked at, being called the cur of Melita. This appellation increased the ill blood occasioned by seeing the reception he met with, and he could endure it no longer: he threw down his cloak, and challenged him to fight; which if he refused, he declared, he would knock out his brains with his club. On this

* This probably conveyed some meaning, which cannot now be discovered.

threat,

threat, poor Satyrion (for that was his name) was fain to stand, and engage. This was fine sport; a philosopher fighting with a merry andrew, giving and receiving many a hearty bang! Some laughed, others cried shame, till at length Alcidas sunk under his bruises, and gave up the contest; when the tight little victor had a roar of applause.

Dionicus, the physician, did not come in time to see the battle. He had been detained, he said, by Polyprepon, the musician, who was seized with a phrenzy; and the account, which he gave, was diverting enough. He had given him a call, without any intimation of the state he was in; when truly Polyprepon rose from his seat, bolted the door, drew his sword, gave the physician a flute, and commanded him to play upon it. On his not playing, because he could not, the mad musician so belaboured his hands with a whip, that, to extricate himself, he had recourse to a stratagem. He challenged Polyprepon to play, on this condition, that the worse player of the two should receive a certain number of lashes; which being agreed to, he began, and, after playing very ill, gave the flute to his antagonist. At the same time, that
the

the wager might be determined with the less danger, he took the whip into his own hand, laid hold of the sword, and threw it out of the window. He then called for help to the neighbours, who broke open the door, and got him safe out of the house. But his face retained the marks of the whip, and the nails of Polyprepon; which made us all very merry; Satyrion had not delighted us more. Dionicus made room for himself as well as he could by Histiæus, and sat down to the remains of the supper. Some propitious deity, no doubt, sent him to us; for he came very opportunely, considering what was to happen.

A servant came in, who said he belonged to Etæmocles the Stoick, who had sent him with the paper in his hand, which he was ordered to read aloud, that every body might hear it, and then make the best of his way home again. Aristænetus having no objection to his reading it, he brought it to the light, and began.

Philon. An encomium on the bride, I suppose; an epithalamium, with the usual compliments.

Lycinus. So we all supposed; but we were all in the wrong: it was a very different thing, as you shall hear:

ETÆMOCLES,

ETÆMOCLES, THE PHILOSOPHER,
TO ARISTÆNETUS.

“ My opinion of feasting is sufficiently manifest from the whole tenour of my life. Every day I am invited to the tables of men much your superiors, much richer than you are; but I never go, well knowing the disorder, drunkenness, and riot, that banqueting never fails to produce. And yet I cannot but say, that I think it very unkind to be thus neglected by you, you whom I have always treated with such particular regard, and to whom I am so near a neighbour. I am the only one left out of the list of your friends, and am really concerned for you, you have shewn yourself so ungrateful; though to me it is a matter of indifference. My enjoyment does not consist in a slice of wild boar, the wing of a hare, or a piece of rich cake: these I have always sent me in plenty by others, who know better what becomes them. This very day I was asked to a supper (a most sumptuous one, I hear) given by my scholar Pammenes; but I kept myself disengaged for you, like a fool as I was, and
would

would not listen to his entreaties; when, truly, you were so taken up with others, that you never once thought of me. But I need not be surprised at it: your discernment is none of the quickest: you have no capability. But I know whence this neglect arises: I am indebted for the affront to those great philosophers of yours, your Zenothemis and your Labyrinth*; though I may say, without vanity, I could stop the mouths of them both with one single syllogism. Can either of them tell me what Philosophy means? Let them begin with explaining the difference between habit and tenour, for I would not be too hard upon them. No, no, such recondite reasoning as the horned, the heap, and the reaper, are out of the question. Pray keep your companions to yourself, and make the most of them. I, who account nothing to be good, which is not the perfection of virtue, am not to be disgraced by you: all that I desire of you is, that you will not attempt to apologize, by saying, that in so much hurry and bustle you had no time to think of me; for you could not forget my having paid you a

* Diphilus.

compliment
t

compliment twice this very day; first at your own house, early in the morning, and afterwards in the temple of Castor and Pollux, where I found you making an oblation. For the truth of this, I appeal to those who were present. Do not think of my being out of humour on the occasion, rather think of the story of Oeneus. The goddess Diana, you may remember, was not very well pleased with him for leaving her out, when every other deity was invited to a share of his sacrifice.

Or he forgot, or knew not what he did *,

says Homer. And thus Euripides, on the same occasion :

'Tis Calydon, for fertile fields renown'd †,
That looks across the waves to Pelops' isle, &c.

and thus Sophocles :

Far-darting Dian sent the dreadful boar
Through Oeneus' fields to roam.

I have a great deal more, that I could say to you, but I forbear. I only wanted to convince

* Hom. Il. IX. v. 533.

† Euripides and Sophocles are each of them said to have written a tragedy, called *Meleager*, to which these quotations are supposed to belong.

you

you what kind of man you have neglected, to make room for Diphilus, to whose care, it seems, you have so wisely entrusted your son. To be sure, he has a great regard for the youth, and ———; but I say nothing; I leave Zopyrus, the pedagogue, to tell you the rest, which is too true. I know what is due to good manners, and shall not interrupt your festivity with an accusation of so gross a nature; though Diphilus richly deserves it; for he has got away two of my scholars from me; however, I am a Philosopher, and hold my tongue. Only do not offer my servant any of your good cheer to bring home with him for me, none of the boar, nor the buck, nor the Indian cake: I did not send him for any such apology for being excluded from your supper."

Whilst this letter was reading, I was so much ashamed of the writer, that I assure you, my friend, I was all in a sweat with vexation. I wished, as the saying is, rather to sink in the earth, than to sit and hear a grey-headed grave Philosopher so much laughed at by all his acquaintance. Every word increased their wonder, how they could so long have been imposed on by a long beard and a demure look. Aris-

tænetus, I was satisfied, had not passed him by from any disrespect, but because he thought it would be useless to invite a man, who, he took it for granted, would not come, if he were invited; and therefore he saved himself the trouble of a denial.

After the reading of the letter, every one's eyes were fixed on Zeno and Diphilus, who both looked pale and disconcerted, shewing, by the change of their countenances, that what Hetæmocles had insinuated was not without some foundation. Aristænetus hardly knew what to say; however, he affected to smile, turned it off as well as he could, and bade us drink about, ordering the servant to withdraw, and telling him, he would think about answering the letter. Zeno flunk away, the pedagogue* giving him to understand, by a nod, that such were the father's commands.

Cleodemus, who had long waited for an opportunity of falling foul on the Stoicks, and

* A pedagogue was a slave, who attended the children, led them about in his hand, and taught them to walk, &c. The word is generally considered as synonymous with schoolmaster, though there is not much in common between them, except that of their both being slaves.

was ready to burst for want of one, now laid hold of the fair pretence which he thought the letter afforded him, and exclaimed: "Rare doings, indeed, admirably befitting Chrysipus, Cleanthes, and Zeno the renowned! wretched jargon, unmeaning questions, tricked out indeed in the garb of philosophy, but all of a piece with Hetæmocles and his frigid epistle! And so, it seems, Aristænetus is Oeneus, and our letter-writer is Diana! all very fine, by Hercules! and very much becoming this festival!" "By Jupiter, and all that is hospitable!" said Hermon, who sat next above him, "Aristænetus has not a moment to lose, in sending the old fellow the first cut of the boar, or he may be famished, and pine away like another Meleager! though, now I think of it, that can be no mighty matter neither, as Chrysipus accounted such things indifferent." Hermon, I suppose, had heard of the boar provided for supper, and that put him in mind of the boar of Calydon. Be that as it will, Zenonem got up in a rage, and roared out: "How dare you thus to call in question the name of Chrysipus? Is he no more than a mere pretender to Philosophy? And are the

merits of the wise and learned, of Cleanthes and Zeno, to be measured by the standard of Hetæmocles? Who are you, I pray, to take such liberties? I beg to know, Hermon, who is likely to be doomed to the gallows for clipping off the locks, the golden locks of the Dioscuri? As for you, Cleodemus, you were caught with the wife of your scholar Sostratus, and punished as you deserved. Conscious as you both are of such ignominy, do you presume to talk?"

"Mighty well," replied Cleodemus, "but I am not a pimp to my own wife, as some folks are. I did not take a stranger's money to keep for him, and afterwards swear by the tutelary goddess of the city, that I never had it. I do not lend money at four drachms * interest, nor do I ever wring the necks of my scholars round their shoulders, when they are slack in their payment." "But you cannot deny," said Zenothemis, "that you sold something to Crito, to poison his father with." Having said this, and half emptied his cup, he threw

* The common rate of interest was a drachma for a hundred minæ, paid every lunar month; consequently, lending money at four drachmas a month was more than 48l. per cent. for twelve of our calendar months.

what was left in it on those who had offended him; when Ion, who was not one of the number, but unfortunately happened to sit near him, came in for a share. Hermon hung down his head, and wiped off the wine from his face as well as he could, calling on every one present to bear witness how ill he was used. Cleodemus had no cup in his hand to empty on Zenothemis, and therefore had recourse to spitting upon him. At the same time, laying hold of his beard with his left hand, he was on the point of dashing the other full in the old man's face; and might have been the death of him, if Aristænetus had not interposed, by throwing himself between them, and parting them.

It was impossible, my dear Philon, to be present, without many reflections arising in my mind; and it was a very natural question for me to ask, of what use is learning, if it does not regulate our lives, and mend our manners? When I saw men, so very much distinguished by their proficiency in literature, so very absurd in the conduct of their lives, I could not forget the common observation, that those who have nothing in their heads but books must have

very foolish heads ; for, of all the Philosophers present, there was not even one, whose words or actions did not belie his character. The wine was not in fault, for Hetæmocles had not dined, nor tasted a drop, when he wrote his letter. But all expectations were inverted ; the illiterate enjoyed the banquet, but indulged themselves in no other excess than that of being obliged to laugh at and condemn the behaviour of those whom, from their appearance and pretences, they had been used to revere : they saw these wise men, who had till now commanded so much respect, sinking into lasciviousness, mutual abuse, drunkenness, noise, riot, and fighting. Alcidamas, the great Alcidamas ! forgot what was due to the presence of women ; and the liquor, which he had swallowed, was suffered to flow out before all the company. The poetical tale of the goddess Discord seemed now to be realized. Not being invited to the wedding of Peleus, she threw an apple amongst the guests, and that apple occasioned the Trojan war : Hetæmocles did hardly less mischief with his ill-timed epistle ; for, though Aristænetus still kept his seat between Zenothemis and Cleodemus,

demus, they still continued wrangling. "For the present," says Cleodemus to Zenothemis, "I am satisfied with proving your ignorance; but to-morrow I shall take a more ample revenge. In the mean time, you, or you all-accomplished Diphilus, are bound to explain the paradox of maintaining riches to be a matter of indifference; when you are so far from being indifferent about money, that you stick at nothing to obtain it. With those, who have it, you are sure to be found; to get it, you lend at exorbitant interest, and you deal out your wisdom for hire. Pleasure, you say, is your aversion; and Epicurus meets with no quarter from you; and yet, what is there so bad, that you would not do, or submit to, for the sake of enjoying it? When you are not asked to a good supper, you are sure to resent it; and, when you are, you always eat so much, and give so much to your servants to carry home, that"——. Without finishing his sentence, he snatched at a napkin, which the servant of Zenothemis had in his hand, full of good victuals; but the boy kept such fast hold, that he was prevented from throwing it down, as he intended. "Well done, Cleodemus!"

cried Hermon, "let them tell us why they rail so much against Pleasure, which they themselves are always the most eager to pursue." "No, no," replied Zenothemis, "let Cleodemus tell us why he holds riches not to be indifferent." "Tell it yourself," said Cleodemus. They were going on in this manner, when Ion pushed himself forward, and bade them have done. "I have something," said he, "to propose, more becoming the occasion of this meeting. Let a subject be chosen for discussion, that every one may speak to it in his turn, without interruption, or wasting the time in fruitless contention. Plato, in his Dialogues, has set us an example." This proposal was well received, particularly by Aristænetus and Eucritus, who began to be in hopes of finding themselves more at their ease; accordingly, the former, thinking of nothing but peace and quietness, resumed his seat.

And now came the finishing course, when every one has something very good set before him, which he is at liberty to take home with him; such as a bird, a piece of brawn, a slice of a hare, a fried fish, a cake of Indian corn, or sweetmeats; not that every one had a whole

disb

dish to himself, for Aristænetus and Eucritus went halves; so did Zenothemis and Hermon, Cleodemus and Ion, the Bridegroom and I. Diphilus was the only man who came in for a double allowance, which was owing to Zeno being gone. You are to observe, that every one was expected to take what was next him; and I beg you to keep these particulars in your mind, for a reason that will occur by and by.

Philon. I will be sure to remember.

Lycinus. "Well," said Ion, "since you are pleased to have it so, I will speak first." He then made a pause, and proceeded: "Before this learned assembly, I may perhaps be expected to discourse on ideas, incorporeal substances, or the immortality of the soul; but I wish to avoid disputes with those who are not of my own way of thinking, and choose to address you on the subject which brought us together. It were, indeed, much to be wished, that we had no marriages amongst us, in order to our attaining to perfect Virtue; but, if we must needs be married, let the wives of philosophers be in common; which, as Plato well observes, will prevent our being jealous one of another." This notable speech was thought rather unseasonable,

seasonable, and treated accordingly. "Will you never have done with your nonsense?" cried Dionysidorus. "What jealousy, whose jealousy do you mean? Where is it to be found?" "You are a pretty fellow," replied Ion, "to pretend to talk!" Dionysidorus, you may be sure, was at no loss to answer him in his own way; when Histæus, like a good man, interposed. "Hold your tongues, both of you," said he, "and hear my Epithalamium." These, as well as I remember, were the words of it:

In this good house Cleanthis, with great care,
 Was nursed and dandled, rarest of the rare;
 Not Venus, not the Moon, is half so fair. }
 Joy to the bridegroom! he's a man exceeding
 Both Nereus and the boy of Thetis' breeding.
 This wedding-song must not be laid aside;
 It praises both the bridegroom and the bride*.

The reciting of this Epithalamium occasioned no little mirth. But now came the time to depart, and carry off our doles; in which,

* This critick, this good man, Histæus, seems to have been a joker, who produced his ridiculous verses on purpose to be laughed at. If the translation be as bad as the original, he has had justice done him.

while

while Aristænetus, Eucritus, Chærea, Ion, Cleodemus, and I, were employed, Diphilus was observed not to be content with his own, but insisted upon it, that he was fairly entitled to Zeno's too. This claim was rejected by the servants, they pulling one way, and he another; till the poor chicken, so furiously handled, put me in mind of Patroclus* in Homer. After a long struggle, he was obliged to give it up, which he did in great wrath, though nobody sympathised with him.

Hermon and Zenothemis, as I told you before, sat together, and for some time parted equally what was set before them with seeming cordiality; till, unluckily, Zenothemis observed the fowl set before his friend to be much fatter than his own: this, I dare say, was a circumstance merely accidental, without the least design in it. But I beg of you, Philon, to attend to it, for we are coming to the last act of the tragedy. Zenothemis immediately quitted his own bird, and made a seizure of Hermon's. Hermon attempted a res-

* " ————— The Greeks obtain

The long-contended carcase of the slain."

POPE's Homer, book 18th of the Iliad, speaking of the dead body of Patroclus.

cue, declaring it unfair dealing; but Zenothemis would not let go his hold: an uproar ensued; neither party would submit, and the matter grew very serious; for they fell furiously upon each other, threw the birds each in the face of the other, pulled one another's beard, and called out for help, Hermon to Cleodemus, Zenothemis to Alcidas and Diphilus. Some of the company sided with one, and some with the other, Ion being the only one who chose to stand neuter; and a close engagement it proved. Zenothemis, taking up a large cup that stood on the table by Aristænetus, threw it at Hermon, but missed his aim, and hit the bridegroom, giving him a wound, that almost cleft his scull.

The weapon flew; but, from an erring hand*.

The women set up a scream, and ran in between the combatants. The mother of the bridegroom was alarmed at the sight of so much blood; and the bride was not without her fears how the fray might end; but jumped up from her seat, trembling for her husband. Alcidas, all this while, was exerting himself in prodigies of valour, as the ally of Zeno-

* Hom. Il. A. 233.

themis.

themis. The scull of Cleodemus, as well as the jaw-bone of Hermon, had experienced the weight of his club; and he had wounded several of the servants, who stood in his way; yet still the enemy was undismayed. Cleodemus put out an eye of Zenothemis, by running his finger into it; and the nose, which he got between his teeth, fared no better. Diphilus was getting up from his seat to the aid of the sufferer, but Hermon knocked him down again flat on the floor. Histiæus too, the man of letters, got no good by his interference; for Cleodemus, mistaking him for Diphilus, saluted him with a kick in the mouth, which laid him at length, and gave him one of Homer's vomits *. All was confusion, weeping, and wailing. The women crowded about Chærea, lamenting his mishap. The men were for making matters up; but Alcidamas was very unruly, and did more mischief than any body, driving all opposition before him, and laying about him on every side, without any distinction. It was a fortunate thing, that he broke his club, or there is no knowing how many he

* "Ejecting blood," as Pope expresses it. *Iliad*, b. 15, near the beginning.

might have killed. I had been forewarned by what befel Histiaëus, the scholar, and kept out of harm's way, standing up all the while against the wall, and looking on. For I had heard of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; and interference would have been a dangerous service, where I saw tables overturned, cups tossed about, and streams of blood flowing.

To give the finishing stroke to the business, Alcidamas threw down the candlestick, which prevented our seeing one another. This was worse than all the rest; for it was a good while before we recovered our light; and, when it did come at last, it only served to discover deeds of darkness. Alcidamas was seen making very free with a female piper; and Dionysidorus was preparing to go off with a cup, which he had concealed in his bosom, but on getting up happened to let it fall. Ion, he said, was afraid of its being broken in such a scene of confusion, and had given it to him to take care of. "Yes, yes," said Ion, "the cup was taken care of."

And thus ended our Tragi-comedy, a comedy in the several parts played by Alcidamas, Dionysidorus, and Ion; but a perfect Tragedy in the faces of those, who were carried off the stage
smarting

smarting with wounds. Zenothemis, in particular, with one hand on his eye, and the other on his nose, cried most bitterly, declared himself a dead man; while Hermon, who, though he had lost two of his teeth, had not lost his disposition for raillery, could not forbear taunting the old Stoick with his own doctrine, that pain is no evil. After this hopeful celebration of his nuptials, the bridegroom having had his wounds dressed by Dionicus, was carried home, with his head bound up, in the chariot intended for his bride. Diocles took care of the rest as well as he could; several of whom were taken up asleep, and carried home, emptying their stomachs by the way. As for Alcidamas, he could not be got out of the house. He had thrown himself down on the couch, and there was no possibility of awaking, or moving him.

Most pertinently, my dear Philon, to this our banquet, sings the muse Euripides !

What various forms the fates of men assume !

The gods bring unexpected things to pass ;

We hope with confidence, when hopes are vain *.

For my part, I can truly say, that I little expected such doings on such an occasion.

* The conclusion of the *Alcestes*.

However,

However, I have now learnt by experience how unsafe it is for a man, who loves peace and quietness, to feast with philosophers *.

ON THE

SYRIAN GODDESS †.

THERE is a city in Syria, not far from the river Euphrates, called Hierapolis ‡, from

* “Authors should keep out of one another’s way.”
Johnson’s Life of Rowe.

† This piece is in the Ionick dialect, which has occasioned a doubt whether Lucian was the author of it. If he was, he must have been in a humour more grave than usual; or he certainly would have expected the reader to smile at a circumstance or two mentioned in it. But perhaps he was then consulting only the good of the antiquary.

‡ The sacred city. Two days journey to the North East of Aleppo is the town of Mambedj, so celebrated in antient times, under the name Bambyce, and Hierapolis. No traces remain of the temple of that great goddess, with whose worship Lucian has made us acquainted.

Volney’s Travels in Syria and Egypt, vol. II. p. 164.
its

its being dedicated to the Assyrian Juno; though that does not appear to have been its original name, for I rather think the appellation of sacred to have been given it in after-ages, when it became celebrated for sacrifices; of which sacrifices I am going to treat at large, as well as of the laws, customs, and ceremonies there observed, the city itself, with whatever it contains. I mean to record every tradition concerning the founders of the temple, and to give a description of it. Being a native of Syria, I have had the evidence of my own eyes in many particulars; and, for the rest, I have the authority of the priests.

The people of Ægypt are considered as the first of mankind, who had any notion of Deities, to whom they erected temples, consecrated groves, and instituted religious solemnities. Our knowledge of sacred names and sacred things is derived from them. To them the Assyrians were indebted for their religion and their temples, in which were placed statues and graven images, unknown to the more antient Ægyptians. There are temples now remaining in Syria, of almost equal antiquity with those of Ægypt, several of which I myself have seen;

A a a

as,

as, for instance, that of the Tyrian Hercules, the hero whom I aver to be of much longer standing than the boasted Hercules of the Greeks. The Sidonians have a large temple in Phœnicia, which they call the temple of Astarte. I supposed Astarte to be the same as the Moon; but one of the priests told me, it was the temple of Europa, the daughter of Agenor, and sister of Cadmus. Being very handsome, it seems, Jupiter had a mind to have her, and, in the shape of a bull, took her with him to Crete; but, as the Phœnicians did not know what was become of her, and knew her to be the daughter of a king, she was honoured with a temple. This account given by the priest is generally believed by the Phœnicians; and the Sidonians have a coin representing Jupiter in the shape of a bull, with Europa on his back; but this does not make out her title to the temple. There is another temple in Phœnicia, not Assyrian, but Ægyptian, which I have not seen; but, I understand, it came from Heliopolis*, and is very old, and magnificent. At Byblis I had a sight of the grand temple of Ve-

* Not so great a traveller as the Casa Santa of Loretto.

nus, where the rights of Adonis are solemnized, and in which I was initiated. It was in their country, they tell you, that he was killed by the boar, in memory of which they have a general mourning once a year, and are very strict and ceremonious in the observance of it. But, the very next day after their funeral offerings, as if he were to come to life again, they declare him to be on a journey in the air. During this mourning they have no mercy on their own bodies, which are severely beaten; and they shave their heads, as the Egyptians do for their dead Apis. Such of their women, as do not choose to part with their hair, may save it by paying a penalty; which is to stand all day in the market offering their persons to sale. The market is open only to strangers, and the money thus earned is laid out in a sacrifice to the goddesses. Some of the Byblians would make us believe, that the mourning is not for Adonis, but Osiris, who, they say, was buried there; and the ground of their evidence is, that every year a head comes by sea from Egypt to Byblis in a direct course, with a fair wind through the whole voyage, which is performed in seven days. There is something extraordinary in the

wind never changing, and it is a wonderful transaction, taken all together ; but the head is always punctual to the time. I was at Byblis, and saw when it arrived. But this is not the only miracle in the country. Adonis is the name of a river, which takes its rise from Mount Libanus, and empties itself into the sea, staining the salt water once in the year with the colour of blood, as a memorial of the day on which Adonis received his death's wound on that mountain. This change in the colour of the sea is the signal for mourning ; because it was on that day of the year that the blood of Adonis discoloured the river that has since been called by his name. Such is the popular story. But one of the natives, who appeared to be a man of veracity, accounted for the phenomenon in a different manner. " The river Adonis," said he, " goes through Libanus, the soil of which is mostly red, and is driven into the water by the wind, making it of a vermilion or blood colour ; but there is no blood, I assure you, in the case, the nature of the soil being the only cause." This account, allowing it to be true, still leaves us to wonder at the wind's blowing
always

always in the same direction at that particular time of the year.

A day's journey carried me from Byblis up to Libanus, where I was informed there was an antient temple founded by Cinyras in honour of Venus; and, on seeing it, I found it answered the description. These are all the antient temples remarkable in Syria; and that of Hierapolis is exceeded by none of them either in size or in sanctity. The many things in it to be admired, the costly decorations, the offerings made from time immemorial, the carved images so worthy of the gods, the gods themselves moving about in their images, giving out oracles, and sweating with their labour, with the noises heard in the temple when shut up, are testified by thousands. It is the very first temple in point of wealth, as I myself can safely aver, from the profusion of treasures poured into it from Arabia, Phœnicia, Babylonia, and Capadocia; not to mention the contributions of Cilicia, and Assyria. I saw many vestments and other articles deposited in the less conspicuous corners, not less precious than so much silver and gold. Their festivals and publick solemnities are no where to be equalled. I wished to know what they thought of their god-

debs, and the date of her worship, but was at a loss to reconcile their various relations, some of them fabulous in the extreme; but, such as they are, sacred or profane, of whatever origin, Greek or Barbarian, you shall have them all, without my vouching for them otherwise than as hearsay.

The popular story is, that this temple was founded by Deucalion, the Scythian, in whose time the great flood is said to have happened. I was no stranger to the account of it by the Greeks, which is as follows: "Not one of us now living is descended from the original race of men, who all perished; and we, numerous as we are, are no other than a second race sprung from Deucalion. The Aborigines, we are informed, were apt to be very saucy, full of mischief, and continually transgressing the laws, inhospitable to strangers, deaf to supplications, and would say or swear any thing; in which offences they were overtaken by the severity of justice. The earth* on a sudden opened

* It was hardly necessary for Mr. Jacob Bryant to point out the coincidence of this tradition with the history of Moses, which is so striking as not to escape the most inattentive

opened its sluices, heavy showers of rain came down, the rivers swelled, the sea rose, till the waters every where prevailed, and every mortal was drowned, except Deucalion alone, whose discretion and piety were such, that he was spared, and became the father of a new generation. Having a large chest, he put his wives and children in it, and then went into it himself; which was no sooner done, than there came to him boars, and horses, and lions, and serpents, and, in short, every species of land-animals, all in pairs. He took them all in; and Jupiter had ordered it so, that they neither did him nor one another the least injury, but lived and sailed together in perfect harmony, during the continuance of the flood, all in the same chest." This I was told by the Greeks; in addition to which, the Hierapolitans relate, that a large chasm was provided in their country, to absorb the water; and that Deucalion, after seeing it thus dis-

attentive Reader. His remarks on the structure of the ark, so ill-adapted for swimming, had been anticipated by a late right honourable Admiral, without considering, as he ought to have done, that safety in such circumstances was not to be effected by human means.

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posed of, raised altars, and built a temple to Juno, over the chasm. It was but a small hole in the earth when I saw it; but how much larger it might have been formerly, when it held so much, I cannot take upon me to say. However, as a proof of what they advance, water is brought, twice in the year, from the sea to the temple, not only by the priests, but from the whole country, far and near, by Syrians, Arabians, and great multitudes beyond the Euphrates. It is emptied in the temple, and runs into the opening below, which, small as it is, takes in such a quantity as is truly amazing; this, it seems, was a law of Deucalion, to perpetuate the memory of his deliverance from the general calamity. Such is their tradition concerning this temple. But there are others, who judge Semiramis of Babylon, many of whose works are still extant in Asia, to have been the founder; and not to honour Juno, but her own mother Derceto, whose image I saw in Phœnicia; and a very extraordinary sight it was, a woman with the tail of a fish; whereas, at Hierapolis, she is all over woman, from her head to her feet; and the reason for her being represented otherwise in Phœnicia to me is a matter of doubt:

doubt: though a fish, it must be owned, is considered as something sacred, and therefore never touched, any more than a pigeon, which is the only bird they abstain from eating. Pigeons are protected by Semiramis*, and fishes by the tail of Derceto. The temple may be allowed to pass for the work of Semiramis; but I am not so ready to believe, that it was dedicated to Derceto, nor that those of the Egyptians, who abstain from eating fish, do it to please her †.

There is yet another story accounted sacred, which I had from a man of wisdom, and which makes Rhea the goddess, and her temple, the work of Attes, a Lydian by birth, who was the first to institute religious ceremonies in honour of that goddess, and who taught the Phrygians, Lydians, and Samothracians, all that they know of the matter. Rhea had castrated him;

* Who was changed into one after her death, as we are credibly informed by antient fabulists, and worshipped under that form by the Assyrians. DIODORUS SICULUS, Book the second.

† A fish-diet was believed to produce some disagreeable consequences; such as, making a man spindle-shanked, wasting his liver, filling his body with blotches, &c.

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and, when that was done, he no longer appeared as a man, but as a woman, in the dress of a woman, travelling all over the world in his new character, telling how he had been treated, performing sacred rites, and singing songs of Rhea. In the course of his travels he came into Syria; and, the people having refused to acknowledge either him or his mysteries, he resolved to build a temple on the spot where he was, which has much the appearance of a temple of Rhea, the Goddess being represented as drawn in her carriage by lions, with a timbrel, and a tower on her head, just as the Lydians describe her. And the priests in the temple, as he told me, are not served as Attes was, in honour of Juno, but of Rhea. All this seemed plausible enough, but can hardly be true; for the Greeks give a different account of the castration, which I think more satisfactory, and is more generally admitted. According to them, the Goddess is no other than Juno; and the temple the work of Bacchus, the son of Semele, who came that way into Syria, on his return from Ethiopia; indeed, there are many traces of him in it; such as, Barbarian dresses, Indian gems, and horns of elephants, which he
must

must have had from the Ethiopians; not to mention two huge phalli standing in the porch, with this inscription:

To Juno, my mother-in-law, I, Bacchus, dedicate these phalli * :

To this clear evidence may be added, the ceremony in use with the Greeks, of making offerings to Bacchus of phalli *, which they call Neurospasta, being little men, for the most part made of wood, though there is one on the right hand of the temple, made of brass.

After making you thus acquainted with what is commonly told concerning the founders of this temple, I proceed to other particulars. The temple, as it now appears, is said not to be the original one, which must have gone to ruin long ago; but the work of Stratonice, the Assyrian queen, the Stratonice, whom her son-in-law fell in love with, which was discovered by the sagacity of his physician. The young man was in great distress, ashamed of his criminal passion, and languished in silence; but,

* Phalli, five Priapi, pingebantur nanorum specie *μεγαλα αιδοια εχοντες*. *Νευροσπαστα* sic dicta fuerunt, quia solum illud membrum, quo censebantur, nervis moveri poterat.

though

though he uttered no complaint, he could not conceal the change in his countenance, nor his wasting to a skeleton, day after day. The physician, seeing him sick without a disease, pronounced the cause to be Love; of which his languid eyes, faltering tongue, wan face, and starting tears, were so many infallible symptoms. Having so far informed himself, he applied his hand to the young man's breast, and called in the whole household, who all passed in review before his patient, without occasioning the least emotion in him: but, when the queen approached, it was far otherwise: his colour instantly changed, a perspiration came on, he trembled, and his heart beat. Nothing now remained for the physician, but to prescribe the remedy. Addressing himself to the anxious father, "Your son," said he, "has no other disease besides the disease of iniquity, no pains, but the pains of love. He is wrong in his head; he longs for what he can never obtain; for he wants to have my wife, and I am resolved to keep her to myself." This was a device to sound the father, who immediately began begging and praying, conjuring him, by his wisdom and physical skill, not to suffer him to lose

lose his son, whose malady was not of his own seeking, but altogether involuntary. "Do not," said he, "by your unseasonable jealousy, make a whole nation miserable. If you fail in restoring my son, it will be a disgrace to your profession." This request, so unwittingly urged, the physician declared to be taking a most ungenerous advantage of him, and intreated the king to consider how he would feel himself, if he were in his situation. "If I were," said the king, I could not think of putting a wife in competition with a son: he should have his mother-in law, and welcome." "Say no more," answered the physician, "I said it was my wife; but the truth is, it is your's that the prince is in love with, and she must administer the cure." The king consented, resigned to his son his wife and kingdom together, went into retirement, and, having built a city near Babylon, on the banks of the river Euphrates, which he called by his name, died there. Thus it was, that the physician not only found out the disease, but also effected the cure.

This same Stratonice, in her former husband's time, had a dream, in which Juno appeared

peared to her, commanding her, on pain of her highest displeasure, to build a temple at Hierapolis; to which, at first, she paid little or no regard; but, on being seized, some time after, with a very dangerous illness, she then bethought herself of her dream, which she told to her husband, and set about appeasing the Gods, by promising obedience; accordingly, as soon as she recovered, he sent her to Hierapolis, with a large sum of money, as well as a large army, to be employed in constructing and defending the edifice. Combabus, a young man extremely handsome, and a great favourite of the king, was called in upon this occasion, and thus addressed by him: "Such, Combabus, is my opinion of your wisdom and virtue, as well as your constant attachment to my service, that I cannot but esteem and love you above all my other friends. I now stand in need of one, in whom I may place the greatest confidence; and, therefore, my request is, that you accompany my wife, that you take the command of my army, and superintend the accomplishment of her great and sacred work; for which, on your return, you shall be duly honoured and rewarded." To this request Combabus replied by

by begging to be excused, declaring himself unequal to the task. He could not pretend, he said, to take upon himself so sacred a trust; the direction of such high matters, the care of so much money, and the protection of the queen. His fear was, that he, being her only companion, might some time or other awaken her husband's jealousy. But finding the king inflexible in his resolution, all that he could obtain, by being a petitioner, was a respite of one week, to settle some urgent business of his own, on promising, when that was done, no longer to oppose the royal will. He then went home, threw himself on the ground, and lamented his hard fate, in being singled out for so delicate a trust: "Wretch that I am!" cried he, "and young as I am, am I to be left alone with so lovely a woman? I see how this journey will end; I must inevitably be ruined, or resolve on a desperate deed to prevent it." So saying, he rendered himself incapable of betraying his trust, by cutting off certain parts of his body, which he inclosed in a box of myrrh, honey, and spices, sealing it with his ring. When he recovered of his wounds,

wounds *, and thought himself in a condition to travel, he went to the king, who was surrounded with courtiers, and delivered the box to him, with these words : “ This, Sir, is a most precious treasure, hitherto laid up in my own house, but which, as I am to go a long journey, I now commit to your care. Preserve it, O King, I beseech you, for I value it more than gold, not less than life : when I return, let me receive it safe.” The king took it, put another seal upon it, and gave it in charge to the officers of his household. The mind of Combabus was now more at ease, and he set out, with the queen, on the journey ; which they had no sooner accomplished, than they set about building the temple ; and during the three years, in which they were thus employed, Combabus found his apprehension too well verified. They had been so long together, that Stratonice fell in love with him, almost to distraction. The Hierapolitans blame Juno for it, who wanted to be revenged on the queen for being so dilatory in building, and knew very well how it was with Combabus. For some

* Which could hardly be in a week.

time her modesty prevailed, and she concealed her passion; but it soon grew too powerful to be restrained; there was no rest for her, nothing but sighing and weeping, and repeating the name of Combabus; Combabus was all in all to her; till at length, utterly unable to contain herself, she only sought a convenient opportunity of disclosing the secret. She was on her guard against trusting a third person with it, and to tell it herself to Combabus was a breach of decorum: but wine, she thought, might plead her excuse, give her courage to speak, and, even if she should suffer a repulse, it could only be said, that she did not know what she did. Having thus resolved, she proceeded accordingly. After they had supped together, and he had retired to his chamber, she followed him, fell down at his knees, and avowed her passion; but he rejected the overture, was deaf to her intreaties, and told her she was not in her sober senses. This reception kindled her rage, till he was so subdued by her threats of vengeance, that he had nothing left for it, but to discover the whole truth, by giving her ocular demonstration of what she so little expected. Even this discovery did not

cure her of her love ; she still retained it ; never forsook him ; but made the most she could of him. This unaccountable passion still subsists at Hierapolis, the women being fond of the priests of Cybele*, and the priests running mad for them ; nor does it excite the least jealousy, but is regarded as something sacred.

What passed at Hierapolis could not long be unknown to the king, so many persons being continually arriving from thence, and telling what they had heard ; and therefore, without waiting for the finishing of the temple, he ordered Combabus home. This has been accounted for by some on a mistaken supposition, that Stratonice, out of indignation from being repulsed, had written to her husband, accusing the young man of an attempt to violate her chastity. But this story, which the Assyrians tell of Stratonice, is neither more nor less than what the Greeks report of Sthenobæa and Phædra, and, in my opinion, with as little regard to truth. If Phædra had really any love for Hippolitus, I think she would not have conducted herself in that manner. Be that as it

* Lovers like Combabus and Abelard.

will,

will, when the messenger arrived at Hierapolis, and Combabus understood the cause of his coming, he set out immediately on his return home, where he had left the testimony of his innocence. No sooner was the king informed of his coming, than he ordered him into custody, and lost no time in bringing him face to face before those friends who had been witnesses to his commission. In their presence, the king accused him of the most shameful adultery, perfidy, and breach of friendship; and he took it exceedingly to heart, to think of such wickedness, such impiety, in a man employed at the very same time in the service of the Goddesses. Witnesses were not wanting to prove, that they had seen with their own eyes his familiarity with the queen; and he was in consequence unanimously adjudged to suffer death, as no more than his due. Hitherto Combabus had not spoken so much as one word in his own defence; but, when he found matters proceeding to extremities, and that he was to be conducted to the place of execution, he was no longer silent, protesting loudly against the injustice of his sentence, as he was not to die for any wrong done to his master,

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not for having violated his bed, but merely because the king wanted to keep for his own use that deposit which, on his being sent to Hierapolis, he had left in his custody. The king, hearing this, called for the steward of his household, and commanded him to deliver up the box; which being done accordingly, Combabus broke it open, shewed the contents, and thus addressed his accuser: "In obedience, O King, to your commands, against my own inclination, I undertook this fatal journey. I dreaded the consequence, and was urged by necessity to prefer your happiness to my own. It was not in my power, you now see, to be guilty of the crime for which I am condemned to die." At these words, the king was utterly confounded, was at a loss for a reply, fell on his neck, wept, and said: "O Combabus, why wouldst thou thus grievously injure thyself? What man besides thee could have taken so daring a resolution? a resolution, which I am so far from commending, that I heartily wish thou hadst never suffered what I have been doomed to see. I wanted not this proof of thy innocence; but, since the Gods would have it so, thou shalt have thy revenge. Thy accusers

fers shall die in thy stead. Thou shalt have plenty of silver and gold, fine clothes, and fine horses, with free access to my presence at any time, without any introduction, even though I should be retired to rest with the queen." As the king said, so it was. The accusers of Combabus were immediately put to death: he was loaded with presents, was in more favour than ever, and not a man was to be found in Assyria, of such fame for wisdom and happiness.

But still the temple was left unfinished, and therefore, after some time, he desired leave to resume the work; which being readily granted, he went again to Hierapolis, put the last hand to the building, and continued there as long as he lived. The king, sensible of his merit, ordered Hermocles the Rhodian to make a brazen statue of him, which was placed in the temple to his memory. It has the appearance of a woman dressed like a man. Some good-natured friends of Combabus, we are told, in order to comfort him for his loss, reduced themselves to the same condition, and led the same kind of life. There are people unwilling to leave the gods without a share in the business; they will needs have it, that Juno took a fancy to Com-

babus, and that, as misfortune is made lighter by company, she put it into the heads of others to do as he had done ; whatever was the origin of the custom, it still remains ; and this is certain, that not a year passes without increasing the number of volunteers in the same cause ; only they have laid aside the manly robe, and dress themselves as women. Their occupations too are those of women ; and all this, as I hear, is attributed to Combabus, from the following circumstance : A foreign lady had seen him in a publick assembly, and was so charmed with his beauty, that she longed to have him ; but finding that impossible from the defect in his person, she put herself to death from vexation at the disappointment. Combabus felt so much concern on her account, that, to prevent any more such mistakes, he immediately put on woman's apparel, and the priests of Cybele have followed his example. So much for Combabus. But I shall have more to say of the priests in the sequel of this discourse, in what manner they are mutilated, and how they are buried, with the reason of their never being seen in the temple. But first let me describe the situation and dimensions of it.

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The place where it stands is a rising ground in the middle of the city, encompassed with two walls, one of which is of great antiquity, the other almost modern. The vestibule, about a hundred fathoms high, faces the North ; and here stand the Phalli erected by Bacchus, of three times the height of the vestibule. Twice in the year, a man gets up one of these phalli, and stays on the top of it seven days ; for which various reasons are assigned. The prevailing opinion is, that he goes up to converse with the gods, and pray for the good of Syria ; when, being so much nearer to them, he has the better chance for making them hear what he says. Some suppose it done to keep in remembrance the calamitous days of Deucalion, when men fled to the mountains, and climbed up trees, to escape being drowned. These opinions to me seem equally improbable, and I rather think it is done in honour of Bacchus ; because every Phallus erected has a wooden man placed upon it. Indeed, I do not know why, but I believe it is in imitation of this, that the living man mounts so high ; and this is his manner of doing it ; he puts a chain round himself and the Phallus, which has pieces of wood fixed to it to

serve him for foothold ; he raises his chain on each side of him as he gets up, managing it just as a charioteer does his reins. No one, who has ever seen an Arabian, or Egyptian, or any man climbing up a palm tree, will be at a loss to understand me. My climber takes up with him another long chain, which, when he has got to the top, he throws down for the purpose of drawing up wood, clothes, vessels, or whatever materials he likes to make a seat with. This seat, or rather nest, is to be his habitation for the space of seven days ; during which, gold or silver, or brass at least, is brought by the people, and laid down for him to see it. Whoever brings any thing leaves his name, which a man in waiting below reports to him above, that every one in turn may have the benefit of his prayers, which he accompanies with a loud noise made by striking an ill-tuned instrument of brass. He never sleeps ; for, on the least appearance of being drowsy, there is always a scorpion ready to sting him, and make him repent it. Whatever is told of this scorpion is received as sacred tradition ; but, whether true or not, I do not pretend to say ; only I think the fear of falling may contribute something towards keeping him

him awake. Thus ends my account of the climbers.

The temple looks to the East, and both in form and workmanship resembles those of Ionia, being raised on an eminence about twelve feet high, and the ascent to it is by narrow stone steps, from which the portico with gates of gold makes a grand appearance. The inside glistens with gold, and in the cieling you see nothing else. And here it is, that your senses are struck with that ambrosial odour, like the sweets of Arabia, which meets you at a distance, remains with you when you are gone, scents your clothes, and accompanies you wherever you are as long as you live. There is also an inner temple, to which is a small ascent. It is without doors, the part facing you being quite open. Every body may go into the outer temple; but none are admitted into this, except the priests, and of the priests only such as, from being accounted next to the Gods, have the entire management of religious concerns. Here are the statues of Juno; and her husband Jupiter who goes by another name; both in the attitude of sitting, and both of gold, the one drawn by lions, the other by bulls. His statue is in all respects like himself;

himself; but, though that of Juno may on the whole be allowed to be a likeness, yet in some particulars it resembles Minerva, Luna, Venus, Rhea, Diana, Nemesis, and the Parcae. In one hand she holds a sceptre, in the other a distaff; she bears a turret on her head, which is encircled with rays, and she has a cestus, like that worn by the celestial Venus. There is about her a profusion of gold, and precious gems of different colours, some white, some of the colour of water, some red as fire. Without staying to enumerate her onyxes, jacinths, and emeralds, brought from Egypt, India, Ethiopia, Media, Armenia, and Babylon, I shall just mention a distinguished jewel on her head, which, from its lustre, is called the candle. In the day-time it is somewhat faint; but at night it lights up the whole temple. Another extraordinary thing in this statue is, when you look at it, it looks at you; if you change your position, it still keeps an eye upon you; and this effect is not confined to one person; for different spectators on different sides all agree in the same remark.

In the middle, between these two there stands a golden image of a peculiar kind, having no appropriate

appropriate form, nor any name more particular than that of the statue, as the Assyrians call it, without telling us any thing of its origin or design. Some think it intended for Bacchus, others for Deucalion, and others for Semiramis, from the golden pigeon on its head; but, whoever was intended by it, it serves, as I said before, to fetch water twice a year from the sea.

As you enter the Temple, you observe, on the left hand, a throne for the Sun, but without any figure of him, as they never exhibit any, either of the Sun or Moon, because they think any representation of them altogether unnecessary. The other Gods, they say, are so seldom seen, that very few persons would know them, were it not for their pictures; but what need is there to make likenesses of the Sun and Moon, when, by only looking up, we can see the originals?

Behind this throne, there is a statue of Apollo, but not as he is commonly represented. These are the only people who give him a beard, on which they value themselves not a little, leaving to the Greeks and others the folly of attributing imperfection to a god; and

and such, they say, is the want of a beard. Their Apollo is still farther distinguished, by being well cloathed; and his actions are not less remarkable, concerning which I could say a great deal, but shall confine myself to what I think most to be admired. As to oracles, you know, there is an abundance of them, not only in Greece and Egypt, but also in Libya and Asia, where they are delivered by the priests and prophets, without whom nothing can be done; whereas, here it is the God himself, who is taken in labour, and brings forth. When the priests observe him moving about, and restless on his seat, they are to lift him up. If they fail in doing it, the statue, all in a sweat, bestirs itself, and makes for the middle of the temple; but, when they take him up properly, he drives them all round in a circle, jumping on them by turns, one after another; till he is stopped by the high-priest, who comes prepared with all manner of questions; if he does not like them, he has the reins in his hand, and pulls them back; if he approves, he drives forward, like a charioteer who is master of his business. Thus it is that the oracles are obtained; and there is no business, public or private,

private, undertaken without first consulting Apollo. He predicts the several events of the year, tells how the seasons will turn out, and fixes the time for the statue above-mentioned to set out for the watering-place. I myself was witness to a very extraordinary proceeding of this God. The priests had hoisted him up on their shoulders, when, all on a sudden, he gave them the slip, and took a flight in the air over their heads.

Next to Apollo stands Atlas, and then Mercury, and then Ilythia.

Such is the furniture of the Temple within. Without, there stands a great altar of brass, near which are statues of kings and priests, almost innumerable. On the left, there is one of Semiramis, pointing with her right hand towards the temple, an attitude which she owes to the following circumstance: she had made a law, that the people of the country should worship no other deity but herself, not even Juno; which law continued to be observed, till she was punished by the angry Gods, who sent down sickness, pains, and calamities, to bring her to a right way of thinking. She then repented of what she had done, confessed herself

a mere mortal, and commanded her subjects to return to the worship of Juno. This accounts for her pointing to her, as wishing to make some amends to the Goddess, for the affront put upon her.

There I saw the statues of Helen, Hecuba, Andromache, Paris, Hector, Achilles, Nireus, Tereus, Philomela, and Progne. Tereus was represented as changed into a bird, but Philomele and Progne retained their original form. There was also another statue of Semiramis, together with that which I mentioned of Comabab; a very beautiful one of Stratonice; and one of Alexander, a great likeness. Sardanapalus stands by him, but is in a different dress, and makes a very different appearance.

There you may see large bulls, horses, eagles, bears, and lions, all loose, and feeding together peaceably in the court, never hurting any body, but as tame and innocent as they are sacred. A great number of priests are employed, some in slaughtering the victims, others in providing libations, some in bringing fire, and others in attending at the altar. When I was there, above three hundred
of

of them assisted at the sacrifice. They are all in white, with caps on their heads, except the high priest, who is cloathed in purple, and distinguished by a tiara of gold while he continues in office, a new one being appointed every year. Besides these, there is a multitude set apart for duties less important, such as pipers, players on the flagelet, mutilated men, and crazy women. They all meet at the sacrifice, which is twice every day. When it is performed in honour of Jupiter, not a word is to be heard, no singing, no piping; but, on the contrary, their offerings to Juno are accompanied with the rattling of castanets, singing and playing, and noise in abundance, the use of which I never could learn.

Within a small distance from the temple, there is a lake, abounding with fishes of various kinds, and all sacred, some of which grow to a very uncommon size. They answer to their names, and come when they are called. I took particular notice of one of them, having seen him several times, and never without flowers of gold on his fins. I did not measure the depth of the lake, but it is said to be more than two hundred fathoms. In the midst of
it

it is an altar of stone, which at first sight would incline you to think, as is generally believed, that it has no better support than the water; though I guess there may be a pillar beneath, for the purpose of keeping it steady. To this altar, which is crowned, and sweetened with precious odours, crowds of supplicants swim every day with garlands on their heads. They have a very celebrated festival, called the Descent into the Lake; when all their divinities go down, Juno taking care to be first, because Jupiter, it seems, has such an evil eye, as would not leave a fish alive, if he were but to get a sight of them before any body else; to prevent which, Juno stands between him and them, and never ceases her importunities till she drives him away.

But their most remarkable ceremonies are those observed by the sea-side; concerning which, as I never went to see them there, I cannot speak with any certainty; and shall content myself with telling you what I saw on their return from thence. Every one brings back a vessel of water, sealed with wax, but is not permitted to open it; which can only be done by one of the Galli, living near the lake, who

who is paid for inspecting the seal, and breaking it open. (These Galli* get a great deal of money by this privilege of theirs). The water is then carried into the Temple, where it is poured out, and, after a sacrifice, the business is over.

Of their celebrated festivals, the greatest is that in the spring, by some called the funeral-pile, by others the torch; they then, I observed, cut down a number of large trees, which they place in the court of the Temple; to these trees they tie goats, sheep, and any live cattle they can get, together with birds, garments, silver, and gold. The Gods being then carried round, to see that every thing is properly prepared, the trees are set on fire, and the whole consumed together. Great multitudes from Syria and the parts adjacent flock to this ceremony, taking care to bring their own deities from home with them. On certain stated days, they crowd to the Temple, when the Galli, and other holy men, meet to celebrate the rites, cutting and flashing their own arms, and thumping one another on the back,

* Priests of Cybele.

in concert with pipes, and drums, and songs divine. All this is on the outside of the Temple, the performers not being allowed to enter it.

It is at these times that the Galli are made, when a certain phrensy becomes almost universal, many, who had come with no other design than merely to look on, being always seized with it. To be qualified for the profession of Galli, the young men run naked and shouting into the middle of the crowd, where they are sure to find knives fit for the purpose, and with these the business is done. The next thing is to scour through the streets, holding in their hands the trophies of their victory, which they throw into some house or other, and receive in return the dress and ornaments of a woman. On the death of any one of these Galli, as they have not the usual honours of sepulture, he is carried by his brethren into the suburbs on a bier, which is buried with him under a hillock of stones. The bearers then return home, but are not permitted to enter the Temple till seven days are expired : to do it sooner, would be an act of impiety. Whoever has seen a dead body, must not appear in the Temple on the same day ;

day; but, on the next, after purification, he may. All those belonging to the household of the deceased are forbidden to enter for thirty days; after which, on condition of their heads being shaved, they are permitted, the law being then on their side.

The Hierapolitans sacrifice bulls, cows, goats, and sheep, but not swine, which are accounted unclean, and not good to eat; though there are not wanting persons who think very differently. Of birds, the pigeon is most sacred; so much so, that it is unlawful to touch one; and, if any person has chanced unwittingly to do it, he is polluted for the remainder of the day. The pigeons there make part of the family, live under the same roof, feed on the floor, and do as they please, without any concern.

When a stranger goes to Hierapolis, that he may be fit to appear at the publick assembly, he begins with shaving his head and eyebrows, kills a sheep, cuts it up, and makes a good meal. He then kneels down on the skin, with the head and feet hanging about his ears, and prays to the Goddess to accept his humble offering, promising her something better ano-

ther time. The next thing is, to crown himself and his fellow-travellers with garlands, and then to recover the free use of his head and feet. His drink is cold water, he bathes in cold water, and his lodging is on the cold ground, as it would be wicked for him to sleep in a bed any where before his return home.

On the arrival of strangers at Hierapolis, from whatever city they come, they find some of their own countrymen appointed to receive them, who are called teachers, because they teach their visitors to be as wise as themselves.

The sacrifice is not performed in the Temple, where the victim is placed before the altar, and a libation made, but taken from thence alive, to be slaughtered and prayed over at the votary's own house.

Another manner of sacrificing is, to adorn the devoted animal with a garland, push it down from the vestibule, and kill it by the fall. There are parents, who serve their own children no better, disclaiming them, calling them brute beasts, putting them in sacks, breaking their necks, and cursing them all the while.

The Assyrians are none of them without marks on their bodies, which are burnt in; some have them on their necks, others on their wrists; and they have a custom, in common with the Træzenian Greeks, which is this: the young men and maids are not allowed to marry, without close shaving, and making an offering of every hair to Hippolytus. The young men at Hierapolis thus consecrate the first fruits of their chins, carefully cultivated from the hour of their birth. This harvest is reaped in the Temple, and laid up in vessels of silver or gold, on which the several donors, before they leave them, write their names. I myself, when I was young, followed the fashion, for I left my name, with one of my locks, in the Temple, and there they remain to this day.

PHILOPATRIS; OR, THE LEARNER;

A DIALOGUE.

TRIEPHON, CRITIAS, AND CLEOLAUS.

Triephon. WHAT means all this, Critias? You do not look like yourself, knitting your brows, and wandering about backwards and forwards, as if lost in profundity of thought,

Musing and pondering, pale with deep device *.

Have you seen Cerberus, or Hecate, rising from the shades? or have you had a conference with one of the Gods, and any talk about Deucalion? Have you heard of another deluge prepared to drown us all? or what is it that your mind is so very intent upon? Surely, my friend Critias, I am near enough, and speak loud enough for you to hear me. Are you angry with me, or have you lost your ears? Speak to me before I open your mouth with a blow.

* Hom. Il. Γ. v. 35; and Δ. v. 339.

Critias.

Critias. O Triephon, I do not know what to say. I have been hearing such an oration, so tedious, so unintelligible, that I was trying to forget it. For such another, I shall have no more ears than a statue, and then the poets may couple me with Niobe. My head was turning round, my senses were disturbed, and I might have tumbled down a precipice, or been swallowed up in the sea, like Cleombrotus *, if you had not taken the trouble of bringing me to myself.

Triephon. I wonder what Critias could hear or see to be so affected; Critias, who looks upon raving poets and ranting philosophers as triflers not worth a thought!

Critias. Leave me to myself a moment, and I will indulge your curiosity.

Triephon. Your mind, I am sure, must be labouring with something of great importance to make you thus change colour, and give such an air of severity to your countenance. Your restlessness, your rambling steps, are

* Cleombrotus, after reading Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, jumped from a rock into the sea. CICERO'S Tusc. Questions, book the first, section the 84th.

plain indications of it. But stop, take a little breath, and out with the secret; do not let it choak you.

Critias. First of all, do you, friend, take to your heels, and run over an acre of ground, that you may get out of my way, and not be blown up into the air, to be gazed at; unless you want to tumble like Icarus, and give your name to the sea. You cannot imagine what a bellyful I have this day had of abominable sophisms.

Triephon. I will go to any distance you please. Now you may begin.

Critias. Hem! hem! hem! hem! here comes nonsense! hem! hem! hem! hem! now I bring up wicked thoughts! Oh! oh! oh! oh! now vain hopes!

Triephon. Upon my word, this is retching with a witness! it drives the clouds before it! There was a good strong breeze on the Propontis from the West before; but now the North wind rages, and the waves run so high from your puffing and blowing, that the ships*

* The ships on the Propontis, now called the Sea of Marmora, communicating by a strait with the Euxine, or Black Sea.

must be towed into the Euxine. What a swelling, what a tumult, such contents must have raised in your inside! How you could hear so much, without being all over ears, even to the nails on your fingers, to me is a miracle!

Critias. Not such a miracle as you suppose. What do you think of a leg serving instead of a womb, a head * bringing forth young, males * changed into females, and women * into birds? If we are to believe the poets, the whole of our life is a miracle; but, now that we have fortunately met, let us retire to yonder grove, where the plane-trees will defend us from the sun, where the swallows twitter, and the nightingales sing; where the warbling of birds, and the gentle murmur of the stream, conspire to soothe the troubled mind.

Triephon. Very well, let us go: but stop, my mind misgives me; you are in such a taking, that you must have been bewitched, and I begin to be afraid. How do I know

* Alluding to the poetical birth of Bacchus and Minerva; and the fables of Salmacis, Cœneus, Philomela, Progne, &c.

what

what may become of me? I may be struck senseless, turned, perhaps, into a pestle, or a wicket.

Critias. By Æthereal Jove you have nothing to be afraid of!

Triephon. I was frightened before, and your swearing by Jupiter has not mended the matter. Yes, you are safe enough in swearing by Jupiter, who, if you break your oath, you know very well, has no power to punish you!

Critias. Not punish do you say! Cannot he send a body to Tartarus, do you think? Have you forgot his kicking all the gods in a body over the threshold*? how he knocked down Salmoneus for pretending to thunder†, and to this day treats every one so, who presumes to be saucy? It is not for nothing, that the poets call him Titan-slayer, and the Giant-killer.

Triephon. Hear both sides, my friend. Has not this very Jupiter of your's appeared in the

* He only threatened it, according to Homer; Vulcan being the only one who was actually served so for interfering in a quarrel between man and wife.

Hom. Il. A. 591.

† See Virgil's sixth Æneid.

various shapes of a swan, a satyr, and a bull, in pursuit of his amours? In the last of these forms, I think, he found it necessary to take to the water with his mistress on his back, to avoid falling into the hands of the neighbouring farmers; in which case the great thunderer might have been employed in drawing a plough, lashed and goaded to make him go on. Was it not a shame for him at his time of life to be seen steeping his old beard in wine, feasting and carousing with the Blacks of Ethiopia for twelve whole days together *? As to the affair of the eagle, and what passed on Mount Ida, together with his body being all over pregnant, I blush, and am silent.

Critias. As you object to Jupiter, what say you to my swearing by Apollo, the great physician and prophet?

Tricphon. A prophet do you call him? a liar you mean. By his ambiguous answers not only Cræsus, but the Salaminians, and thousands of others have been ruined.

* Hom. Il. A. 423. Nothing in Jupiter's conduct has been more frequently censured than this annual trip to Æthiopia, though it does not appear to be the most vulnerable part of his character.

Critias.

Critias. Will Neptune please you? Neptune grasps the trident; the shouts of nine or ten thousand soldiers in the field are not more loud and terrible than his voice; he goes by the name of the earth-shaker.

Triephton. Yes, I know him. He debauched Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, a great while ago; he is much given to adultery, and is the patron and protector of all such as himself. When Mars was caught with Venus, and so well secured in the net that he had no chance to escape, the rest of the gods being all ashamed to say a word in his behalf; then it was that Neptune, like a gallant knight *, stepped in to his aid, and bewailed his misfortune. Not a child afraid of the rod, not a procuress when intent on decoying a maid, could pour forth more tears and intreaties. In short, he was so urgent with Vulcan to release the adulterer, that at last the poor cripple, being not without some fellow-feeling for an old god, was prevailed on to let him go.

Critias. Shall I swear by Mercury?

* ΙΠΠΙΛΟΣ.

Triephton.

Triepbon. Name not to me that libidinous pimp of Jupiter ; he is as loose and abandoned as his master !

Critias. From your having already made so free with Mars and Venus, I can easily guess, that neither of them will go down ; but I may venture to propose Minerva, the virgin in armour, the goddess of terror, with the Gorgon's head on her breast, who slew the giants. You can have nothing to say against her.

Triepbon. First of all, answer me a question or two, and then you shall know.

Critias. Any question you please.

Triepbon. I want to know what use there is in the Gorgon's head on her breast.

Critias. She wears it to make her look terrible, to avert evil, to strike her enemies with dismay, and give to doubtful victory a sure direction, as she likes best.

Triepbon. And that makes her the invincible Pallas ! does it ?

Critias. Yes.

Triepbon. Why then do we not prefer those who can save us to those who cannot, when we offer up the thighs of our bulls and our goats,
that

that we too may be invincible? Why not pray to the Gorgon's head?

Critias. Because it is nothing of itself without being properly worn, and cannot, like the powerful gods, protect us at all distances.

Triephon. I wish you would tell me what this Gorgon is, you who are so knowing in such matters: for my part, I am ignorant of every thing about it, except the name.

Critias. The Gorgon was a fair and lovely virgin before she lost her head, which was cut off by Perseus, a man of valour, and deeply skilled in magick: by his incantations he got the better of her, and she serves the gods ever since for a buckler.

Triephon. Excellent! I never knew before, that the gods wanted any thing human to help them in their need! But pray tell me what use she was of when alive. Were her services publick or private? private, I suppose, and so she passed for a maid!

Critias. By the unknown God of Athens! I swear to you, that she continued a pure virgin till her head was cut off!

Triephon. Am I to understand, that any maid's head, when cut off, will do equally well for
for

for a scarecrow? Not fewer than ten thousand virgins*, I am well assured, have been cut piecemeal in Crete. If I had but known in time, my dear Critias, what a number of Gorgons I could have helped you to from that sea-girt island†, I could have made you a most invincible general; and what a great man should I have been with the poets and rhetoricians! I, who had found out so many more Gorgons than Perseus! Perseus would have been nothing to me!

But, now I think of it, the Cretans shewed me the sepulchre of your Jupiter, and the vales cloathed with ever-greens, where his mother was brought up.

Critias. You know nothing of orgies or incantations; how could you make Gorgons?

* A commentator, who will not allow this dialogue to be Lucian's, exults on this passage, and is sure he has found the author of it tripping on the story of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. But these eleven thousand virgins seem to have been all made out of one, whose name was Undecemilla. Selden on Drayton, quoted in Mr. Gough's Camden, Vol. I, p. 7. "Ursula et Undecemilla Virgines."

† Νη-γ-ω-μ-ε-φ-ε-ρ-η. Hom. Od. A. 50.

Triephor.

Triepbon. If Gorgons could be made by incantations, incantations could not fail to raise the dead ; but all such pretences are idle tales, inventions of poets, who deal in the marvellous. Say no more of orgies and incantations, I beseech you.

Critias. I now propose Juno, the wife and sister of Jupiter : you will hardly, I think, object to her.

Triepbon. But Jupiter did, when he tied her, hand and foot * : pass the wanton by, and do not think of her.

Critias. Tell me, then, what deity you would have me invoke.

Triepbon. The great, the immortal God, who reigns on high, Son of the Father, the Spirit proceeding from the Father, one from three, and three from one †.

As such account thy Jove, the great Supreme ‡.

* Hom. Il. O. 18.

† If in this, and other parts of the Dialogue, the author intended, as is generally supposed, to ridicule the Christians, it only proves his ignorance ; and the contempt, which he would excite, recoils on himself.

‡ A fragment of Euripides.

Critias

Critias. This is numeration; are you a Nicomachus*, to teach me arithmetick? I do not understand your one three, and three one; you might as well talk of the Tetractys† of Pythagoras, his four, his eight, and his thirty.

Triephon. Away with earthly things; they are not worth speaking of! I am not going to measure the steps‡ of a flea, but to explain to you the system of the universe, and teach you who existed before it. There was a time when I knew no more of the matter than you; till I chanced to meet with a bald-headed long-nosed Galilean, an aërial traveller, who had been up as high as the third heaven, and made the most valuable discoveries: he renews us by water, makes us tread in the right path, and saves us from the abodes of the wicked. If you will but listen to me, I will make you such a man as you ought to be.

* A writer on arithmetick.

† Tetractys was the Pythagorean oath, every thing being dependent on the number four. See the Golden Verses.

‡ In the clouds of Aristophanes, Socrates is thus employed.

VOL. V.

D d d

Critias.

Critias. Go on, most learned Triephon! how anxious you make me! *

Triephon. Have you ever read a comedy of Aristophanes, called the Birds?

Critias. Yes.

Triephon. In that the poet tells us, "all once was chaos †, and night, and black Erebus, and vast Tartarus; there was no earth, no air, no heaven."

Critias. Very good; what next?

Triephon. "Next was light, incorruptible, invincible, incomprehensible, which, at the speaking of a word, as the slow-tongued historian ‡ has written, dispelled the darkness, and put an end to the confusion. HE, who existed before all things, placed the earth on the waters, spread out the sky, fashioned the stars which you worship as Gods, and directed their course; HE adorned the earth with flowers, and out of nothing gave being to man. From Heaven HE looks down on the just and unjust, records their actions in a book, and from

* Euripides in Orestes, verse 757.

† Verse 696.

‡ Moses.

HIM, at the appointed time, every individual will receive an exact retribution."

Critias. And the destinies spun for us all by the Parcæ, are they too written down in the book?

Triephon. What are you talking about?

Critias. About fate.

Triephon. That is a subject, my good friend, which I must leave to you. I beg you will give me some account of these Parcæ: I am all attention.

Critias. Do not you know what the celebrated Homer says?

Vain the attempts of man to fly from fate *.

And in another place, speaking of Hercules:

In vain Jove's darling Hero warr'd with fate,
Victim of Juno's unrelenting hate †.

Our whole life, with all its vicissitudes, he says, is under the influence of fate:

Whatever thread the Parcæ, at his birth,
Spin for the child, such is his lot on earth. ‡

* Hom. Il. 2. 448.

† Il. 2. 117.

‡ Il. 7. 128.

By fate we are subject to be detained in a foreign country :

King Æolus had sent us safely home,
But that the fates commanded still to roam *.

Thus, we have the Poet's word for every thing being done by the fates. Even Jupiter himself was not disposed to interfere with them ; nor

Could the God avert the dreadful doom,
But tears of blood he shed, in showers of rain,
Paternal tears, for lov'd Patroclus slain †.

You see, Triephton, how it is : you would find nothing to say against the Parcæ, even though you should be snatched up into heaven with your new master and all his mysteries.

Triephton. But how happens it, my good Critias, that this same poet makes a man's fate, good or bad, to depend on his own conduct ? For, instance, he introduces Achilles speaking thus of himself :

My fate, or this or that, has been foretold,
And life and death in my own hands I hold ;
If here I stay, I die to get a name,
If I leave Troy, I leave immortal fame ‡.

* Od. v. 314.

† Il. II. 442 and 459.

‡ Il. I. 410.

And

And of Euchenor he says :

Amongst the Argives, one Euchenor was,
The son of Polydus, an old prophet,
That knew full well how things would come to pass
Before the town of Troy, and told him of it.
You must, said he, at home by sickness die,
Or, going with the Greeks, at Troy be slain *.

Do not you read all this in Homer? And what can be more ambiguous, more like double-dealing? or, what, you may say, more like the language of Jupiter himself? Jupiter told Ægyptus, that, if he forbore committing adultery, and killing Agamemnon, the Fates had decreed him a long life; but that, if he should resolve on executing those intentions, he must expect a speedy death, which was not in his power to prevent. If this be prophesying, I can prophesy as well as he can; for I have said, many a time, if you kill your neighbour,

* Hom. Il. N. 665. The quotations from Homer come so fast on the Reader, that, to prevent his being sick of them, this is given in the words of Mr. Hobbes. And here let it be remembered, that every book-maker, whenever he borrows an ornament, is bound in duty to restore it to the right owner.

D d d 3

you

you will not long survive him : if you do not kill him, you may live and be happy.

And not so soon the destin'd day shall come *.

Do not you see how very vague are the fictions of poets, and what little foundation they have ? Pay no regard to poets, if you expect to be registered in Heaven in the list of the worthy.

Critias. Well remembered. But I have a question to ask : Are the Scythian transactions in the register of Heaven ?

Triepbon. All, every transaction of every nation, wherever there has been one man of merit.

Critias. There must be no lack of scribes, then, where they have so much writing.

Triepbon. Have a care what you say : no reflections on this propitious God ! If you wish for a life without end, listen to me, and be instructed. If this God could so spread out the heavens, fix the earth upon the waters, form the stars, and could make man out of nothing, why should he not take cognizance of all his actions ? Is there any wonder in that ? You have built a house ; and is there any one

* Hom. Il. i. 486.

thing done in it, by any one man or maid-servant, that escapes your notice? How much more easy is it for the universal Builder, the Maker of all things, with one glance of his eye, to run over the whole of his creation, and know every thing done or thought of! As for your Gods, men of sense think them only fit to make game of.

Critias. Your conversation charms me. The story of Niobe is now reversed; for, of a statue, you have made me a man. Your God is your witness, that you have nothing to fear from me.

Triepbon. If you really love me, and are hearty in what you say, you will act accordingly, not

Think one thing, and another tell *.

But, to the point; repeat what you have heard. As it made you turn pale, and transformed you into another creature: why not try its effect upon me? Only, do not strike me dumb, like Niobe; rather turn me into a Philomela, that

* Hom. Il. I. 313. Pope.

I may warble the tale of astonishment throughout the green meadows.

Critias. By the son of the father, you shall not be a Niobe.

Triephon. Begin, then, and speak as the spirit gives utterance, while I sit quiet.

Critias. Going out to buy some things that I wanted, I found a vast crowd of people assembled in the street, all whispering, all greedy of hearing, with lips and ears in contact. I put my hand over my eyebrows, and looked about me, to see whether there was any acquaintance of mine amongst them; when, behold! I espied Crato, my intimate friend, with whom I take a cup of wine now and then. He is a man in office*.

Triephon. You mean Crato, the regulator†. What of him?

Critias. I pushed through the crowd, making way with my elbows as well as I could, and

* Πολιτικός.

† Εξισωτής. He seems to have been a commissioner appointed to superintend the collecting of taxes, to take care that no one paid less than his due, and perhaps to hear appeals from those who might think themselves over-rated.

made up to him, wishing him a good morning. On this a nasty old fellow, Charicenus by name, hawking and spitting, squeaked out: "This man, as I told you before, pays off the arrears of taxes, and takes upon himself all debts, publick and private, without the least exception to any man, even though he should follow the trade of a fortune-teller." He coughed up other matter, not less nauseous, but it was new to the multitude, and therefore acceptable to them. Another, whose name was Chleuocharmus, in a tattered garment, bare-headed and bare-footed, grinned applause, and talked of his overflowing the highway with gold, as he had been assured by a ragged man, who came clean-shaved from the mountains, and shewed his name written in hieroglyphicks in the theatre. I told him that, according to the rules of Aristander* and Artemidorus*, he was not to look for such happy events. "On the contrary," said I, "your debts will be increased in proportion to the payments made in your slum-

* Aristander was a soothsayer, in great request with Alexander the Great. See the elder Pliny and Quintus Curtius. Artemidorus on Dreams is a book still extant.

bers; and the man so full of gold will be left without an obolus. You are as quick at dreaming, in these short nights, as if you were on the rock of Leucas*, in the land of dreams." On this they all laughed till they had almost choaked themselves, to express their contempt of my ignorance. "What," said I, addressing myself to Crato, "am I out in my scent, then? Have I not been following the steps of Aristander and Artemidorus?" "Hold your tongue, Critias," replied he, "if you can but be quiet, I will let you into secrets of the greatest consequence, events that will soon come to pass. The month Mesori† is at hand, and what you call dreams will then be realities." I was ashamed and offended to hear this foolery from Crato, whom I could not forbear very seriously reproofing for it, and was going away full of chagrin; when one of his companions, instigated by that antique divinity, and looking at me with the scowl of a Titan, laid hold of my garment, pulled me back, and forced me to stay. He assured me of his being

* See the last book of the *Odyssæy*.

† An Egyptian month, answering to our August. Alexandria in Egypt is the scene of the dialogue.

an adept in all their mysteries, and, after a long speech, so overpowered my resolution, that, fool as I was, I consented at last, in an evil hour *, to make one amongst them.

We passed through iron gates, o'er brazen floors †, and, going up a long winding stair case, at last reached a golden abode like that of Menelaus in Homer; where I looked about me with as much curiosity as the young Islander ‡; but no Helen appeared. We were welcomed, not by her, but a number of persons with pale faces, who raised up their downcast eyes, in hopes of our bringing them some bad news; for, like the furies in a play, nothing delights them so much as mischief. After laying their heads together, and whispering for some time, they asked me who

I was, from whence I came, by whom begot §? adding, that my appearance bespoke me a good sort of man. "My name," said I, "is Critias, and my country is your country; but as to

* *Αποφραδ.* on the black day.

† Hom. Il. VIII, 15. *Odyss.*

‡ Telemachus.

§ Hom. Od. K. 325.

good

good men, as far as I can see, they are rather a scarce commodity." They then condescended to enquire how matters went on in the city, and in the world. I answered, "Every body is highly pleased, and will be more so:" That they declared, with a frown, to be impossible, for the city was taken in labour *, and would have a bad time of it. I now changed my tone. "You," said I, "who are so raised above the world, who tread on air, and command such a prospect, must needs be well informed. Pray what news above? What is there doing in the skies? Will the Sun be eclipsed in a perpendicular line with the Moon? Will Mars be in a quadrature † with Jupiter? Will Saturn be in opposition † to the Sun? Will Venus and Mercury be in conjunction †, that you may have the pleasure of seeing more Hermaphrodites ‡? Will there be heavy rains and deep

* See the frogs of Aristophanes, v. 1470.

† They are said to be in a quadrature, when at the distance of 90 degrees from each other; in opposition, when at twice that distance; and in conjunction, when meeting in the same optical point of the Heavens.

‡ Beings abominated as the forerunners of evil, and therefore thrown into the sea whenever they appeared. See Aulus Gellius, Livy, &c.

fnows?

snows? Are we to have hail, mildew, pestilence, and famine? Has Jupiter got into his storehouse a good stock of thunder and lightning?"

Seeming to have settled every thing to their heart's content, they talked away at a great rate, as if enamoured of nonsense. There was to be a great change, they said; the city would be invaded, there would be nothing but confusion, and our soldiers would be all cut to pieces by the enemy. They made me so angry, that I swelled like a burning ilex *, and cried out with all my might: "Have done, ye plagues, and do not talk so big! Is it for you to whet your teeth against the spirit of lions, against men breathing darts, and spears, and crested helmets †? The evils, which you denounce against your country, shall fall on your own heads. You never mounted up to Heaven to hear such things, and have studied your mathematicks ‡ to very little purpose; and, if you have been thus misled by the tricks of magi-

* The ever-green oak.

† Frogs of Aristophanes.

‡ Mathematician was a word used by the antient satirists, as synonymous with soothsayer or astrologer.

cians, so much the greater fools you must be. Such devices only serve for the amusement of old women."

Triephon. And what, my good Critias, had they then to say for themselves?

Critias. They evaded any direct answer, but had recourse to their old subterfuge, saying, it was a dream after fasting ten days, and chanting so many sacred songs during so many sleepless nights.

Triephon. That was saying something great, which must have put you to a stand: how did you come off?

Critias. O, let me alone for that: I told them, the people of the city were very right in calling them dreamers. "If we are dreamers," they answered with a sneer, "we dream with our senses about us." "But with all your lofty pretensions," cried I, "there can be no safety in relying on you, since you dream of what neither is, nor ever will be. Strange as it is, you delight in forebodings of evil to others, though without any prospect of advantage to yourselves: whatever is good is your aversion; and, when you dream of any thing bad, you are sure it will come to pass. O fie for shame!

correct

correct your depraved imaginations, desist from your silly predictions, your wicked designs on your country *, lest the God, whose authority you belie, should avenge his cause, and punish you as you deserve." They now attacked me in a body, and gave such a loose to their tongues, that I could not get in a word: I was petrified, and should have continued so, if you had not spoken to me as you did, and recalled me to my senses. Have you any mind to hear how they abused me?

Triephon. Do not ask me, good Critias. No more of their nonsense, I beseech you. Do not you see how I am swelled, and ready to burst with it already? The bite of a mad dog could not have had a worse effect; for, without a speedy remedy, I shall think of nothing else but suffering severely. Say a prayer without

* This Dialogue, which for some unknown reason has Philopatris, the lover of his country, for one of its titles, contains but little patriotism, in proportion to the old nonsense of judicial astrology, which is ignorantly attributed to the primitive Christians, of whom the author appears to have known nothing more than what he collected from lying reports.

more ado, beginning with the father, and ending with the names * in the song.—But look yonder, is not that Cleolaus striding along? Shall we call to him?

Triephon. Certainly.

Critias. Cleolaus! Cleolaus! Cleolaus! Do not pass by, we want to speak to you.

Cleolaus. Health to you, well-matched pair †!

Triephon. Why such haste? you seem quite out of breath. Any thing new?

Cleolaus—

With Persia's pride fam'd Susa soon shall fall,
And all Arabia be subdued in war.

Critias—

That Deity makes virtue still his care,
The good man's labours crowning with success ‡.

O Triephon, we are fallen on happy days! now I may make my will! We are no strangers to the affairs of each other, and you know very well how poor I am; so poor, that I was afraid of having nothing to leave behind me for my children; but now I can leave them the life of

* Supposed to mean a doxology, still retained in the Greek Church.

† *Ευνωχες*, a chariot and pair.

‡ The good man's labours, who wrote these Iambicks, have not been crowned with success: they have not been able to preserve his name.

the

the emperor, a legacy amply sufficient. His reign will make us rich, and we shall have no enemy to put us in fear.

Triophon. Hear me, Critias. My legacies to my children shall be the destruction of Babylon, Egypt's,

And Persia's, sons alike in servile chains ;
the Scythians checked, if not entirely prevented from making incursions. For all which, let us, with up-lifted hands, return thanks to the unknown God of Athens, who has thought us worthy of being the subjects of so admirable an emperor. Let the fools continue in folly, what cares Hippoclidides * ?

* To explain this proverb, Erasmus tell us, that Hippoclidides was one of the many lovers of the daughter of Clisthenes. Clisthenes, it seems, required a year's probation, before he made choice of a son-in-law ; and Hippoclidides, having offended him by kicking-up his heels in a dance, was dismissed from his suit, which does not appear to have given the young man much concern, for he only said, what cares Hippoclidides ?

ON NERO'S PROJECT OF CUTTING
THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF CO-
RINTH:

A DIALOGUE.

MENEKRATES AND MUSONIUS.

Menecrates. NERO, they say, certainly intended to dig a passage through the Isthmus: Do not you think it a great undertaking, a design worthy of Greece?

Musonius. Yes, Menecrates; but that was not all. The cut of twenty furlongs was to shorten the tedious voyage round Peloponnesus, above Malea.

Menecrates. It must, no doubt, have been useful in promoting commerce, not only in the towns upon the coast, but in those at a distance from it, both being in a way to do well, when navigation prospers. If you are at leisure, Musonius, it will be very obliging in you to communicate

municate the particulars concerning this design, which we are all desirous of knowing.

Mufonius. You must, indeed, be desirous of learning, when you come to my school *; and I shall most readily comply with your wishes.

Before Nero set out for Greece, he had already firmly persuaded himself of being a full match for all the Nine Muses; his songs, he concluded, would entitle him to the distinguished honour of a crown at the Olympick games, and that he resolved to obtain. As to the Pythian, he considered them to be more properly under his own patronage than that of Apollo, who could not pretend either to sing or touch the harp with him. But he had not once thought of cutting the Isthmus, till it came into his head after taking a view of it on the spot, and then the magnificent idea presented itself. The Grecian king †, who went to the Trojan war, who let in the Euripus be-

* The Reader is to suppose Mufonius in durance by command of the Emperor.

† This Grecian king, whoever he was, found the work done to his hand by dame Nature; at least Homer, and the antient Geographers, say nothing to the contrary.

tween Eubœa and Bœotia, the bridge made over the Bosphorus by Darius, going against the Scythians, the great things done by Xerxes, were now all fresh in his recollection : these examples had their weight ; and, besides, the opening such a ready communication between one side and the other, he thought, would be a high treat to the Greeks, as it would promote their intercourse with each other. The mind of a tyrant, however intoxicated with power, is not unmoved with the hopes of applause. Stepping forward from his tent, he sang a hymn to Neptune and Amphitrite, not forgetting Melicerta and Leucothoe, who were also honoured with a little ode on the occasion ; then, taking a golden spade from the hand of the prefect, when he had got to the proper place, he began digging, amidst the huzzas of the people. No less than thrice, I think, he wounded the earth ; after which, ordering no time to be lost in carrying on the work, he returned to Corinth, without a single doubt of having exceeded all the labours of Hercules. Prisons were emptied, and criminals employed where the ground was hard, and full of stones ; while the soldiers were indulged in digging where the soil

foil was lighter, and there was less to be removed.

After being thus chained, as it were, to the Isthmus for about twelve days, there came a vague report, that Nero had changed his mind, on a discovery made by the Egyptians, that the sea on one side was higher than on the other, and that they were in pain for the island of Ægina, which, from the strong current setting in upon it from Lechæum, might be swallowed up and lost in such a body of water. But all the wisdom of Thales, profoundly skilled as he was in the secrets of Nature*, could not have dissuaded him from an enterprise more near to his heart than even his singing; if he had not heard of the revolt of Vindex†, and certain commotions in the West. It was owing to these circumstances, that Nero took leave of Greece and the Isthmus, and not the pretended measurement of the two seas, which, to my certain knowledge, are both of the same height.

* Particularly in water, which he made the principal of all things. *Αἰετον μὲν ὕδωρ.* Pindar.

† Vindex had not only revolted, but called him a bungling musician; and there could not be a greater affront.

But his power, even at Rome, is on the decline, as you heard yesterday from the tribune, who touched here in his voyage.

Menecrates. Pray, Musonius, as he is so enraptured with musick, so very fond of the Pythian and Olympian games, what figure does he make there? What do you think of his voice? He is not universally admired at Lemnos, for a part of his audience laughed at him.

Musonius. His voice, Menecrates, is between very good and very bad: Nature has dealt impartially by him in that respect: but to make himself more than she intended, by the pressure of his throat he forces out sounds so hollow and harsh, that his singing is buzzing and screaming. Sometimes, indeed, when he happens not to be over confident of his own powers, this is in some measure remedied, and his tones a little softened by those of inferior performers. As for harmony, melody, adapting his songs to his lyre, keeping time, and minding his attitudes, I can only say, that it is a shame for an emperor to be so accomplished. But when he attempted to rival the great masters, then it was that

that he set every body a laughing ! It was impossible to forbear, notwithstanding the danger of it, when you saw him bending his neck, drawing in his breath, standing on tiptoe, first on one foot, and then on the other, with all the contortions of a man on the rack ! His rubicundity of face grows more and more heightened, till at last it is all on fire ; and his breath, which is bad at best, never holds out to the end.

Menecrates. Pray what becomes of his competitors ? Are they always ready to submit, and acknowledge themselves outdone by him ?

Mufonius. They do as the wrestlers do, give up the point ; otherwise they must take the consequence. You remember the tragedian losing his life at the Isthmian games ?

Menecrates. I never heard of it ; how did it happen ?

Mufonius. It is a story that could hardly be believed, if all Greece had not been witness to the truth of it. Notwithstanding a law, which prohibits the acting of plays at the Isthmian games, Nero, you must know, had determined
to

to shew his superior talent in tragedy, but met with many rivals, and, amongst the rest, a man of Epirus, much famed for his voice and art, who exerted himself so much, and was so eager to obtain the prize, that he refused to give up his claim for any sum less than ten talents. This highly exasperated the Emperor; but the Epirote persisted in his demand, encouraged by the applauses of the people; and, on Nero's sending a secretary to him, commanding submission, he became still more importunate. The Tyrant then had nothing left for it, but to clear the stage, by introducing certain actors of his own*, who came on with ivory tablets open in their hands, which they brandished like daggers, and, fastening the poor Epirote to an adjoining pillar, applied the sharp edges to his throat, and so made an end of him.

Menecrates. And was that his way of obtaining the prize? Could he be guilty of such

* He had in his pay more than five thousand stout plebeians, besides a number of young knights, whose business it was to applaud him in his acting. SÜETONIUS.

abominable

abominable wickedness, before the eyes of all Greece ?

Mufonius. It was mere child's play to him, who murdered his own mother. To deprive a tragedian of his breath was a trifle, in comparison of his attempting to silence the Pythian oracle, and stop the mouth of Apollo himself; and all this, notwithstanding the Pythian's having allowed him to rank with Orestes and Alcmaeon, who, by murdering his mother, got the credit of revenging the cause of their fathers ! But Nero had no such plea; and, truly, he must needs be affronted, because the oracle had treated him much better than he deserved ! But what ship is that ? it is bringing us good news, I dare say, for the sailors have garlands on their heads, and that is a happy token. There is a man on the forecastle, beckoning with his hands, and bidding us be of good cheer. If I do not greatly mistake, he says, Nero is dead.

Menecrates. You do not mistake ; I hear him very distinctly, now that he is nearer the shore.

Mufonius. Nero is dead ! thanks to the Gods !

Menecrates.

Menecrates. Take care what you say* : we are not to speak ill of the dead, you know.

* An adage ridiculous in the extreme, tending to confound all characters, and destroy one of the most important uses of history.

Of the modern champions, who have entered the lists in defence of it, there are three Englishmen claiming particular attention. Dr. Bentley has assured us, that *Æsop* was a very handsome man ; Lord Orford, when Horace Walpole, was not less confident of the beauty and virtue of king Richard the Third ; and an author has lately arisen, to vindicate the character of Nero from the foul aspersions of Suetonius. After this, let no man despair of finding an advocate.

*** As

* * * As a preface to this last volume, I had set about preparing a Dissertation on the works of my author. I had found in my drawer a bundle of Remarks ready made ; and it could not be a painful task, when there was little more left to be done, than to collect the scattered opinions of the learned, which, with the unlearned, might have passed for my own. Nevertheless, after some sober reflections on the use and abuse of wit, I have changed my mind ; and give up Lucian, with all his faults, to judges duly commissioned,

“ ————— who read each work of wit

“ With the same spirit that its author writ,”

only begging them not to forget, that he lived and wrote many ages ago ; that his education was none of the best ; that chastity of style and manners did not then universally prevail, as in these happy times ; and that, though he could run away from his apprenticeship, his Dialogues could hardly escape some small tincture of those in his uncle's shop. Just as the conversation of Lord Bolingbroke, after all his greatness, and with all his elegance,

elegance, might still be traced to the inns of court :

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu.

Monsieur Balzac, who deserved so well of the first person singular, when he spoke of himself and his letters, used to take off his beaver ; but a Translator, the ninth part of an author, when he is contented with his proportionate share of vanity, and in possession of a hat, will be more chary of it. I pull off mine, this cold day, not to myself, but my Reader, with whom I wish to exchange forgiveness, and part in peace, while he looks so pleased to see the end of the book.

Jan. 29, 1798.

J. C.



END OF THE LAST VOLUME.